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H. R. H. The Princess of Wales

Your

DIARY

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE TIMES

OF

GEORGE THE FOURTH,

INTERSPERSED WITH

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM THE LATE

QUEEN CAROLINE, THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE,

AND FROM

VARIOUS OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

EDITED BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

Tôt ou tard, tout se scait.
MAINTENON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

36910

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

"The present work ought not to have appeared for the next fifty years:"—such is the general remark made on this publication. Granted: but it has been so harshly and so unjustly dealt with by critics and reviewers, and they have conveyed so totally false an impression of it to all who pin their faith on the dictum of those literary autocrats, that if the book could have been suppressed, or consigned to the "contempt" and "oblivion" which they affirm to be its desert, it must have met that fate long ago; whereas the reverse is the case.

It is a curious circumstance, that not one of the clever pamphlets and reviews which this work, so "insignificant" and "contemptible," has elicited from some of the most distinguished

writers of the day, has given the lie to one single fact stated in its pages. A few errors in dates, a few discrepancies of time and place, (which do not impugn the authenticity of the matter,) are the only blunders those critics have substantiated; and not one of them, from the Quarterly down to Sir Herbert Taylor's "Remarks on the Edinburgh Review," has been able to defend the cause which he espoused.

There is one circumstanee worthy of notice in Lord Brougham's criticisms on the work in the Edinburgh Review,—namely, that the passages which refer personally to the supposed author of the Diary, are feeble compared with the rest, and assume the expression of mere female malice,—in a style, too, quite unworthy of his lordship's vigorous pen, and strangely at variance with that of the rest of the article.

All the vituperation which has been lavished on the Diary has, however, served to give the book a marked consequence, which leads us to consider it dispassionately, both in a literary and moral point of view.

In the first place, it is evident that the book

is not the work of any one individual, but a selection from various documents—all, however, bearing internal evidence of their being genuine.

In the second place, it has been asserted that the work betrays and traduces Queen Caroline. This accusation is decidedly false. The character of that unfortunate Princess has for the *first time* been drawn with truth in these pages; she is neither eulogised beyond her deserts, as *some* have essayed to do, nor condemned with the injustice shown her by others.

The persons who compiled the work appear to have been unbiassed by party, or by any political creed whatever. Whig and Tory, Radical and Conservative, all are impartially reviewed, not so much in the light of politicians as of private individuals. Hence it may be inferred that the information to be gathered from these pages is more likely to be true, than any which has yet transpired on the same subject. And as the journalists evidently wrote with perfect freedom, and without contemplating the possibility of their remarks and statements ever coming before the public, they would not have withheld any circumstance which had come to their knowledge,

strengthening or substantiating the doubts and fears which appear occasionally to have crossed their minds, respecting the Princess's conduct. But is there any actually condemning fact recorded? No; the problem of their doubts and alarms was solved in the imprudence of the Princess's conversation and manners; and the only real blame—call it even a crime, if you will, for such it is in a woman—which attaches to her, was want of discretion. On the favourable side of her character, daily traits are narrated of the Princess, indicative of a noble and generous nature, which had it been fostered and cherished by those whose duty it was to have done so, a far different result would have ensued.

We repeat, therefore, that the publication of these private memoranda of a person or persons living with the Princess of Wales on terms of the greatest intimacy, is the strongest testimony ever yet given in her favour.

It may rather be suspected that those who bring this accusation of treachery against the compilers of the Diary, are themselves the bitter enemies who persecuted the unfortunate Princess

to the death, and who cannot endure to see the way in which she was treated clearly brought to light, lest they themselves, her real persecutors, should be judged of according to their deserts.

The goads and indignities to which the Princess was constantly subject, from her first arrival in this country to the hour of her death, are recorded with an evident truth which must make an impartial reader pardon the follies or errors of which she may have been guilty. In fine, although not held up as a faultless character, she is represented to have been far more sinned against than sinning.

To return to the work itself;—another grave charge against it has been that of indecency and impiety. This is so utterly and even ridiculously false, that it is best refuted by a perusal of the work itself.

With respect to the gossip of the times, as noted in the Diary, it has been the subject of table-talk in every society and every newspaper for the last forty years; and what breach of private confidence is there in narrating the "on dits" of the day? Of what does Sir Walter Scott's Diary

consist,—published by his son-in-law,—in which all his personal and private affairs are discussed —what Moore's Life of Byron—and, in short, all the Diaries that ever were compiled, collected, or written,—but similar shreds and patches of the times?

Lastly, the style of this Diary has been called coarse—trashy. We reply, it bears internal evidence of never having been intended for publication; it is careless and colloquial, but pungent and forcible. We admit, however, that there are passages which probably the writers would have expunged, had they anticipated that their note-books were ever to come before the public: there are private feelings expressed, of no interest to the world in general, which evidently were not intended for its perusal; and yet this Diary, so decidedly a collection of private memoranda, has been judged of as though it had been a production expressly designed for the press!

There has, perhaps, never been an instance in which criticism has been more unjustly dealt out, than in the numerous reviews of this work. But the public doubtless has been less influenced

by the opinions set forth in the periodicals and other publication, from knowing or suspecting that much of the virulent abuse lavished on the Diary has been the vengeance taken by persons whose vanity has been mortified by some unwelcome personal reference to themselves in the work.

A future generation will, however, give to the Diary an impartial award; and it will undoubtedly remain a standard work for historians to refer to, as "notes" to future memoirs of the time of which it treats.

POSTSCRIPT

BY THE PUBLISHER.

In consequence of the lamented decease of the distinguished person who has edited these volumes, the publisher thinks it right to state, that the original preface, and other documents connected with Mr. Galt's share in the publication, are in the publisher's possession, and may be seen by any one interested in the subject.

Great Marlborough-street,
May 9, 1839.

DIARY

OF THE

TIMES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

Rome, Tuesday 23rd of November.

Lord and Lady W. Bentinck are arrived ; a circumstance which gives me pleasure, for they are both agreeable and friendly people.

This day I did penance, in the way of leaving visiting cards at the doors of all my acquaintance. Why will people not " do at Rome as they do at Rome?" why will they not dispense with the petty ceremonies of etiquette, which are allowable in other great towns, but which take up too much precious time here, and are quite at variance with the occupations and interests which ought to employ mind and time in this classic city. Who that has ever inhabited Rome,

does not feel a pride and a pleasure in tracing the word! how many remembrances does it not recall! how the heart expands, and the stature seems to dilate, and the tongue to cry out 'anch' io son Romano!' Yes, who that has trod these sacred stones, does not conceive themselves invested with the denizenship of the city of the world! Though for centuries every pen has eulogised, and every heart has echoed the praises of the eternal city, still an inexhaustible fund of interest remains for ages yet unborn, to expatiate upon, to analyse and to enjoy.

The life of Rome is a life apart from the rest of existence; and for that very reason I pronounce it dangerous; for it is a parenthesis in existence which, however beautiful, life might be completed without; and when it is past, a preference to it is apt to create distaste for all that is less exciting. Fortunately, however, there is an instinct implanted in the human heart, which, like that which is felt for a disagreeable relation, still draws the affection to home and country; and in that common feeling shared by all, an equivalent exists in the long run, which makes amends for the want of more vivid sensations. Yes! repose, and not excitement is conducive to true happiness.

I employed myself in the evening, reading Lord John Russell's life of his ancestor Lord William Russell. The preface is modest, dignified, and forcible; the narrative is lucid; and the style is unaffected, and devoid of ornament, yet elegant. It is like the author. How much the sobriety of a sensible English book strengthens and refreshes the understanding, especially when we have lived some time in a dearth of English literature.

Lord —— called on me. Misfortune has done him good; he is not so sulky or morose as he once was; one even forgets the past, to be sorry for his present distress and wandering life.

Wednesday, 24th November. Accompanied —— to see the Casini Palace. The Queen of Sweden* died there in 1629. It is a magnificent

* CHRISTINA. The character of this Princess had a bright and a black side. For four years after her coronation, she governed liberally; but at the end of that time she became weary of the restraints on royalty, and abdicated in favour of the Count Palatine, Charles Gustavus, her cousin. She then went to Rome, and became a regular *bas bleu*. It did not however say much for her philosophy, that she became a Roman Catholic; nor did it impose any check on her licentiousness, which was rather too open. Once, when in Paris, she had an Italian, her equerry, murdered in her presence, for no other fault than because

building, as to space and architecture. Among the numerous pictures it contains, those which most attracted my attention were the 'ecce homo,' by Guercino, and a holy family, by Garofalo. The colouring of the Guercino, however, is not pleasing, and does not express the notion I have formed of what the subject ought to convey. I am told Garofalo has no originality; he has however much taste, and infinite feeling.

Thursday, 25th November. Went to the Capitol. The statues were new to me: what an interest they excited! The room appropriated to the busts of philosophers, poets, and the great men of antiquity, was more deeply impressive than all the rest. Anacreon, Euripides, Homer, Socrates, were those whose countenances answered most nearly to the idea I had

he did not think her immaculate. In 1660 she returned to Sweden, on the death of her cousin; but the change of her religion, and her notorious life, rendered it a most unpalatable domicile; so she in consequence returned to Rome, where she made the world lighter by a great sinner in 1699. Queen Christina, notwithstanding all her indiscretions, was, it is said, an accomplished and agreeable personage to those about her;—but as the reverend Mr. Duncan Douglas of Greenock once said in the pulpit, of Mrs. Potiphar, she was a light gipsy.

connected with their personal appearance, and I examined these effigies of the great departed long and curiously.

It must be very delightful to be the possessor of the images of such men. Would that I were rich, or that riches were not necessary to the indulgence of taste! It is very sad to think how money, or rather the want of it, curbs the best feelings of our nature, and restrains the most laudable human wishes.* I sometimes think with regret of the opportunity I once had of being wealthy. I despised riches then;—but twenty years make a vast difference in one's feelings on these matters. It is nothing to grow old in body, but it is very sad to feel the heart become aged; very melancholy when we can laugh at the "folly" of the light dream of our youth, and ridicule "the idle romance" of that past and pleasant time. Some maintain that the heart does not change—that despite experience and knowledge of the world, there are minds which retain their original simplicity, their first aspirations, untainted and unsubdued. But I for one cannot agree with this opinion. Contempt at our poverty, from the

* An Irish friend once said to me, that the *want of money* is the root of all evil.

world in general—neglect from those we love, because we are insignificant and powerless—the constant abnegation of our most innocent wishes ; —all these combine to teach a lesson which is not taught in vain. In short, I am grown worldly, and I do love money.

To return to the busts—I was sadly disappointed in the resemblance of one who had always been my beau ideal of woman, in despite of having heard that she was not handsome. Alas ! Sappho is positively hideous ! I wish I had never seen the likeness of her—there is a delusion the less. Day by day, one after another, all illusions vanish ;—we are ourselves disenchanted. I have few beau ideals left, and before I go hence, I doubt not every one will be crumbled into dust.

The day was cloudless, and for the first time I reached the top of the Coliseum. How glorious is the view from thence ! In the evening I went to the opera, which was very indifferently performed. "*Il Turco in Italia*" by Rossini, the renowned robber in music. He may be termed a charming compiler, but really not a great composer : but I must not omit to praise one quintetto, which is very beautiful.

I went afterwards to Torlonia's.* An assembly is always an assembly. I hear Torlonia has a superstitious fear, that should he leave his old domicile to inhabit this new abode of Pluto, he would die; so he only holds his festas in the new palace, guarding his money-bags in their ancient fortress. However, it is unjust not to add, that the Duca di Torlonia, though purse proud, and a parvenu, is a very useful and hospitable person, and his family render themselves equally serviceable and agreeable to all strangers who visit Rome, especially to the English.

Friday 26th. Went to St. Peter's to-day; it is a beautiful fane; but it is a dressed beauty, and too elaborately ornamented for a place of worship. Truly, it is like a heathen temple rather than a Christian sanctuary. Canova's monument, erected to Cardinal York,† is a miserable thing;

* This wealthy banker, whom Bonaparte made a Duke, purchased the Princess of Wales's most valuable jewels. Some pearls of priceless value, which belonged to Her Royal Highness, decorated the ample bosom of the citizen's wife. It has been said, that Torlonia bought some gems belonging to the British crown; but this has been said likewise respecting other gems, now in other hands: it is merely an English *on dit*.

† George the Third displayed a noble generosity to this

poor in design, almost vulgar, devoid of poetry and of grandeur.

I read Lady Morgan's Florence Macarthy. There is originality and genius in all she writes.

To-day I received letters from England; and one from Madame ——, in which she tells me of an interview she had with Princess Charlotte.

"As you say, our friendship has a good deal of the beau ideal in it; I may perhaps gain by it in one way, though I lose in the other. However, I should be glad to run the risk of your liking me less on closer inspection, that I might have an opportunity of liking you more. As I am become naturalised now in England, how I do wish our two country seats, Dovenest and Greenglade, lay nearer together, so that, when you return to England, we might see more of each other; for, well as I like your letters, I had rather see the writer; and I think we should suit very well in our elegant retirements; we should feed our pigs and poultry with much

deposed monarch. The well known trait of his awarding the cardinal ten thousand a year from his own privy purse, does honour to the House of Brunswick, and testifies that George the Third did not forget he owed his crown to the Protestant religion being the received creed in Britain, and not to hereditary right:—church and state hang together.

sympathy. Joking apart, I think we have some *points de réunion*, and should both be the better for being within reach of each other. But that is always the way in this abominable large world;—one never can contrive to get near those one wishes most to live with.

"And now *I* must tell you, my cousin —— received the other day a gracious summons from Her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte, to wait on her; which he of course obeyed. She was much pleased when he informed her he had heard lately from you; and as she asked him many questions which your letter answered, he gave it to H. R. H. to read. He did not do wrong, did he? The Princess said she was aware her mother had dismissed all her attendants; but that that circumstance should not in any way mortify or distress you, for she well knew that it was no fault of theirs.

"Princess Charlotte told me the Queen, her grandmother, is much mortified by the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland to the Princess of Salms, and threatens not to receive her at court, &c. There is a good deal of scandal promulgated about this Princess; but I do not like the old Queen's harshness on this occasion. It puts me in mind of an anecdote I have heard told of Her

Majesty, which is characteristic of the same stern spirit of virtuous propriety which has actuated her conduct ever since she came into this country.

"The Duchess of ——, a great favourite at court, besought Queen Charlotte to receive her niece, Mrs. ——, at the drawing-room, there having been reports bruited about which were injurious to that lady's reputation. The Duchess implored the Queen's clemency and indulgence on a point so wholly without any just foundation; and finally, when about to retire from the royal presence, she asked, beseechingly, "Oh! Madam, what shall I say to my poor niece?" to which Queen Charlotte replied, "Say you did not dare make such a request to the Queen." The Duchess of —— was so hurt by this unfeeling denial to her entreaties, that she resigned her situation in the royal household.

"There are many other stories likewise told of Queen Charlotte, which do not bespeak much tenderness of heart. When Princess Charlotte was christened, Lady Townsend, who held the royal babe during the ceremony, (being herself with child at the time,) appeared much fatigued; and the Princess of Wales whispered to the Queen, "Will your Majesty command Lady Townsend

to sit down;"—to which the Queen replied, blowing her snuff from her fingers, "She may stand—she may stand." Again, I have heard that the Queen seldom permitted her own children to sit down in her presence; and when she was playing at whist, one of the royal progeny has been known to fall asleep whilst standing behind the Queen's chair. Truly, such strict attention to etiquette is very Germanic, to say the best of it. I should not think such a course politic if her Majesty wished for her offspring's love. Yet, perhaps, I am wrong, and that her system was a right one; for tender indulgence to children does not always command either love or respect. I remember a very tender and excellent father having said to me, that he had received an excellent lesson one day from his little girl, whom he had been playing with and teazing in sport; the child suddenly grew angry, and cried out, "You are not fit to be a papa."*

* It should be, however, remembered, how long Queen Charlotte was instrumental in keeping the British Court the purest in the world; and in contradistinction to the above anecdotes, it is fair to relate one of a very opposite nature. When the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, the most beautiful women of their day, were sent with many other fair English ladies, to escort the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg to this country, as the bride of George the Third, when

" To return to the Princess of Salms. I hear her manners are captivating, the tone of her voice is peculiarly pleasing, and there is a gentleness blended with dignity in her whole deportment, which are seldom united. When Lord Castlereagh proposed an additional allowance for the Duke of Cumberland, there were many of the members of the House of Commons who were violently opposed to the measure, and made some very ill-natured remarks on the Duke.

" There are current reports here, that the Princess of Wales is closely watched; and I think they are likely to be true. I own I tremble for her Royal Highness, knowing as you and I do, the excessive imprudence of her conduct at all times, which frequently, on occasions perfectly harmless in themselves, lays her open to the attack of her enemies. But if she was in danger of falling a prey to political sharpers and adventurers in England, how much more so will she be exposed to the machinations of such persons in Italy, and the distant countries I hear it is

her Majesty beheld the exceeding loveliness of these British ladies, she is said to have exclaimed, not in anger, but in sorrow, and with great self-humility, " Are all the women in England as beautiful as you are?"

her intention to visit—and to visit without a respectable English retinue.

" Poor Princess! I fear she will come to no good end; and there is so much good in her, it is doubly to be regretted there should not be one grain of prudence to guide her aright.

" Never was there a greater piece of folly committed by any one than that of Her Royal Highness leaving England at such a moment; it was so bad a compliment to her daughter. In short, she played the Regent's game; and he is in high spirits, it is said, on account of his wife's voluntary exile from this country.

" I cannot believe that good man, Mr. Whitbread, ever advised the Princess to leave England; but if he did, it can only be accounted for by the malady which ultimately deprived him of life.

" The Princess has only written once to —— within the last six months, and Her Royal Highness's letter was evidently written in very bad spirits. I am very, very sorry for her; she is certainly used most cruelly, most unfairly. Whatever may be alleged against her, there is much to allege against those who drive her to extremities.

" The generality of people condemn her, and praise the R——t, on account of the turn po-

litics have taken; which he and his ministers have just about as much to do with as I have. The great captain is the main spring upon which England's glory rests; and if he brings about a peace, the poor Princess will be forgotten.

"Poor Lord ——! I believe he feels as much for his family losses as those who make greater show of grief; but in this last loss he must have had a double regret; for she never recovered having been forsaken, and sorrow soon hastened her death.

"Is Princess Charlotte, think you, really going to marry the Prince of Orange? It will be a merry court whenever she does marry, at least for the rising generation; but she does not seem to incline to take the person she is ordered, but to choose for herself.

"As to myself, all I can tell you is, I am obliged to go picking up attachments here and there, and of course I am generally disappointed in them.

"Write quickly to me, and tell me if you know any thing of the Princess. How does she like the thoughts of her daughter's marrying the Prince of Orange? If I were Princess Charlotte I would marry to obtain my liberty, for she is not well-treated, etc. Yours."

Saturday 27th.—I went to the Danish Ambassador's, Monsieur de Blacas; a brilliant assembly; there was present a Danish Princess of Holstein, a descendant I believe of the unhappy Princess Matilda, who paid her life, it is said, for her crime—her liberty certainly (which was as bad.) This Danish Princess is sister to the Princess of Holstein, whom I knew in England. She is fair in a particular way—nay, very handsome;—a fresh countenance, but the cheeks too heavy and large. She wore a very simple muslin dress; her hair arranged like one of Sir Peter Lely's pictures. The Prince her husband is a heavy looking man, but with rather an agreeable expression of countenance. They are both in manner much like all royalties I ever saw,—courteous, but evidently prudent and cautious, saying one thing, and looking about at the same time, thinking of another. They afforded me too the same amusement as I ever had, in observing the crowd press around them, to catch a gleam of favour from their smiles. So much for rank and station! it is the same every where, and always will be. What a strange thing power is—how it transmutes the basest things into high estimation, and *vice versâ*. But let no one pride themselves on being exempt

from its influence. Those who think themselves least liable to being swayed by it, are generally most so.* It is one thing to be within the dazzling influence of high station and command, and another to consider it at a distance. I like Monsieur de Blacas personally; he is quite one of the obsoletes; a decided member of the Vieille Cour, imbued with all its ancient prejudices. But then he is sincere, and a complete character in his way; a violent Tory of course in his politics, but on other subjects he converses with liberal feelings and information,—especially on those of taste and virtue.

Madame de Blacas is insignificant in personal appearance, although not inelegant. I feel a dislike to her from her conduct to the Princess of Wales. When Madame de Blacas, during the height of the French revolution, was obliged to seek shelter for her life at the court of Brunswick, and was so reduced in her circumstances as to be compelled to gain her livelihood by washing fine linen, the then reigning Duke of Brunswick and the Princess of Wales discovered her distress and assisted her; yet when

* A professed radical, for instance—how he thaws in the atmosphere of royalty.

the Princess, in *her* hour of distress, passed subsequently through France, the French Ambassadress refused to show her the common civilities due to her station; and Monsieur de Blacas, in conjunction with the Duchess of D——, showed Her Royal Highness every indignity. What a return for all her past kindness to Madame de Blacas. I own this trait of character gives me a prejudice against her.

Monday 29th.--Went to see Madame ——, and heard her sing, which is always a pleasure; the style is the true old Italian, full of pathos and passion. In the evening, I went to a great ball at Torlonia's, given to the Prince and Princess of Denmark. The banker's new abode is magnificent from its space, its marbles and its lights; but it was deadly cold in the galleries where the dancing took place. There are some statues and pictures which appeared to me worth looking at, but a crowded assembly suits but little to the examination of such things.

I heard to-day from Sir William Gell. What an inexhaustible store he has of droll good-humoured fun.

LETTER FROM SIR WILLIAM GELL.

" Your much too amiable letter gave me the greatest pleasure, and in some degree acted as

a cordial to a terrible inundation of bile, with which my whole constitution is overwhelmed. My face is become a gravel pit, and my eyes like two stale plover's eggs; so that nobody but Lady Anne Barnard can bear to see me. When I get better (as my old aunt expected her eyes to do at ninety-eight) I vow a pilgrimage to your shrine—yea even a party with Lady ——; so expect the attack of the Huns and Visigoths in a short time. For the present console yourself with the illustrious *Friderich August Dietrich Yorgensow von Schmouttsow*, who is kindly come from —— on purpose to carry my letter. He has left his family in excellent circumstances, and in high spirits at the fine harvest of fish skins and saw dust, with which they promise themselves a good junket at Christmas, after divine service at the cathedral, which is performed by the junction of ninety-seven fir trees, placed in a circle and tied together at the top with a hay band, which the victories of King Hacho had compelled the King of Shetland to cede to him by a treaty.

"Under these awful circumstances, I should state that I had yesterday a letter from Mrs. Thompson at Tunis, where she is *quit* happy at finding the barbarians so much less barbarous than the Christians; where she has twelve Janissaries con-

stantly employed to wait upon her; and the Bey Mahmoud has given her several fine horses, on which she purposes setting out immediately for the city of Athens, "*dans la Morée.*" The letter is very long and gracious, and full of antiquarian and historical researches, on "Carthage udina utica," Nebuchadnezzar and patty pans. What you have lost by not having an enlightened correspondent!

"By the bye, when I have seen Constantinople, St. Jean d'Acre, Jericho, and some few other places, I go to my own *paradis à Como.*

"I hear His Excellency Count Schiarini di Cigognia has disappeared. I saw Lord —— at Paris. He seemed a greater fool than ever, and was as usual for slaying Mrs. Thompson, whom I have heard him toady for an hour together. He said he was going to meet his wife at Milan. I recommended him to go to Genoa; assuring him she had set out with the Marquis for that place some ages ago.

"How cruel you were not to come to Naples. I must return to Italy. Call you me this summer? Call you me these eagles' tails? said the indignant Mary Anne to Mr. Bernard the coach-painter.

"I am come to live upon the ——. Cecilia

is grown quite young; but Juliana is rather the worse for wear. Clarissa Jackson is making tea in the same black gown in which I left her. I conclude she has lost or sold her family; but one dare not ask. Let us combine; the cursedest thing is the money always. I would make an hospital at Rome for decayed purses, and discontented and disappointed agreeable people. I intend to struggle hard with the world till forty, and then to succumb with a good grace, and float down the stream of time, like a dead cat in the Thames.

"Pray give me another line. The Westmorland is at Tivoli. Adieu! Lady —— sported the cruel at Rome, and would not dine with us, after setting the Duke of Campo Mele's heart on fire.

"I kiss your eyes,

"Your faithful

"ANARCHARSIS."

Tuesday.—Went to a ball at the French ambassador's. All the best English were there: the Bentincks, Cummings, the Charlemonts, Duchess of Devonshire, Lords Clanwilliam and

St. Asaph, Lady de Clifford and niece, and a Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, newly arrived persons and rather agreeable looking.

Again I received letters from England: two from Mr. ——, which contain as follows:

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER, DATE JULY 1815.

"Madame de Staël has quite kept me alive during the last dull foggy month. She is indeed a wonderful and delightful person.

"After the rational and philosophic view you take of the great events that are passing under our eyes, why do you say to me, 'Do not smile in derision at the nature of my mind?' Don't you know that the fault of my own (a fault, I am proud to say it, which arises only from the insignificant situation in which it has been placed,) is seeing everything in a serious light. 'La caricature de la Gaieté,' to which such minds are obliged too often to have recourse, ought not to take in you. Madame de Staël's *tristesse* is *toute autre chose;* but I honour her for feeling, as she ought, the degraded state of France; although she is far from having a just appreciation of how much they deserve it, and how little

they are fitted for the good she wishes them, without having herself any very just or distinct ideas as to how such good is to be procured. She is now, alas! gone to ——, I envy them her society; for she is very delightful when she is in low spirits; and as to any 'ridicule that can be cast on her,' the charm of her superiority is, that its magnitude and its variety is such as to allow one to laugh at as well as with her.

"Here I am again at the end of my paper, without having told you a word of news. I really next time will begin with the gazette. The Locks are well, and by this time at Norbury. You will probably have heard of Lord A——'s strange marriage (I must call it so) with Lady ——. His conduct in the whole affair was strange. He talked of having no heart to bestow, and "two broken hearts" going together; while he left poor Miss —— to lament not having accepted this said broken heart, which was entirely at her disposal last year. The marriage was at the ——. Lady —— had left it for —— two or three days before, and Lord —— followed her. At 8 o'clock in the morning, after this marriage, the pair themselves set out for S——

"I shall feel out of humour with myself, dear, until I have thanked you for your delightful letter of the ——. Do I like such letters? Can you doubt it? Shall you try and write to me in a matter of fact way? Heaven forbid! Your letter is a model which I beg you will stick to, and which I heartily wish I had any hope of being able to follow in my answer. But alas! very bad health, joined to very untoward circumstances, have succeeded (yet more than age) in reducing me to a mere matter of fact person, for which I am tired of myself. But I *have* been in Italy—I *have* seen Genoa,—I *have* had my senses inebriated with orange flowers, roses, and all the perfumes of the south—I *have* seen the glories of an Italian sun, rising and setting in the Mediterranean sea—I *have* gazed in endless soul-sufficing reverie on the lakes and mountains of Switzerland—I remember (but too well) that such things were, and were most dear to me, though I know them to be all illusions."

"But this, you will say, is not the way in which you wish to have a letter filled from England, addressed to an English person at Rome. My *matter-of-facticity* may here for once be agreeable. But where to begin? Facts in this age are so crowded together, and drive one another

on with such rapidity, that hardly any leave their due impression on one's mind—even on minds like mine, which have nothing to do but to look on. A letter, received to-day from Mrs. —— tells me you had heard of the ever memorable battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June, and of what had happened at Paris, in consequence of it. Never was there in modern, nor I believe in ancient times, a battle so disputed, a victory so complete in itself, and so mighty in its consequences.

"I am sorry to find you have not got Madame de Staël and *her atmosphere* near you, for a thousand reasons; amongst others, she would keep you *au courant des événemens;* for Rome (do not think me impertinent for saying so) is a corner of the world which is six months behind all the rest of it in news of every sort. How that degraded nation, France, is to get itself settled is yet a mystery. Degraded I call it, not for having lost a battle, or half a dozen battles, but for the unvarying want of faith and neglect of moral truth, common to *all* its rulers, of whatever party, and all the ruled, conquering, or conquered. Oh! if ever a great moral lesson was exhibited to the world, of the necessity of truth to the existence of nations as much as to

the well being of individuals, it is in the wretched state to which France has reduced itself by universal falsehood. To talk of this nation or that, or of all Europe together, giving France slavery or liberty, is talking nonsense. Whatever her fate, she must give it herself; and it can never be anything but a "variety of wretchedness," till both the governors, (whoever they may be) and the governed have seen the absolute necessity of keeping faith with one another.

"Lord Grantham arrived here yesterday, direct from Paris, which he left only on the night of Wednesday last. He had gone over with his brother-in-law, Sir Lowry Cole, when he joined the army, after a honeymoon of one week only, with Lady Frances Harris, Lord Malmesbury's daughter. Lord Grantham entered Paris with the Duke of Wellington. It was done in the most modest and least offensive manner possible—no lace, no feathers, no flourish of trumpets. He took up his abode at a house in the corner of the Place de Louis XV, with English sentinels at his door, and English sentinels wherever there were English functionaries, but no where else. Lord Wellington promised the men, that he would pay them up all their arrears and one month's pay in advance,

and that by turns every corps should be in Paris. This I think a very right attention and honour to troops that so fought. In the meantime they are behaving so perfectly well, that Lord Grantham says everybody is desirous to have the English within their houses; and the people say they are *doux comme des demoiselles.* I begin to be afraid that, like the jay in the fable, we shall all burst with national pride; for never, to be sure, did we stand half so high before. Of Mrs. ——'s friend and favourite nothing was known at Paris when Lord Grantham left it. His name was never mentioned by any body or any party. This proves that there must be a secret understanding about him between the French leaders and those of the allies; otherwise he is as attainable at Rochefort, where he is said to have been for this last fortnight, as any where else.

"I find I have nearly covered all my paper with talking about France—of which, by Madame de Staël's letter, you will know much more than myself. She has marvellous powers of exciting sentiments which she never felt. Not that she is false—far from it—I never knew a less affected mind; she shows herself to those who know her well, exactly what she is—though by no means exactly as she wishes to be thought. Her

intellect, like her feelings has a much greater power of rousing that of others, than of enlightening and settling herself. But it is still a very superior intellect, and I should pity those who did not profit from, and by it. When next you write to her, remember me affectionately to her; although unfortunately affection and all its ineffable delights, are just what she feels the least.

"The extraordinary event of poor Whitbread's death would shock you, though you did not know him. The very Sunday evening before, he spent with me, and the seven or eight men who were beside of the party, saw no alteration in his spirits or his manner. I saw and spoke to him, driving in Park Lane, between four and five o'clock of the very day before the deed was done, and made the same observation. But he had been at times in a dreadful state of depression during the last three weeks; and the state of his skull when opened, Doctor Baillie told me, more than accounted for any acts of violence; the bone was enlarged, and certain little spiculæ at the edge of it, pressed immediately on the brain; a disease, he says, which invariably occasioned the most violent irritation of mind. He had

sworn Lady Elizabeth to take no notice of his altered state, either to her mother or Lord Grey; which hung so heavily on her mind afterwards, that she saw several times the Bishop of London on the subject. A better counsellor she could not have. Never did the death of any private individual make so great a sensation in London; and Lord Tavistock's mention of him in the House of Commons, made half the House in tears.

"Tell me when next you write, what you have heard of the Princess of Wales. In London, it is as though such a being had never existed. Things appear to be going on smoothly at court; that is to say no fault is found with the Regent, he is heartily glad at the Princess's absence. Did you ever hear a clear account of a cock and a bull story which reached England some months ago, of Hownam's having challenged Ompteda, and of a servant having betrayed the Princess to the Hanoverian spy, given him false keys to her drawers, &c.? I own I believe Ompteda is set to watch Her Royal Highness. Heavens! how mean must be the mind that would undertake to occupy itself with such dirty work. Princess Charlotte has decidedly and for ever refused to marry the Prince

of Orange, it is said, because she ascertained that he was pledged to concur with the Regent to ruin the Princess of Wales. Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg has been named as likely to be the Princess Charlotte's bridegroom. I cannot help feeling a tender pity for one so young, and so lovely and loveable for her *own* sake, as this Princess, being compelled by her rank to marry from *convenance*. I hope she will remain true to her mother. But if that mother does anything imprudent, her case is a lost one; and who so imprudent as she! They say Prince Leopold is friendly towards the Princess of Wales, and that for that reason, Princess Charlotte inclines toward him. I trust she may not be deceived, and that His Royal Highness does not make promises in order to win the hand of our future Queen, which he may never intend to perform. He is after all but a petty Prince for the heiress to the British throne. I hear, however, he is handsome; which is more than the Prince of Orange is.

"Yours, &c."

I wonder if it be indeed true, that Princess Charlotte will marry Leopold. I think her heart was in favour of the Duke of ——; but I suppose such an

alliance would never have been permitted; it would open the door to so many private intrigues, and jealousies, if Royal personages were permitted to marry private individuals or nobles. I have seen the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, and do think him well looking, but not noble in his air or deportment; and his expression was not to me pleasing; it was dark and *caché*, his forehead low, and he never looks at the person to whom he is speaking. But it is wrong to be such a determined disciple of Lavater as I am, and to allow oneself to be prejudiced either for, or against a person by their countenance, which is after all very often a treacherous guide. Nevertheless, I cannot help being strongly influenced by the impression a person's physiognomy makes upon me; I would not disregard the still small voice which warns me, as if instinctively, against some, or bids me trust in others.

I went to see the Duchess of D——. There is an instance for example, where charm of countenance and of manner fascinate, and make one like her, despite of all that has been reported of her character. Her room is filled with books, and literature is now the pursuit in which she takes, or pretends to take, an interest. For my part, I suspect she is come to that time

when nothing of this world's amusements can charm; she has tasted pleasure in all its varieties; she has drank it to the very dregs; and the lees are bitter. If there be a source of interest to her, it is the Cardinal. A small lute is generally placed by her side; yet no one ever heard her Grace play on it.

From the Duchess's I went to Canova's *studio*.

Wednesday.—I went to visit the Borghese palace, built by Martino Lunghi il Vecchio for Cardinal Dezza in 1590, and finished in the pontificate of Paul V. Borghese, under the direction of Fluminio Ponzio. Its shape is that of a harpsichord, and it has hence been called the harpsichord of Borghese. The collection of pictures on the ground floor is fine, and they are well arranged, and seen pleasantly, with good attendance; only if the day is at all dark, there is not sufficient light to view them distinctly. Those which made the deepest impression on me were the deposition of Christ, by Raphael; and all the Garofalos, particularly the Entombment, which to me is the most delightful composition I ever beheld; the colouring is exquisite, and the green draperies, so often employed by this painter, appear in that one to the greatest perfection. The landscape in the back-ground is not the

least pleasing part of the composition; it is of that sublime cast which accords so well with the event which forms the principal subject of the picture. A portrait of Raphael when very young, by himself, and two Titians of a long peculiar shape, also pleased me greatly; the two latter represent, one divine, and the other prophane love, under the figures of two women. I did not clearly make out the allegory; but the colouring of both is gorgeous. The famous Diana and Nymphs, by Domenichino, and the four famous Albanos, have not for me that interest which many less celebrated pictures excite. To my fancy, there is something trivial and like an opera scene in all those Loves and Venuses, which have nothing to do with the Loves or Venuses of a deep felt passion. It is like the mere machinery of a ballet master. But I judge poetically, not scientifically, and doubtless my judgment is therefore often erroneous.

I spent the rest of the morning at Lady W——d's. She was full of the Duchess of D—— and C—— G——, and the Princess of Wales, and politics, private and public, as usual. Many people pretend to be uninterested about these things; but I do believe that nobody is so truly sick of them as myself. They seem to me so paltry and bustling, so inimical to all that is

intellectual or noble in our nature. Yet Lady W—— talks well on any subject, and is certainly a most amusing person. I was sorry to learn from her that poor Mrs. G—— L——e is very unhappy, and is going to part from her husband. Lady —— and I agreed Mr. —— behaved very cruelly on this occasion; but it is the old story.

I received a letter from Lady G——, who is still at Genoa. She writes:

"I was astonished at the arrival of Siccard last night, on his way to England. He says his mistress is now travelling, accompanied only by Dr. Holland and Mrs. Falconet, the banker's wife, whom Her Royal Highness mentioned in one of her former letters; her two vice chamberlains and Lady Elizabeth having refused to go with her to any place except England; upon which the Princess discarded them, though she professes to be going home, which Siccard thinks is quite out of the question, as she is certainly considerably frightened. Her pecuniary circumstances are in a very bad way; not from her Royal Highness's expenses at Naples, or at this place, but from the great calls upon her income which she has left in England. From what I can gather out of Siccard's prudence, C—— was

right in her conjectures about the stocks. But what is of the most consequence to you is, she talks of having you as well as St. Leger with her again very soon; therefore you had better be on your guard lest the Princess arrive unexpectedly at Rome. Poor Siccard has been ill used; and perhaps that may make him see things in a more melancholy light. But he seems to think everything goes on ill.

"Murat is at Ancona with 7000 men, and nobody knows what he means to do with them. I have no time for more than to sign myself

"Yours, K. G."

What can I say about the contents of this letter, except that I am sorry, and that I do say and feel most sincerely. But I can be of no use to the Princess—no one can, except Providence. I am inclined to think, however, that Siccard's dismissal has been effected by the jealousy of foreign servants, not from the Princess's free will and wish. But it is equally pitiable to find that she is so under the dominion of these Italian menials; and I foresee that they will never rest till they persuade her Royal Highness to part with every English attendant, high and low, and then indeed she will be left to the mercy of unprincipled and rapacious creatures, who will

sell her, if a price is offered them, to the spies, or rather the blood hounds, sent forth by the Regent to hunt her to her destruction. Whenever I receive intelligence of this kind, I may say without affectation, that it unfits me both for society abroad or occupation at home. Siccard especially, was a most faithful and respectable attendant. The Princess knows not what she has lost in losing his services.

Another letter, from my friend, Sir W. H——m, from Lausanne, was of a very different and more pleasing nature.

LETTER FROM SIR W. H——.

"I should sit down with great pleasure to give you a little journal of our occupation, could I fancy that a description of theatres and public buildings, and roads and inns, could afford you any amusement. We have seen much, but conversed little, and of course have acquired few ideas which you may not find in the "Picture of Paris," and "Dutens Itinéraire."

"May I quiet my apprehensions by supposing that the interest you take in the fate of the travellers, will make you read this ill written scrawl with greater pleasure than the fair *print* of those learned books? On our arrival at

Paris, we soon observed that there are two ways of living there: the one, to stay a short time in an hotel, to devote the morning to seeing pictures, palaces, etc., and the evening to theatres and balls; the other, to reside for a longer time in lodgings, and endeavour to be introduced into private society. We had no hesitation in choosing the former; and, having hired a chariot, began our labours by visiting the gallery of the Louvre. I need not attempt to describe all the finest statues of antiquity, and nine hundred and fifty of the finest pictures, which are collected in that receptacle of the works of genius. I never was so much delighted by any production of art as by the statue of the Apollo Belvidere. I need hardly add, that many of our mornings were spent in the Louvre. The cathedral of Notre-Dame, the Salle of the *Corps Législatif*, the Hospital of Invalids, and a thousand other public institutions, successively occupied our attention. In general, Paris is distinguished by the magnificence of its public buildings, the narrowness and dirtiness of its streets, the splendid apartments of the rich, and the miserable hovels of the poor. The rage for spectacles is so great, that above twenty theatres are filled every evening, by people of all descriptions. The opera seems as fashionable here as in Lon-

don. The ballets excel everything that I ever saw before, and the orchestra is extremely good; but the singing is very poor. Almost every day gives birth to some new '*petite pièce de théâtre*,' chiefly stolen from the old Italian and English plays. I made a large collection of them for Lewis, by his desire; so that you may hope to see some of them done into English. They are acted with great spirit, but the violent gestures and extravagant declamation of their tragedians I could not bear.

"We dined one day *en famille* with the Duchess of Gordon, who mixes much in French society, and whose chief conversation from morning till night consists in abusing England. She must have some scheme in this, which nobody can comprehend. Another day we spent with the Greatheads, who complain much of the total want of anything like private or rational society at Paris. There are a great many beautiful women in Paris, who dress with great taste, and I am told at an immense expense; but the race of gentlemen seems almost totally extinct. Everybody seems intent upon leading what is called a life of pleasure; and the gaming tables, among other expedients, are much frequented. We were one night at a ball, given by the Duchess of Gordon. In one room we found

people dancing French dances; Lady Georgina* even danced a minuet and gavotte with old Vestris. Another room was occupied by a gaming table and its votaries, among whom her Grace and other ladies were now and then observed. We were several times at Lord Whitworth's, where we met only English society. Two of our pleasantest days were spent at Versailles and Marli. One of the oldest customs at Paris, and not the most agreeable, is that at all the great suppers which follow the balls, there are seats for the women only—the men acting the part of waiters all the time, and reckoning their gallantry sufficiently rewarded by a crust of bread or a half picked bone thrown to them. The quantity of rouge the Parisian ladies wear, is to an English eye very disagreeable. The *tournure* of their throat and person is, with few exceptions, extremely elegant, and said to be greatly improved since the revolution, by the disuse of stays, and by other contrivances which have succeeded them. The affectation of domestic manners and customs has for about a year been totally laid aside. Luxury and all its attendants are as prevalent as in former days; but the imposing splendour of rank, and the polished

* Now Duchess of Bedford.

manners of the ancient nobility, which in some degree softened the rude features of vice, are now exchanged for splendour without taste, and pride without dignity. The expense of living at an hotel at Paris is enormous. Our lodging alone cost eight guineas a week, besides fire, etc. The French people are fond of the English just now. I saw our great hero, Wellington, there, receiving the homage of all the prettiest women, who were pulling caps, in no gentle manner, for a smile of approval, or a courteous recognition from that great man.

"I saw Lady ——, our lovely friend, one evening, dancing with Lord Castlereagh. I am glad she has retired from the Princess of Wales' service; it was no fitting atmosphere for her, so pure and high minded as she is; for if any part of what I hear of that poor *mad woman's* manners and mode of life be true, she is fast losing herself in the estimation of those who are most friendly to her. Do not be angry with me for calling the Princess *mad*. I really think she must be so, to judge from her headstrong imprudence. It is the kindest apology that can be made for her. I assure you, if I have now expressed myself somewhat harshly, I *have* felt a sincere interest and pity for her Royal Highness—a chivalrous feeling, which would have made me ready to

fight in her defence. The idea of a woman being persecuted and neglected, even if not a Princess, would always have excited a strong wish in my breast to serve her, in as far as the limited powers of so insignificant a person as myself could avail. And when I first heard that the Princess of Wales had left England, I was so annoyed, that I broke forth with an oath, and gave vent to the vexation and indignation I felt at her folly in expatriating herself.

"Good heavens! what a position in public opinion she had gained before her departure for the continent. What a heroine in history she would have been had she behaved properly; and to see her at once throw away her every chance of British support, and her daughter's protection and love. It was sadly provoking. There had been something so grand in her conduct up to that period—something so magnanimous in her silent endurance of her husband's malevolence, that could not fail to create a strong feeling in her favour. But when she went abroad, she dropt the grand historical character of an injured Queen, and she became in truth, to use your appellation for her, a *Mrs. Thompson* parted from Mr Thompson, and going in search of amusement. Never was there such a falling off in poetry.

The old French King was very glad Her Royal Highness did not visit his capital. Of course he could not have shown her any civility, and I am certain none of the English heroes would have taken notice of her. The Genevese have a kindly feeling for the Princess, though they always call her '*cette pauvre dame ! elle est fort singulière.*'

"But to return to myself. We were detained at Paris by a fall of snow, which was said to have rendered Mount Jura impassable; we did not set off till the 24th of last month. The weather had then for a week been as hot as our summer, and it still continues so. Our road lay through Champagne, Burgundy, etc. One can travel about sixty miles a day without difficulty. From *Poligny*, the scenery becomes interesting. I wish I could give you any idea of the grandeur of the view as we saw it in a thunder storm. It was evening, and the road led among lofty hills and deep glens; the sky became densely overcast, and the most vivid flashes of lightning every instant illumined the scene. The tall black pines on the mountains, the deep rocky glens, and the rushing of the torrent beneath us, mingled with the thunder claps;—the moon, now darkened by the passing clouds, now shining

with all its splendour, with the angry glare of the lightning, all combined to produce one of the most impressive and extraordinary appearances in nature I ever saw. I must tell you that we had alighted to walk up a hill, when suddenly a light appeared for an instant behind us, and we soon saw a figure quickly advancing. It was impossible to resist the idea that it was a fit and likely place to be robbed in; and we made haste to regain the carriage, which had got on some way before us, and we prepared our pistols for a vigorous resistance. After a short period of suspense, "*bon soir, messieurs,*" uttered by an old woman, relieved all our apprehensions.

"The first *coup d'œil* of Geneva, and the wide extent of the lake, bounded by all the magnificence of alpine scenery, instantly recalled all the feelings of enthusiasm which had long been connected in my mind with the idea of Switzerland.

"Monsieur de Saussure is all politeness to us, and I am not disappointed with "*l'imperceptible Genève,*" as Benjamin Constant had the impertinence to call it. I have met with much kindness from every one, and I feel very well inclined to remain; but my friend —— is always restless,

and wishes to go somewhere else; where, he neither knows nor cares, only always to another place than the one he is at.

"I have lived much with Madame de Staël and Sismondi, and as little as I could help with the English. I have become acquainted with a Prince Paul of Wurtemburg, a droll mad German; at least he is so considered. I do not think he is mad, but he is a man without any moral principle, consequently dangerous. He is clever, full of fire, of information, and of projects, some of them high flown and ridiculous; but certainly his conversation and his talents are of no common order. His having withstood Bonaparte when the latter was in the zenith of his power;—his having suffered imprisonment for three years on that account;—his being persecuted by his own father, who always hated and treated him cruelly;—these circumstances throw a kind of lustre and interest about him, which in spite of his own wild and prowling eyes, and of all the stories I have heard of his libertinism, render him rather an amusing acquaintance.

"I spent a fortnight at Coppet, with the dear Madame de Staël. It is very odd, but I do not think (to use a vulgar English saying) Sismondi and she *put up their horses* well together. He

told me that his friendship for Madame de Staël had cooled at one time, and that it has only lately returned to its pristine warmth. I ventured to question him on the subject, which brought back some particulars of Madame de Staël's life, that I own did not leave a favourable impression upon me. Sismondi found great fault with her for her passion for Rocca, and said he particularly did so, on account of her having carried Rocca to England with her. There was truth in what Sismondi said, but perhaps there was a little envy also. I think the fault of Madame de Staël seems to be a want of tenderness. The melancholy error of falling from one attachment into another, is too often the crime of those who seek an exalted sentiment which they do not find in others ; and it must be confessed, that unless reason and self-esteem come to women's assistance, the noblest natures degenerate when they fall from one attachment to another.

"Lord Lucan and his daughters are still here. The latter are handsome, but I cannot say more in their praise, because I am only slightly acquainted with them. I hear they are very clever and agreeable. Lady Westmorland introduced me yesterday to Mr. C. —— the eldest son of Lord and Lady ——. She interested me in him, by saying Lord —— had told her that the

boy was always crying. It seems odd that Lord —— should have told this to Lady W——. Lady W——d is very quick, very good-humoured, and very eccentric. She has too much bustle about her to enjoy anything in society that is not *bruyante*. I have fallen in again with Mr. M——. He informed me, he loved his wife even better than the first day of their marriage. I wished him joy of the unusual circumstance, and he proceeded to underrate Madame de Staël, which provoked me considerably; and when he told a story about a *little Adolphe*, which he says exists, and is the son of Monsieur de Rocca, I could not help thinking of what I have so often heard attributed to his family—the love of scandal for the purpose of diverting idlers.

"I am quite ashamed at the length of this letter, dear ——. A thousand apologies for having prosed so long, etc."

Thursday, Rome, 3rd of December.

Visited the Chiesa della Concezione delle Capucine, situated in the Piazza Barberini. It is small, and possesses no beauty as to architecture, within or without. It was built by the Cardinal Francesco Barberini, from designs by

Antonia Cassoni. In the first chapel to the right is the famous picture of the archangel Michael, by Guido. There is certainly much beauty and majesty in the head, but in the action there is something that savours of an opera dancer; the drapery is decidedly bad, fluttering and unmeaning. The kind of blue armour with which the avenging angel is clothed, has nothing in it of the heavenly armour, which fancy pourtrays as his appropriate vestment. But when there is so much to admire, I feel as if it were presumptuous to speak of the defects. One other remark I must make, however, which is that the extreme youth of the head and countenance seems to me not of a piece with the muscular and almost brawny limbs. In the third chapel, St. Francesco in extacy, supported by an angel, by Domenichino, is a beautiful picture—far more so in my estimation than the Guido. The French have despoiled this church of its most valuable treasures of art, and left only a collection by Carlo Maratta, which are for the most part repainted and smeared. Certainly William Lock's paintings are of this school in point of colouring. I was amused by detecting a *plagiarism* of Canova's; his figure of charity is an exact copy of one in the Flight into Egypt, but

being an indifferent picture, and placed in an obscure corner, the robbery is not likely to be detected. I heard that Lord J——— has got all Mr. M——'s, fortune, and that he has left his mother £3000 a year, and Lady —— £1000. The story of Lady Frances Wilson's piece of good luck is a most extraordinary one.* I heard also from Lady W——, that Lady Charlotte Rawdon has made a strange marriage, with a man without any fortune, under thirty, and so much younger than herself.

" Princess Charlotte is certainly to be married to Prince Leopold; and all our Princes are wandering about in different directions looking for wives. The Regent did all he could when

* Lady Frances Wilson was a lady of very plain personal appearance; yet one gentleman, for several seasons, perseveringly gazed at her from the pit in the Opera House, so as to cause her considerable annoyance; until at length one day she was informed that Mr —— had left her all his fortune; and prompted by curiosity to ascertain if it was the same person who had admired her at the theatre, she requested to see the deceased, and identified the corpse as being that of Mr. ——. It was said, Lady Frances owed this piece of good fortune to a mistake, as it was a very beautiful woman who occupied the next box to her's, to whom the gentleman had intended to leave his property, and that he was misinformed as to the name of the object of his *belle passion.*

the Duchess of Oldenburg was in England, to make her marry the Duke of C——; and for that reason, it is supposed, he kept a strict watch over her; which was very ridiculous; but he thought that if she had gone into general society, she would have heard many things which might have given her more insight into matters than he wished her to have. The Regent literally *took possession* of the Duchess, and never permitted her to go any where or accept of any invitations, but those of royalties; saying it was not *etiquette*. Why then did His Royal Highness for so many years do otherwise himself? His people and his carriages attended her in all her expeditions, in order that she might see every thing that was worth seeing in London. Lady W—— said she thought the Duchess of Oldenburgh's figure quite beautiful, and her manners perfect; and that Princess Charlotte had remarked, that she had never had an idea of what manner ought to be in a royal person till she had known the Duchess of Oldenburgh. I told Lady W—— that I knew the

* Other political reasons were assigned for the *espionage* maintained over the Russian Princess; but there are too many persons who might be offended by them, for these reasons to be detailed.

true reason of the Regent's tyranny over the Duchess of Oldenburgh, was to prevent the possibility of her visiting the poor Princess of Wales when she was in London. She could not go in the Prince's carriage to Connaught House; it would have been a breach of *etiquette*. I cannot say I think it speaks well for the Grand Duchess's nobleness or independence of mind, that she did not dare to order *another* carriage to convey her to the Princess of Wales. But she was evidently glad of the excuse.

Friday, 4th of December.

I went to see a collection of pictures which were to be sold. They were indifferent enough. I mistook the lady for the maid; but she was very good-natured; made a great many apologies for being *en déshabille;* and invited me to her *società* whenever I chose to come. She appeared better informed than Italian women are in general. I admired also the good humour with which she forgave my rude blunder. How differently an English woman would have taken the matter. She would most likely have been exceedingly affronted and indignant.

I received a letter from the poor Princess to-day.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

" Pour le plan que vous m'annoncez, comme décidé de votre part, de me joindre au mois de —— il me paraît absolument impossible, car vers ce temps, je serais en Grèce, où probablement je passerai mon hiver. Au reste, j'ai pris comme il fallait mon parti, de me choisir une autre dame, au lieu de Lady Charlotte Campbell ; une dame Milanese—une Comtesse Angelina Oldi—, Vénitienne* et son époux ; qui par des malheurs de politiques et de finance, a été réduite à chercher une occupation. Elle est jeune, douce, bonne, et d'une très bonne santé. J'ai fait aussi des connaissances très intéressantes pendant mon voyage (*illegible*) l'Abbé Mezofanti, bibliothécaire à Bologna, qui m'a promis de m'accompagner en Grèce ; il possède le grand talent de parler quarante-quatre différentes langues, mortes et vivantes, en perfection, comme on m'assure. Au mois de —— je me propose de me mettre en route et de m'embarquer à Gène, qu'ainsi mon retour vers l'Italie est très in-

* One must suppose Her Royal Highness meant *né* Vénitienne, or vice versa, as she could not be both a Milanese and a Venetian.

certaine, et pour une période très éloignée ; au reste, personne n'est mieux informée que vous-même. des différents devoirs que vous avez journellement à rendre, de sorte que ce serait injuste à vous-même, et pour ainsi dire, pour moi de vous engager à me suivre dans mes différentes poursuites —et puis les arts et les sciences que j'aime si avidement à cultiver, n'ayant plus d'autre but dans ce bas monde que de voyager ainsi—c'est ma seule consolation ayant trouvé parmi les êtres vivans si peu de satisfaction et d'attachement, que les morts, et leur immortalité, me doivent tenir lieu de ce que ce monde ingrat m'a si injustement privé. Rendez-moi, au reste, la justice de me croire pour la vie votre sincère amie.

" C. P."

P.S.—" Le Maréchal Bellegrade et le Marquis de Ghisilien, m'ont choisi cette dame, la Contessa Oldi."

I who am well acquainted with the Princess, know in what a wounded spirit she wrote the above melancholy, yet absurd letter. She is evidently much piqued at Lady Charlotte Campbell's having refused to continue in Her Royal Highness's service. But what a choice she has made for her new attendants ! Nothing new

can be said or written on this painful subject; but I feel sincerely sorry for the poor woman.

In the evening I went to the Duchess of D——s, where people were all laughing at the Duchess of G——s ignorance of the French language. She is reported to have said to the box-keeper at a theatre not long ago at Paris, "Ne laissez aucun Anglais entrer dans ma *boite*." It is also said her Grace wished Beauharnais to marry her daughter, Lady Georgina. What an odd wish for a great English lady to form for her child! When I heard them all laughing at the Duchess last night, I could not help thinking how mean people are; since, if they had been invited to a party at her house, they would have flocked to it with eagerness, just as they used to do in England, though it was the fashion to quiz her assemblies.

Sir Joseph C——y was wont to ask, "Are you going to Scotch collops to night?" Yet he was the first to go thither. Lady —— observed when the Duchess of —— was under discussion, "Well, let those laugh that win." The Duchess has married all her daughters greatly, and she is one of the most powerful women of her time.*

* Since that period, another of the Duchess of ——s daughters has made a great alliance, and like her sisters, it is

There was some excellent music at the Duchess of ——. A Madame Vera, who was on the stage, but is now married to an Italian gentleman, and is quite a lady in mind and manners, sang delightfully. She has one of those deep toned voices so rare in a woman, and which I admire so much. Perhaps a critic might have said her voice was rather too coarse. On the whole, I greatly prefer Italian society to that of the motley English assembled here at present; for whatever vices or scandal may exist among themselves, does not appear; and foreigners are not annoyed, when in their company, by listening to malevolent gossip.

On the whole I am pleased with my *séjour* here. I live with many of the cardinals, some of whom are both learned and pleasant persons, combining the elegance of the scholar with that true and unaffected spirit of philanthropy which renders them excellent members of society. Some among them it must be confessed are only roguish

said, owes the possession of her ducal coronet to the diplomacy of her clever mother. The present Duke of —— was commissioned by his deceased mother to carry a parcel to Lady ——, who received the noble messenger in widow's weeds, and so captivated, or deceived the new heir, by her grief for the loss of her affianced husband, that he offered her his hand; which the Lady, nothing loth, accepted, and so became Duchess of ——.

looking priests ; but the greater part deserve the favourable opinions I have recorded of them, and the Cardinal Gonsalvi is a noble exception to the mean ideas attached to his order ; while the Pope is, in very deed, the father of his people, and a man every way worthy of being respected. There is a most amiable Archbishop, who is very anxious for my conversion to the "*true* faith." He gives me all sorts of books to read, and Lord M—— strives hard also to persuade me to become a catholic.

Mr. North is arrived—he is very amusing. He told me he had dined two days with his *fellow servant* when he was chamberlain, and now his successor, and that he was very well behaved. Captain Pechell would not let *all* the company dine with him on board of his ship ; the Princess, therefore, would not sail with him ; and nobody knows exactly what is become of her. It is very melancholy.

Mr. N. told me, that Lord W—— alighted immediately from his travelling carriage, *chez* G—— F—— and repeated the proposals he had made before he went—that the parties came out arm in arm from Devonshire House, and that her *trousseau* is preparing—that the——are indignant, and will have nothing to say to the marriage. This is all for the sake of filthy lucre, for the girl wants no-

thing. Besides, her family is as good as his; and after a man has been very near marrying a silk stocking washer, they ought to be too happy to get, "*Une nièce du grand Wellington.*"

I had a long *confab* with Mr. W—— over things past, present and to come; and in speaking of the Princess of Wales, he told me a curious circumstance which had come under his own knowledge, and which is another proof to add to the heap of petty wrongs, which the Regent caused to be done to his unfortunate victim. When White's ball was finally arranged, and the poor Duke of Devonshire, who had been fretted to death by the parties having cut down some of his fine trees in making the temporary rooms in the gardens of Burlington House, was reconciled, at last, to that misfortune—a message came from a *great person* to the committee, to desire to know what style of company they meant to ask to their ball, or some clumsy hint of this sort; which the committee however understood, for they sent back word that they meant to request the Regent himself to invite all the Royalties whom he wished should be there, and that they should send a number of tickets to him for that purpose. But this was not deemed *secure enough* to exclude the obnoxious individual; for some member, a friend to the Regent, (it was said to be Lord Y——) made a

motion that no member should give away his tickets except to his relations, or that some line of rank should be drawn, such as that, no one but peers' daughters should be invited; so as to exclude *canaille* and higher rank likewise. Upon this Lord S——n got up and said, it was easy to see these confused proposals were meant to *exclude the Princess of Wales*;* and he observed that as one of the members, every ticket he subscribed for was his own, and every one of them he intended to send to the Princess; to be disposed of as she pleased. Fourteen other members said the same; but as they were not the majority, and as those who were to pay for the diversion were not to have leave to do what they pleased at it, they determined they would give no ball at all. "I for one," added Mr. North, "quite rejoiced that for once the Regent's mean spite should fail in its object. Ah!" said he, "I could write a book on that man. I never heard of such dirty motives, except in a foolish novel, where the

* This independence and boldness of principle does Lord Sefton great credit, and though he was one of that political party who espoused the Princess's cause in opposition to the Regent's, yet I believe he acted on this occasion from the dictates of his own good heart. Lord S. was famous as the gastronome of his day; but in private life he was much beloved, and his family circle was ever proverbial for its harmony and happiness.

characters are all devils or angels, such as one never looks for in real life. Certainly his rancour is unlike the noble *insouciance* of the common run of men and women of the world, who are content to keep out of the way of those *they* hate, and think that revenge sufficient."

I fully agreed with Mr. N.; but then I reminded him of what could be said on both sides of the question; and it ended as usual, by our shaking our heads, and sighing. Mr. North heard from England the other day, that there are reports of great rebellions on the part of the *bride elect*, who will agree to nothing unless she has it all her own way; a distinct establishment—never to be made to go abroad—and several other not unwise provisos—or *no* Prince Leopold; and that she will not say yes at all, till she has seen the Grand Duke Nicolas, whose picture the Duchess of Oldenburgh had shown her, and who they say is a very handsome man. But in all her stipulations, none have transpired connected either with natural *affection*, or feelings of a right nature towards her poor mother. I assured Mr. N. I thought from all I had ever seen or known, the Princess Charlotte loved her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales with a strong degree of affection, but that the latter had done all she could to destroy those feelings, by leaving Eng-

land and parting from her daughter, and I did not wonder if the Princess Charlotte had relaxed from her first impulse of warm affection.

Mr. N. says, the English are much admired just now in Paris, and that the French ladies are monsters in regard to dress, with coiffures a foot high. Marshal Ney wants the Emperor of Russia to fall in love with his wife, whom the former dances with, and the Marshal has got himself appointed Ambassador to Petersburgh. The *Court* is very jealous of the great affection the King shows to all the English, and his new grandees cannot conceal it, when the English are presented. Lord P—— made a friendship with Platoff, and saw his daughter, who is rather pretty, and in case Bonaparte's head should still come off, has secured a husband in Russian General d'Avame. Lord P—— has taken home to England the horse Platoff rode in all his campaigns, which is quite worn out, and is going to be given *Chelsea and rest*, for the remainder of his days ; and also another horse belonging to a brave Cossack, an attendant of Platoff's, who killed seventeen Frenchmen, in one day, with his own hand.

Mr. North praised the Whitbreads ; but he said, as the world in general did not like them, it was a pity the Princess of Wales

had lived so much with them, and shown herself so frequently at places where she had no business or interest; such as at the Freemason's Tavern, to listen to speeches about charity schools, in which, in fact, she took no interest, and where she looked very *grand and cross*, and gained no popularity.

Mr. North has been reading Lady Morgan's "O'Donnel," and is delighted with it. He says he never read a book that amused him so much, and that it has the merit of being more interesting in the last than in the first volume. He says it was written when she was staying at the Priory.*

Saturday, 5th of December.—I walked in the outskirts of the city, and observing a garden in a better state of cultivation than Roman gardens generally are, and full of flowers, I asked leave of an old gentleman, who was standing near the gate, to permit me to enter; intending to purchase some of the flowers; but I found that the proprietor would not have plucked one for the world. He proved to be

* The persons who supposed they read their own characters in that book, were very angry at Lady Morgan; but Mr. North was amused. Thus in all portraits people are seldom pleased with their own resemblance, whilst others are quite satisfied with the likeness.

quite a character. He told me he had passed five years in England, and many more in France. In the days of Madame de Genlis, he was about the present Duke of Orleans, as one of his *Instituteurs*. He told me he understood English, and once translated Milton into Italian; he spoke with enthusiasm of the occupation of gardening, and showed me his library, which was also his bed-room; it looked more comfortable than any Italian bed-room I ever saw; though the bed was sufficiently miserable.

He had, he said, known the Duchess of Devonshire very well; "not this one," he said, "but the beautiful one who is dead. This one is too great a friend of an enemy of mine for me to know her; besides," he added, "I live out of the world now."

I wonder whether it can be true that this little dirty old man was intimate with the Duchess of Devonshire? Yet there have been more unlikely things than this; and perhaps he knows many a strange thing concerning that lady. But he would not speak of her again, though I endeavoured to make him do so.

I accompanied Lady W. B. in the afternoon to St. Onofrio. The beauty of the view is transcendent. It is somewhat less extensive than that seen from the St. Pietro in Montorio; but the objects are presented nearly in the same

point of vision. The Tiber, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the Palatine, etc., and the vast plain stretching around; these, seen from beneath the oak called Tasso's oak,* acquire fresh interest from the idea that *his* eyes often contemplated the glorious scene, and that he received from it some of that inspiration which breathes throughout his muse. St. Onofrio is built on the summit of the Janiculum. It is small, but of a pleasing structure, and there is an air of devotion in its quiet cloister. But I believe I always think so of every gothic place of worship. It was built by Eugenius the IVth, for the hermits of St. Jerome, and finished, together with its contiguous convent, by the Roman family Di Cupis. The hermits continued to reside here, till Pius V obliged them to observe the rules of St. Augustine. In the portico, or rather corridor, before the church, is placed a virgin and child, painted in fresco, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci. The paintings in the first chapel to the right are by some early painter, the hand unknown; they are generally much damaged; but to judge of

* So called because on this tree, it is said, the crown was hung which never encircled his brows, but when death mocked at the triumph.

the parts still extant, they are of a fine order of design. Those above the cornice in a sort of cupola on the high altar, are by Pintorrichio; those below by Peruzzi: both are good. But to a lover of poetry, the greatest interest excited by this spot is, its being the resting place of Tasso's remains. Here too he spent his last days, and here lie his ashes, beneath a plain stone, bearing this inscription.

D. O. M.
TORQUATI TASSI
OSSA
HIC JACET
HOC NE NESCIAS
ESSE HOSPES
FRES. HUIUS. ECCL.
P. P.
M. D. C. I.
OBIIT ANNO MDXLV.

Who can tread on the ashes of the honoured dead, and not feel the lesson that their silence breathes? But in the memory of this highly gifted mortal such lesson is more peculiarly touching. When fortune ceased to persecute him, health, and strength and vigour failed. In the rude blast, the flower shed its perfume; but

when the sun of fortune burst forth, that splendour proved too oppressive—it faded and died. The Pope gave Tasso a pension; he gained several lawsuits, and in fine, a glorious triumph awaited him. Fame wove a chaplet due to his talents; but death came with a rapid stride, and snatched it from him. The tomb opened beneath his feet;—he felt the doom awarded by Providence, and retired to this monastery of St. Onofrio, to contemplate that everlasting glory which mocks all earth-born greatness. Under this impression, he addressed a letter to Constantino, his faithful friend—and died.

In the first burst of feeling, the Cardinal Cintro thought of paying every mark of respect to the memory of his friend; and to this end, but with a vain and pompous sentiment, he caused the body of the deceased to be arrayed in a Roman toga, to be crowned with laurels, and to be publicly displayed and carried through the principal streets of Rome, attended by all the Palatine court; then carried back to St. Onofrio. It was deposited finally beneath the humble stone where it now lies. Funeral orations were prepared in Latin and Italian; and the Cardinal designed to have erected a magnificent mausoleum over his friend. But the grief of the Cardinal, it seems, soon subsided, many cares

superseded those which he felt for the departed, and his intentions remained unfulfilled. The Marquis de Villa, going to Rome some time after Tasso's decease, hurt at the neglect which was shown to the memory of the great poet, when he discovered that there was no memorial to designate the place where he lay, was desirous himself of erecting a monument ; but living vanity stepped forth again, to defraud the dead of their honour ; and the Cardinal replied, " that was a duty which devolved upon him, and which he alone must fulfil." The Marquis de Villa, foreseeing that no monument was likely to be erected, requested the monks to place the simple inscription which has been given, and which designates the spot where lies the dust that once was intelligent with genius. After the expiration of eight years, the Cardinal Bevildegra, of Ferrara, seeing that the Cardinal Cintro still postponed the fulfilment of his pompous promise, erected a bust, which surmounts the inscription that records the life and death of Tasso.

" Così trapassa al trapassar d' un giorno."

On my return home, I found a letter from the Baron de S——, dated Paris.

" Vous m'avez fait une bien aimable charité, en me permettant de vous écrire. Paris est si triste, et l'intérêt du spectacle de la France est d'une nature si pénible, qu'on a besoin de rapporter sa pensée sur des souvenirs qui aient du charme et de la douceur. On dit que vous avez été assez bonne pour regretter à votre passage à Coppet que le Baron n'y fut pas. Ce Baron en est profondément reconnaissant, et je vous assure que vos regrets ne sauraient être aussi vrais que les siens. Paris est presque devenu une ville anglaise. Tous vos compatriotes ont voulu venir voir leur conquête. Il y a loin sans doute de leur noble simplicité, et de leur rigoureux discipline, à l'arrogance des Prussiens; mais vous avouerai-je pourtant que la haute idée que j'ai de l'Angleterre me faisait attendre encore mieux? Je crains pour votre armée de citoyens le contact des armées continentales; je crains pour votre jeunesse ministérielle, l'école d'une diplomatie, tout au moins peu libérale. Quand on commence à parler avec mépris de la liberté chez les autres, on n'est pas bien loin d'y être indifférent chez soi. La manie des cordons gagne vos officiers. L'ordre du Bain ne ressemble pas mal à la Légion d'Honneur. L'ombre de Fox aurait bien des choses à dire: la pauvre France est dans la plus déplorable des situations;

ruinée par l'étranger; déchirée par l'esprit de parti: il faut un miracle pour la sauver. Comme je connais la curiosité de —— sur ce qui tient à Bonaparte, je suis tenté de vous raconter quelques anecdotes sur la fin de son règne passager. Avant son départ pour l'armée, il s'emporta avec violence contre quelques-uns de ses Conseillers d'Etat, 'Vous me muselez avec vos constitutions,' leur dit-il; 'vous me garottez. On ne reconnaît plus le vieux bras de l'Empereur. Comment ai-je gouverné pendant douze ans avec gloire? C'est qu'on sentait le bras de l'Empereur; et aujourd'hui que l'ennemie est aux portes, vous me liez les mains avec votre métaphysique.' Il revient de Waterloo nullement dans l'intention d'abdiquer; moins avec celle de dissoudre les Chambres au moyen de ce qui lui restait de sa garde à Paris. Il était à déjeûner, et portait une fourchette à sa bouche au moment où on vient lui annoncer que La Fayette montait à la tribune pour s'opposer à son dessein. A cette nouvelle, il laissa tomber sa fourchette et dit: 'Voilà les vraies hostilités commencées.' Depuis son abdication il donna plusieurs conseils sur la manière dont on pourrait encore se défendre. Il indiqua aux commissaires de la Chambre la route qu'ils devaient suivre, et montra quelques lueurs de patriotisme. Lorsqu'il monta à bord du

Bellérophon, le General Becher, chargé de l'accompagner, voulut y monter avec lui; mais Bonaparte se retourna et lui dit : 'Non, restez, Général,— il ne faut pas que la France ait l'air de me livrer.' Depuis lors toutes ses conversations ont été dans les journaux.

"Vous voyez que je cherche des prétextes pour causer plus long-temps avec vous. Daignez me les pardonner, et croyez-moi,

" &c. &c.

A. DE S——.

In the evening I went to the Duchess of ——, where I heard a good deal of English news. Princess Charlotte's approaching marriage with Prince Leopold was canvassed, and no one seemed to approve; yet, as Mr. N—— observed, " who else is there who could be chosen for the bridegroom, since Her Royal Highness decidedly objected to the Prince of Orange, notwithstanding all the Duchess of Oldenburgh's persuasions?" The Regent evidently wished his daughter to take the Prince of Orange; otherwise why should he (who was so careful in excluding from Princess Charlotte's society any one inclined to encourage her in independent principles) have permitted her to be intimate with this cun-

ning Russian lady, whose very eyes betrayed the wily nature of her character?

The Parisians have all been laughing at a mistake made by the Duke of Wellington, who went into the royal box at the opera, and excited the wrath of the French people; who have caricatured him acting the part of a King.* Lady C—— L——'s marriage with General M——d, is a matter of surprise, as he has no money, and all the English at the Duchess ——'s last night expressed their astonishment at the "foolish match." The news of poor Lady Charles Bentinck's death shocked me. She was a person I had known intimately for nearly twenty years, and was herself so happy and young, and had thought so little about dying, I should imagine, that it made it the more melancholy. She was to have been confined the end of ——. In a letter the Duchess —— received to-day from Mrs. Poole, she says it is universally believed Lady Charles's death was occasioned by a fall which had injured her spine. I am very sorry for poor Lord Charles; they were a happy pair, quite wrap-

* Never was any accusation so little deserved. If ever there was a simple minded great man, it is the Duke of Wellington. He is too great to be proud.

ped up in one little girl, and lived most comfortably. She was a lovely creature and only thirty-one years of age; and without calling her a *great friend*, we were always upon the best terms at all times, and I liked her conversation and society whenever I was in it; though perhaps we were not congenial souls.

Lady Burghersh travelled to join Lord B. from Berlin to Frankfort, on the track of the French army, through every sort of horror; the ground covered with dead bodies of men and horses, and flocks of crows darkening the air, devouring them; and the smell horrible.

The Regent, Mr. N. says, is more unpopular than ever; and on a late occasion, when His Royal H_hness went to church (to receive the sacrament) he was hissed and groaned at, both going and coming. He was afraid of going in state through the streets as he should have done, but went in his private carriage through the park. But the mob found him out, and clung to the carriage wheels, hissing, as Mr. North's correspondent informed him, and the church (the chapel royal) was surrounded by soldiers, who would not even let in a peer's son. This sounds very revolutionary; "but," added Mr. N. "it is all his own doing." I wondered at his daring so to speak in the Duchess ——'s house,

who leans so entirely towards the Regent, and is such a bitter enemy to the Princess of Wales. But Mr. N. is a privileged person, and may say and do what he likes. He is a favourite with all parties and all persons ; and he deserves the distinction ; for he is indeed a clever and a good man.

Monday 7th of December.—Visited St. Onofrio again, and saw a bust of Tasso, or rather a cast taken from his face after his death. The certainty of its resemblance makes it interesting, though the hand of death is evident in the lines of the features, and one of the eyelids is drawn down. It is a countenance expressive of that refinement and feeling which his works exhibit. Such are the memorials which remain to be seen at St Onofrio ; and in contemplating these, the other circumstances of interest sink into insignificance. The site, however, of the garden, its fountain, its oaks, and the steps which lead to the " Teatro de' pici Trattenimento," a beauteous spot where St. Filippo Neri used to preach to certain assemblies denominated Agapæ, are grateful to the feelings. The custom of preaching in this spot is still continued on every festival after vespers. St. Filippo chose a noble pulpit from whence to address his followers ; and his

descendants have adorned the spot with rows of stone benches, rising in the form of an amphitheatre and commanding the magnificent view of the town and its vicinage which lie below. The cypress, the ivy, the oak, encircle the fountain, which fancy might easily designate as a spring of Helicon. Let the lover of poetry, of feeling, and of imagination hasten to St. Onofrio, and enjoy the remembrances it awakens—the visions it creates.

I spent the evening at Lady Westmorland's.

Tuesday, the 8th.—Received several letters from England. The post day is one of mingled pain and pleasure to me in general, and I rather dread the intelligence it brings me, lest I should be reminded by some careless or cruel person of things I wish to forget entirely. But this day's news was quite immaterial; only gossipping letters from uninteresting correspondents. One of them however, speaks sensibly on public affairs, and says: "I congratulate you on all that has happened in the political world, which is so extraordinary, that it appears like a dream that one can hardly believe. I wish you had been in London to have seen the illuminations, which were really beautiful. One might have

supposed one's self at Paris, with everybody covered with *fleurs de lis*, white cockades, and *vivent les Bourbons*, in every quarter. I am very glad they are restored, poor people; though I am not so enthusiastic about them as the world in general, and think them but a very poor set. The present King is so gouty and dropsical, they say he will certainly die of the fuss. I am very glad the poor Duchess d'Angoulême has a prospect of seeing a little enjoyment of life, and I hope they will profit by all they have suffered. It is a great pity she has no children. Every body is going abroad; Lord L—— is gone, and Lord Lucan has disposed of his house in Hamilton Place, and is also on the wing for the continent, with all his daughters. The only piece of news which I am sorry to tell you is, that our poor friend Lady S—— is dead. Her release from a life of sorrow and disappointment cannot, for her own sake, be lamented; but I know you will feel with me sincere regret to think that one so beautiful and so good should have had such a hard portion as she endured. I never can efface from my remembrance her vision as she was in her youth, or forget the winning charms of her mind and disposition, which were as pre-eminent as those of her person. Her fault, if fault

it can be called, was a too exalted idea of happiness, the vain search after which rendered her the miserable being she became in after years. Yet she was more to be pitied than blamed, for she had no judicious friend or relative to check the romance of her disposition, and bid her beware of cherishing such high wrought sentiments. Altogether her cruel destiny must excite compassion. Reared as she was in the lap of luxury, ignorant of poverty or privation of any kind, she was not prepared to meet the strange and unexpected reverse in her situation in later years. Once, when in the first bloom of her beauty, I cautioned her against sacrificing every sober consideration to love; and I remember how she laughed and scorned my warning. It was on the occasion of her showing me some verses which she had written at the time, and which I now transcribe for you, thinking you will value them, and read with a melancholy pleasure the expression of that feeling which made her whole existence *manqué*, from being ill-regulated, and ill-placed.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY MARGARET, LADY S——. DECEASED.

WRITTEN ON THE OPERA OF 17—

The clock strikes ten, and beaux advance,
But just in time to view the dance;
They come to see or to be seen;
The greatest part, the last I ween;
And in the lobby as they stand,
To female eyes a sightly band;
Some chosen few outshine the rest,
By nature or by fashion blest.
But ah! how few among the host
Of these united charms can boast!
And those who only claim the first,
As *the world goes* have much the worst.
Observe them now, rapt up in self,
And bowing to that idol elf.
Ladies, it is not you they'd please;
Leave off your airs, and sit at ease;
You feed their vanity, t'is true,
But they'll think ne'er the more of you.
See how they stand—now stretch—now loll—
Look at that tip-toed perfumed *doll!*
A Scotchman too! 'tis Cunynghame,
You'd only guess it by the name.
Where are the limbs that erst of old
Could brave alike or heat or cold;
And tho' unpolished, still could prove
Faithful to their rude country's love?

In *these* I see some French friseur,
All dress, grimaces and millefleurs.
See Milsington with simpering face;
In Fashion's list he holds a place.
There Reason's only known by name,
And veils her head for very shame
Yes M—— his shining parts displays
At some masked ball on gala days.
As harlequin or punch he stumps,
But always is a Jemmy Jumps.
Next see yon compound sneering stand,
As though all other fault she'd scanned,
By nature for a man intended,
But since by affectation mended,—
C——'s become a waspish thing,
That feels the wish but cannot sting.
Yet let me still in justice say,
Had he been bred another way,
He might have shown the common herd
He was not quite a jackdaw bird.
Just by—what horrid wight is that?
A boxer's! oh I have it pat,
Whose brawny shoulders well declare,
A porter's load should be placed there.
And Hervey Ashton, that heart slayer,
Admired by all our modern fair
May well deserve bright beauty's meed
Who every night commits some deed
Of mighty prowess in the street
With every blackguard he can meet.
Ladies of Billingsgate, all say,
And all ye Strand nymphs e'er that stray,
How often in defence of you

He's beat some coachman black and blue;
How often at a drunken bout
He's sat his fellow monsters out?
Well may he claim from beauty's hoards
For *all these deeds* some bright rewards.
And next who is it there I see?
A figure of no mean degree;
Paget, whose supercilious air
Alarms the pride of modern fair.
With seeming ease, but studied care,
His eyes assume a vacant stare;
But spite of art in every feature,
We trace the nature of the creature.
But fortune, beauty, title, fame,
Most fluttering female breasts inflame.
By these he conquers; but by these
The sensate heart he'll never please.
In V——'s sly tho' handsome mien,
His nature may be quickly seen;
The oily tongue, with honeyed phrase,
The insidious eye, that courts the gaze
Which downcast still it seems to shun,
As wily serpents court the sun,
In spite of nonchalance betrays
A cloven foot a thousand ways.
Though, to say truth, the handsome boy
I do believe has no such joy
As racing, or as rattling dice;
Compared to which all other vice,
Is tasteless, cloying, and soon o'er;
But *that* once gained lasts evermore.
H—— with unaffected form,
Some hoyden girl who's ta'en by storm,

May win his rank, can too dispense
Far greater baits than those of sense ;
That face in which good nature teems
Those laughing eyes where softness gleams,
Make one forgive the noisy calf,
And with him one may dance and laugh,
But he who'll hunt the live long day,
And spend his hours 'mong boors away,
Then o'er a bottle sit and smoke,
And crack some senseless drunken joke,
May chuse that life for him designed :
I'm not his wife—so I'm resigned.
But of all follies that I see,
The most disgusting still to me
Is age and ugliness presuming
To court the fair, the young and blooming.
I know but one thing that is worse :
It is to see the clinking purse
Draw forth consenting smile from these
Nor think it infamy to please.
Observe that worn out battered beau,
One eye for use, one eye for shew ;
With half an ear, and that one eye
To Vice's manes, breathe a sigh.
Behold the aged wizen'd thing,
That flutters still round Folly's wing,
One of the bulwarks of the state,
A powdered fop with empty pate.
If in this skeleton you trace
Q——'s worn out form and withered face,
You surely recognize his grace.
No, not in Fashion's rounds I see
My heart will lose its liberty.

There Nature's ever in disguise ;
There lips and looks, and hands, and eyes
Are still at variance with plain truth ;
And age affects the vice of youth.
Shew me the man to whom for ever tied,
I'd proudly own subjection till I died.
Apollo's form, with Alexander's face ;
A manly beauty, yet a gentle grace ;
To snatch from sounding fame unfading fruit.
Not scorning gentle and domestic joys,
And e'er a foe to vulgar drunken noise.
A butt his odium ; a led captain worse ;
And boon companions still his greatest curse :—
His public life in legislation shine ;
His private hours be only Love's and mine.
If such a blessing be designed for me,
However distant the fair prospect be,
Nor time, nor barrier shall withhold
My heart, or barter it for gold.
I live to hope,—and now, adieu to thee,
Thou varying scene of various imagery !
Yet not at times despised, e'en thou canst give
Good lessons what to prize and how to live.

Smoke, noise, and bustle,
Crowd, heat, and jostle,
Perfume and stink,
And beau and link,
Adieu, adieu.

These doggrel lines do indeed recal poor Lady S—— to my remembrance, and excite many painful regrets that one so gifted by nature, and so worthy of fortune's favour, should have made so little use of the first, and been so scantily endowed with the latter. It is another melancholy proof of the folly of romance. Verily I begin to think I have not a spark left within my own breast; for I have witnessed its bad effects in so many I have loved and liked, that I am sick of the word. Well, all these reflections connot avail my poor friend, and I turn with a sorrowful pleasure to the thought that she is now beyond this world's joy or sorrow. Had any one but Lady S—— written these playful verses, it might have been thought she only condemned those whom she could not hope to please. But being, as she was at the time, the handsomest woman in England, and as exalted in station as in beauty, this satire on the beaux of that period cannot be ascribed to pique. No, she was quite sincere, and felt as she wrote. But before she died, aye many years previously to her decease, she said to me, " I have proved that

" 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six."

I never shall forget how angry I was with her for saying so. My beau ideal of romance was destroyed from that moment, and I have never been able since to conjure up another bright vision.

Another friend, Sir W. H——, writes to me and announces the decease of another person, but one of more note in public life, and less interesting to myself. In speaking of Lord Hood, Sir W—— says :

" Advanced as he was in life, (for he had reached his ninety-third year) his society was delightful to those for whom he still felt the warmth of attachment. He was in full possession to the last of his mental faculties, and viewed the speedy approach of death with the same undaunted firmness he had often displayed amidst the dangers of the element upon which he served, and in the day of battle. Though for some time under his command, and much with him subsequently in domestic life, he never appeared to betray any want of that steadiness of temper which bespeaks the officer and the gentleman. He was a warm, and what is more rarely to be met with, a persevering friend. It was gratifying to me to see, as I did a few days after his dissolution, the countenance of my ve-

nerable friend—calm and composed in the sleep of death.

" I passed a very pleasant evening yesterday at Mrs. Holroyd's, where, notwithstanding the music and the conversation, which were both good, I was reminded, naturally enough, of Lord Sheffield and Gibbon, and Lausanne and ——, and a thousand circumstances of past times, which distracted me from attention to the present. The period when the friendship I first formed at Sécheron was in embryo, reverted to me; and I felt a wish that many hours I passed there should return. But alas! one's retrospections upon happiness, of which we never know the value whilst we possess it, are sometimes as painful as they are unavailing; and the phantoms of other times which flit before our imaginations, vanish from us, like the illusions of a morning's dream. My ties and attachments in this country are strong, very strong, and they ought to be so; but many a wistful glance is cast towards the Alps, and the shores of the Mediterranean. I want soul,* and there is

* This was a want which it would not appear was ever satisfied or obtained, in those with whom the writer was nearly connected; for a near relation of Sir ——, a lady, on the occasion of her visiting Rome, and being taken to see some of

little of that article to be met with, either in the splendour of a court, or the intoxication of military glory, or what is worse than all, and more frequent than either here, the insufferable arrogance of newly acquired wealth. It would be delightful to be able to divide one's time between the majestic sublimity of nature, and the society and conversation of those whom we could love."

Wednesday, 9th.—Went to the Barberini Palace : it stands in the Via Felice, which leads to the Quirinal Mount, and is supposed to have been built on the ruins of the house of Numa, under the pontificate of Urban VIII, who was himself of the family of the Barberini. The garden is said to occupy the ancient site of the Circus of Flora, and the Campidoglio, which was a temple, with three distinct chapels or cells, one dedicated to Jupiter, another to Juno, and the third to Minerva.

In ascending by the principal staircase of this palace, there is a magnificent antique lion, as large or larger than life, enclosed in the walls.

the most famous ruins, only exclaimed, " La ! what a heap of large stones !"

From thence one passes into the saloon, the vault of which is painted in fresco by Pietro di Cortona. This hall is immense, and of fine proportions, and were it clean and furnished, it would be magnificent. All the chief objects in Rome bear this abstract character of grandeur; but so many minor circumstances of dirt and defects mar the effect originally designed, and disgust or offend the senses, that it is a perpetual alternation of excitement, passing from the sublime to bathos, from the height of beauty to caricature.

But to return to the hall of the Barberini: this vault is accounted Pietro di Cortona's best fresco work. The subject is allegorical:—the triumph of glory represented by the attributes of the house of Barberini. In the second room the roof is painted by Andrea Sacchi, the subject divine Wisdom. The seat on which the judge is placed is precisely similar to the one on which Sir Joshua Reynolds has placed Mrs. Siddons as the muse of tragedy.

Spent the evening at the Duchess ——s. Nothing was spoken of but the Princess of Wales. The royal battle seems, from what she had heard from England, more desperate every day. There are eternal meetings, and every sort

of judge and person consulted in the church and state, and everything that ever was heard or suspected, inquired into, even previously to the *old* inquiry, to justify their neglect and ill-usage of her Royal Highness. They say the opposition papers are cooling in her cause also. Alas! poor foolish woman! how can it be otherwise? Even the Chronicle is no longer so violent in her favour. "Every one," said the Duchess, ——, "despises Sir F. ——; and the other night, when it was expected he would bring forward a motion on the Princess Charlotte's being Regent, without restrictions, if the Prince were to die, everybody went away. Nobody stays to mind anything Sir F. says. Every one also," added the Duchess, "is making an outcry about the Princess's present associates, as more injurious and disgraceful to her than her former offences." Mr. N—— said he had heard that the Regent was obliged to give up all idea of divorcing her; because he had declared he would have the letter he had written to the King at the time she was acquitted produced, in which he had affirmed that he never could or would believe her innocence, and gave his reasons for it; and this letter, he said, if published, would acquit him of inconsistency. But in this same letter

his Royal Highness said the Chancellor was a rogue, and that it was all owing to his unjust partiality the Princess got off; and the Chancellor told the Prince, if this letter came forth, there must be an end of him. My fear for the Princess now is," added Mr. N, "the very great research they are making, and the very *odd* things to her disadvantage even the opposition papers publish. If they could do nothing against her I think they would have found it out by this time, and would, as I supposed, have done nothing; and I am afraid these archbishops etc. would not let themselves be made fools of, to sit every day in judgment on *nothing!*"

I answered not; but I own I was sorry and surprised to hear Mr. N—— speak thus. When a *friend*, one who has been considered such by the public, admits that they have a doubt on any point concerning the individual for whom they are supposed to be friendly inclined, it does the person more harm than the loudest abuse of their open adversaries. The "whispered" cold word, or slight disapprobation of a "friend," is death to the cause he has advocated; and the enemy rejoice in being able to say "their friend said so." I dare say Mr. N—— did not mean to say anything which could do the poor Prin-

cess harm; but it is dangerous to give the adverse party *an inch of ground, lest they take an ell,* and I thought of the Princess's own words: "My friends plague me more than my enemies."

Some of the company present expressed their surprise at the Princess having quarrelled with Sir William Scott, whom she once liked so much, and with whom she is now so displeased. "He would have been," observed the Duchess, "such a champion for her, and now the Regent goes and dines with him." I replied, that I was certain, whatever fine worldly ladies, or foolish puppies who had their fortune to make, might say, people like Sir William Scott, the Master of the Rolls, or Sir Vicary Gibbs, and that style of men, would not have abandoned her interest for any Regent, if she had remained equally friendly to them. "Ah!" exclaimed her Grace, "she had better have been on the *pavé*, than connected with the O——s, and Sir P——, and the other persons they brought her in contact with."— "Pardon me," observed another cross voice, Lady —— "they were respectable compared with others who were *named,* as being permitted to live on terms of intimacy with Her Royal Highness. What do you

think of Lawrence, the painter, for a Princess of Wales's admirer, and a Prince of Wales's rival ?"

There was a dead silence, after this cruel and false remark, and I do not believe any one present liked Lady —— the better for having given vent to her spiteful feelings.

They spoke of Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman, and seemed to think the latter a truer friend to the Princess than the former. They asked me my opinion on the subject, and I said, that I believed Mr. Brougham wished to serve Her Royal Highness, and *right* her in the estimation of the public, and as a Royal person ; but that I thought that he had permitted himself frequently to speak of her as a private character, in private society, in a manner quite at variance with his declarations in his public speeches in her defence ; and that I knew he used to indulge his spirit of sarcasm on Her Royal Highness's *ridicules*, whenever he felt inclined, and especially at H—— House. He had often made her the butt of the dinner parties of *beaux esprits* collected at that rendez-vous of wits and politicians ; whereas Denman, on the contrary, upheld Her Royal Highness, when speaking of her to his own most intimate friends ; thereby adding weight to his public defence of her. Mr.

N—— corroborated the truth of my remarks, and added, that any other person similarly situated would have given Mr. Brougham as fine a field for the exhibition of his powers as a lawyer, and an orator; and that it was *the cause*, and not the *woman* he was interested in.

Thursday 10th.—I received a letter from ———. She is at Florence, and tells me some strange and unsatisfactory tidings of the Princess. "At a small place called Borgo St. Domino, three days' journey from hence, what was my surprise to come up to a whole rabble rout belonging to the Princess of Wales. This consisted of twenty-four persons in all—six carriages and a baggage waggon. I saw no face that I knew; many Italians and strange-looking persons of various nations; one fat woman. I heard there was one other female, but did not see her; some said it was the Princess herself; but I do not believe it was. There were seven piebald horses, and two little cream coloured ponies, that I well remember to have seen at Milan; and two very fine horses that drew a chariot, which was entirely covered up. On passing one of the servants who had a better appearance than the rest, and seemed one of the

principal persons, I inquired after Her Royal Highness's health, and expressed myself happy to hear she was well, but asked no other questions whatever. My servants told me that some of these persons declared they were going to join their Mistress at Pisa; others said they were going to the sea coast to embark for America; others that her Royal Highness was at Rome; but they all differed in their statements, and were evidently a *low* set of people. Many of the women were dressed up *like itinerant* show players, and altogether looked quite unfit to be her attendants. I did not see any person that I *mistook* for a gentleman: but my maids told me that they saw several men dressed in uniforms and swords, who looked like pages. I cannot tell you how strange it seemed to me to fall in with all this motley crew; something of regret too, mingled with the feeling—something of kindness towards that unhappy woman; for who can ever receive kindness and forget it? and she was kind to me.

"Sir Thomas and Lady Freemantle are living here, in a magnificent palace, for which they only pay a hundred and fifty pounds a year. They are economical people, with a small fortune, and give me hopes that this place includes

(as much as any place can), cheapness and pleasure. There is much to enjoy here, morally and physically. Such flowers! such sunshine! such remembrances!"

I went with Lady W—— to Cardinal Fesch's collection, in the Falconiere Palace, which is situated on the Tiber, and commands beautiful views of the river. The collection is so enormous that one should require to visit it many times before one can judge of its merits. Lady W—— made me accompany her from thence to the Doria Palace in the Corso —which is of beautiful architecture; but to judge by the part which contains the pictures, it must, like all the Italian buildings I have ever seen, be totally inimical to domestic comfort. One apartment is filled by pictures in distemper, chiefly executed by Poussin. The designs are very grand, but there is an extreme rawness in their colouring. The Doria collection appeared to me, on a hasty survey, to be more choice and valuable than Fesch's.

In the evening, went to Lady Saltoun's, and met Mr. A——n, who is just arrived from Florence; and in spite of my antipathy to him, he diverted me with his drollery. He described the Princess talking Italian with

Leoni, and told me an excellent story, which I shall mar in the repeating; but it is easy to turn every thing and any thing into ridicule. Leoni was questioning Mr. A——n, and the Princess concerning the reasons of Shakspeare's having been obliged to quit Warwickshire. "*Madama*," said Leoni, (pronouncing the *a* in Mr. A—— as though he had a Jew's-harp between his teeth,) and addressing his question to her. "Signor," (was the reply,) Shakspeare *ha fuggito per aver rubbato dei servi*," pronouncing the word *cervi* with an *s*. "*Ma come?*" said Leoni, and here followed his astonishment, and mutual explanations. Now I can hardly believe this, but it served Mr. A——n for an excellent story. He also spoke to me of the horrid Genoese tragedy of Lady O——s daughter, and talked of it rather more like a joke than anything else; though he called it 'horrible,' and, 'shocking.' It is melancholy to see any human being pervert thus every event and every sentiment, however melancholy the one may be, or however exalted the other! and indeed such a caricaturist ceases to be a human being, and descends to the character of a monkey.

Friday, 11th.—To my surprise and pleasure, I met Mr. L——. The same elegance and

superiority of mind which always characterised him remain undiminished; but he is much altered, I think, in appearance, and his hair is quite white. Yet, how superior he is to his wife! They have no mind in common, and he feels that want, and it has marred the happiness of both. I went with him to see Lawrence's portraits of Lady Burghersh and her son, who is a lovely child; and the picture is very pleasing; yet after the mellowed tints of the old masters, there is a glare in the colouring, and a blue chalkiness, very much resembling the appearance of a *tea-board.*

Mr. L—— introduced me to a friend of his, Sir ——, who appears to me, as far as one can judge in so short a time, a remarkably intelligent and agreeable person. I dined with them, and Sir —— related many anecdotes I could wish to remember. In speaking of Lord Chatham, with whom he was very intimate, he said: "From the moment of Lord Chatham's *beatific* vision of the *King*, which preceded his entry into the cabinet, he became intoxicated to a degree of absurdity with the honours of the court, with its etiquette, and all the gracious *mummeries of the harem.* He sank so instantaneously in my esteem, and even respect, that

I could hardly look at him without contempt. Yet my desire to travel into Spain, where there were many things to attract my curiosity, and particularly the old libraries in the convents, where I hoped to meet with some of the lost classics, induced me to accept of Lord Chatham's proposal, that I should go out as secretary of the embassy which was to adjust the business of the Manilla ransom. Sir George Gray, the old envoy to Naples, and rather a favourite of the King's, was to be ambassador. Lord Chesterfield said, Pitt had sent Gray to divert the King, and —— to divert the Donnas of Spain. Another said: I know that you will be infatuated with the Donna Eleonoras de Guzmans, and the names you have tasted in romance; but take care. Soon after this," continued Sir ——, "my father was taken ill, and I was forced to relinquish the situation, which afforded Gray the power of giving it to his nephew, Colonel Hope, which he wished very much to do. Etiquette was also brought forward as an objection to my fulfilling the views of the minister; for it was said my rank entitled me to the Teros Longos, in Spain, and quarrels would arise from the confusion of Spanish and English notions of honour and dishonour. I very soon proved

the truth of this in the *corps diplomatique* at London; for the Comtesse de Sileira, the wife of the imperial ambassador, offered to put her hand upon my shoulder when I presented her my arm at a dinner party."

Sir —— also said, with reference to Lord Chatham: "At that time, I thought his whole system, intellectual and bodily, had undergone a change for the worse, and the splendour of his equipage, and the high aristocratic airs that he assumed, betokened a disorder in his judgment. On one occasion, when he came from Bath after a tedious fit of the gout, to appear in the House of Lords, he was detained some little time at Marlborough, where his bill at the inn amounted to upwards of a hundred pounds, from the extravagant number of his attendants, &c.; and he lived altogether in a style befitting a man of great estate; so that in a very few years all that had been given him by the folly of P—— and the generosity of others, was wasted and destroyed, and he literally died a bankrupt, with six thousand a year, either from the public or from legacies, after having risen from a cornet of dragoons. He made a great exit," continued Sir ——, "and died in character. What a lucky speech for his family was his last in the House

of Lords! I am persuaded, had not this accident cost him his life, he would have died out like an airy meteor, and left no trace behind him. Fortune, not prudence or foresight, regulates the affairs of this world. A man who for many years previously had been the execration of administration, and by no means the idol of opposition, was after his death held up, by desire of a King who would not employ him but by necessity, and he was buried with the funeral pomp of a prince. A more opulent fortune also is bestowed upon his latest male posterity than even he himself enjoyed; and all this is scarcely thought enough!"

Sir —— is a most entertaining companion, and though far advanced in years, is not the least aged in mind, and has a surprising memory. He repeated several verses of an old French song, on the subject of divination, which I took down in my note book.

This song was ascribed to the celebrated Duke de Choiseul, and performed with music at Chanteloup, in derision of the famous Turgot (that truly excellent man) and his administration. The song has all the appearance of having been written by one who saw every event that should happen for eighteen years in France and in Europe; and if it had been a sacred orgie,

would have been assumed as a proof of the divine authority of the religion in which it was employed. Perhaps you may have seen these verses, but I believe they are not generally known.

CHANSON

FAITE A CHANTELOUP PENDANT L'EXIL DE M. DE CHOISEUL, ET SOUS LE MINISTÈRE DE M. TURGOT, 1775.

Sur l'air, La bonne aventure, ô gué!

1

Vivent tous nos beaux esprits
  Encyclopédistes!
Du bonheur français épris,
  Grands économistes!
Par leurs soins, au temps d'Adam,
Nous reviendrons, c'est leur plan,
Momus les assiste! o gué!
Momus les assiste!

2

Ce n'est pas de nos bouquins
Que vient la science;
En eux ces fiers paladins
Ont la sapience.
Les Colbert et les Sully
Vous paraissent grands, mais fi!
C'était ignorance, ô gué
C'était ignorance!

3

On verra tous les états
Entr'eux se confondre.
Les pauvres sur leurs grabats,
Ne plus se morfondre.
Des biens l'on fera des lots
Qui rendront les gens égaux,
Le bel œuf à pondre !

4

Du même pas marcheront
Noblesse et roture ;
Les Français retourneront
Aux droits de nature.
Adieux parlemens et lois,
Et Ducs, et Princes, et Rois !
La bonne aventure, o gué !
La bonne aventure !

5

Plus de moines langoureux,
De plaintives nonnes,
Au lieu d'adresser aux cieux
Matines et nones,
Nous verrons ces malheureux
Danser, abjurant leurs vœux,
Galante chaconne, o gué
Galante chaconne.

6

Par les innovations,
De mainte séquelle,
La France, des nations
Sera le modèle ;

Et ces honneurs nous devrons
Aux Turgots et compagnons
Besogne immortelle! o gué
Besogne immortelle.

7

A qui nous devrons le plus ?
C'est à notre maître,
Qui se croyant un abus,
Ne voudra plus l'être.
Ah! qu'il faut aimer le bien,
Pour de Roi, n'être plus rien,
J'en verrais tout paître, o gué!
J'en verrais tout paître.

Sir —— spoke with great enthusiasm of the late Lady Talbot of Barrington Park in Gloucestershire—"Where," said he, "I sat till the little hours of the morning, with that pleasant old lady in my young days over Burgundy negus, and heard all her anecdotes of the court of George II, and looked at many of her father's secretary Cardonnel's letters to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, which had been in the hands of Mallet the poet for the biography of the Duke. Lady Talbot once told me that she had frequently heard Queen Caroline talk with regret of her marriage with the Duke of Gordon having been prevented by the circumstance of his fortune being thought inadequate to her Dowager

maintenance; and when her husband's infidelity chagrined her, she would say "Oh that I had been at Fochabers with the poor Duke of Gordon, rather than have been a Queen with such a misfortune."

Sir —— spoke with great kindness of the Princess of Wales, although he has a great *weakness* for the Prince. He said that he certainly thought Mr. Perceval had done the country harm, although he has an excellent private character, so moral and religious. Sir —— thought Perceval would have been likely to have brought about a reconciliation between the Prince and Princess; at least one that would have satisfied the public, and added to his popularity, of which the Regent stands in great need, for both he and Lord Yarmouth are just now the aversion of the mob, and cannot appear without being hissed.

Saturday 12th.—To-day I received letters from England, one from ——, who is staying at Grimsthorpe Castle. She says: "I spent a fortnight at Thornsby. It was almost *retirement* when I first went; only Lord and Lady M——, Mrs. P——and E—— staid ten days on their way to Scotland. Lord M. is very old, and would much admire and amuse you, and tell you odd

stories, that *you ought not to laugh at.* But he and Lady M. are goodness personified, and just the sort of people who ought to have a large fortune, not a farthing of which they spend in parade or ostentation, though they have every comfort and convenience, more for their friends than themselves, and pass their time in making and enjoying the comfort and happiness of all their dependents, servants, friends, and every living thing that surrounds them. Lady M. has lived a great deal in the world, and knows every body, yet has not a grain of vanity or pretension. She never had any beauty to *mislead her understanding* occasionally, and has no prejudices or narrow-mindedness. Mrs. P—— is the most pleasant person I know in society; I am always partial to her whenever I am thrown in her way, and I have a very high opinion of her, as I believe her to be thoroughly good and worthy, and am convinced of the contrary of every thing the world may say against her. E—— I think not much spoilt for a beauty, though I hear she is unpopular among the young ladies in London. Poor Lady B——y is very ill and is gone to Brighton for warm sea baths. She has invited me to join her there, which I shall do with pleasure, for I delight in her society, though I have no partiality for "that sink for the lees of dissipation,"

as you call Brighton. The royal death, which is daily expected, will surely make a great change in the Princess of Wales's situation. She will return, I should hope, instantly to England, and assume her rightful position in society. People are already talking of what mourning will be worn for the poor dear old King, and some say it is to be *purple and grey*. Is not this an odd idea? I think it is quite disgusting to hear people speaking of their black, or whatever other coloured gowns they are to wear when this event takes place, before the breath is out of their sovereign's body. An honest breath it is, and I feel inclined to say—God re-animate it! for I do not see what benefit will accrue to the country by his death. The specimen his heir, the Regent, has given us of his character hitherto, does not promise us a very worthy monarch. This house is at present full of company. Mr. B——, a pretty Mrs. L——, Lord S——, Mr. Neville, the dancing Mr. Montgomery, who plays on the clarionette, and does a variety of things and is agreeable, and sundry other *nonentities*, the dregs of the grandees who have been here. Greater magnificence was never seen than reigns throughout this castle. Servants and all dependents of the establishment are quite princely. But it is not the place to

enjoy the society of the proprietors of the mansion, when they have such an abundance of visitors, to make the civil to; which the master here does more than any host ever did, and certainly makes himself a slave to his guests. But believe me, you would not find him spoilt by the world, if you had opportunities of knowing and living with him, as I *have* had;—but those days are past. *Au contraire*, you would find him more the sort of person to answer to you than any one I have ever known.

"Did I ever tell you that a few days before the Princess of Wales left London, I went to pay my respects to Her Royal Highness? She was going out, and made me accompany her in her airing, and was very gracious. She is a pleasant creature, and I felt all my pity for her return. But oh! how madly she is behaving now! what a *provoking heroine* she is; for a heroine she certainly is. All you told me of the B——'s and H——'s conduct to her disgusted me. You need not say, 'this world is full of meanness, hollowness, and froth:' *je le sais trop bien;* not a soul does anything but for their interest or pleasure. In these days, royalty is not much the fashion to those who want nothing from it; and those who do, see no immediate prospect of the Princess having anything to give; and are quite

ready to take part against her, at her husband's nod or implied command. I hear that when the Prince offered her, two years ago, an additional allowance to her income, if she would leave England, she refused the proposition with the greatest indignation, and said she would only accept a proper situation and a habitation befitting his wife, and threw out a hint that she would like to live in Carlton House. But I cannot believe this; it is so at variance with her subsequent conduct. I was never more disgusted with the press, that organ of the public voice, than when, after the cities of London, Westminster, and all the other towns, voted her an address unanimously, the newspapers, after all the abuse of the 'unfortunate,' 'ill-advised' 'ill-judging' Princess,—that this same press, because they dared no longer strive against the stream, made Her Royal Highness, of a sudden, come out an angel, and the Douglases devils!

"I am disgusted with the world, and with most persons in it. Selfishness is certainly the order of the day with all the world; and as to affection and friendship, unless you have something to *buy it with*, you may as well expect to find a diamond in the street: and truth I think about as rare as good nature and benevolence.

And there you have my opinion of the world! (the present company, alias, writer and reader, always excepted.)

"As to myself, I hope soon to emigrate to Italy. Your descriptions of Rome make me impatient to be there. I hope I may still find you a resident in that city; for I shrink from finding myself alone amongst strangers. There is a period of life when I think it quite impossible to form new affections or friendships, and I am fast approaching to that time.

"How mean Lord C——y showed himself in that lawsuit! and what a noble contrast Mrs. D——'s conduct was on that occasion! I hear Lady Waldegrave abuses her, and says she cheated her out of, and behaved very ill about, Strawberry Hill, and suppressed the papers from Lady W. and never had the least right to the place. But this was told me by Lady P——, who puzzles every thing. By the way, she is quite an *anti*-Princess, and swears she is acquainted with a daughter of her Royal Highness, who lives at Durham! I have a great mind to set —— at her. My dear,—I should just like to be a grandee, to have the liberty of having an opinion which would be listened to, and which I think just as good as that of my betters.

" There is a book advertised, called ' Perjury and something else refuted, (or some such title) by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales,' at full length. What can it mean? I think it below her dignity to publish, (not a *novel*, if it amuses her, and what an amusing book it would be!) but a book about herself; and yet they tell me nobody can dare to advertise a book in anybody's name. I suppose H—— will see to it, and contradict the blockheads who will believe the catch-penny. There is no news afloat in London just now; so I will not add more than that,

" I am yours, etc.

I went to the Ruspigliosi Palace, which is situated on the Quirinal Hill. In a pavilion in the garden, on the ceiling of the first entrance hall, is the famous Aurora of Guido, so often copied, and so much spoken of; but copied and spoken of in vain; for till I saw the original, I knew not what it was. The poetry of this picture exalts the imagination; while gazing on it, we hail the coming day, and feel the freshness of the morning breeze. The fleetness of the coursers of the chariot are finely indicated by their manes blowing one way, together with the draperies, while the torch of Hesper blows the

other. But in speaking of the advance of day, Dryden says that the chariot of the sun

"With winged speed outsteps the morning wind,
And leaves the breezes of the morn behind.
* * * * * *
Beauteous it is, that ray of running light,
That beam of day unclouded and serene,
That dancing sunbeam, emblem of delight!
Which leaves no space for shade to intervene."

The collection of pictures in this palace is so small, that it hardly deserves the name; but there is one glorious Domenichino; the subject, David with Goliath's head.

From thence I went to Raphael's villa, vulgarly so called, because he painted some frescoes on its walls; but it belonged to the family of Mazarini. This villa is but a mean building; but it commands an exquisite view: St. Peter's, the long line of the Vatican, the back of the Villa Medicis, which stands on the Pincian Hill, and resembles the buildings so often seen in Claude's landscapes, and which is introduced purposely in that one from his pencil which is in the Florence gallery. All these objects form a picture, from wherever they are seen; and around the house there is a profusion of wild

flowers. The fresh green grass was literally studded with violets and anemones. An old myrtle tree, whose thick and ancient stem justified the fancy I liked to indulge, has one perhaps which existed in the artist's time. I could have loitered away hours in this wild bower, which is well calculated to be that of its sister muse. There are two very lovely frescos on the ceiling of one of the rooms, said to be from the pencil of Raphael. The subject of one of them is the marriage of Alexander and Roxana, the other a band of cupids shooting at a mark. There is a melancholy beauty in this little neglected spot; and were it not for that unseen demon the malaria, I could have wished to pass a summer there; but the pestilence is rife in that part of the suburbs. I dined at Lady W's. There were only Sir H. and Lady Davy, Mr. and Mrs. Dodwell, General Ramsay, and the Comte Korsakoff; and they were all particularly dull and silent.

Monday 14th.—I went to be presented to the Pope in the sacristy at St. Peter's. He is a fine old man in his personal appearance, and has given proofs of more greatness of soul than most men in his conduct towards Bonaparte. Myself and several other English persons, prostrated

ourselves at his feet, and felt no degradation by the homage. His countenance is very benign, and there is much of that calm in his expression, which is not of this world.

St. Peter's is a miraculous building. Like all truly beautiful things, I did not like its decorated walls at first, but the interest it excites grows upon the feelings. Its vastness, its gorgeous ornament, the temperature of the air, which resembles that of eternal spring, all these make it a place of an almost ideal character. It seems the creation of some blissful soul, framed in a moment of grateful admiration to the Deity, when all the light of heavenly love and glory shone forth, to impart the conception of a temple more perfect than man had ever conceived before. The mercies and not the terrors of the Lord reign here ; Hope, and Faith, and Charity hang their golden lamps around, and shed down all that can enliven spiritual bliss in mortals.

From St. Peter's I went to see the Duchess of D——. Heard the mellow tones of Madame R———'s divine voice, and talked to her husband. He appears gentle, and seems sensible ; yet they do not convey to me the idea of living happily together. She is very unhappy, and more so I think than mere poverty could make her.—C—— S—— came in whilst I was

there. She is transmogrified into an Italian, and married to General St. A——o. In her personal appearance she is improved; but it was very melancholy to me to think of her excellent father and mother, and the situation and advantages she had in England, moral and physical, being all resigned. I am not by any means a John Bull in the broad sense of the word, yet I did not spare her on this subject. Her calm determined mode of answering me, her apparent composure of happiness, offered a wonderful field for fancy to expatiate upon. I do not yet read her motives; but it is best now that they should not be changed.

I went with the Duchess to see Lawrence's magnificent portraits of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi. They are his chefs-d'œuvre I think. The only English news I heard was, that Lord W——'s marriage with Miss F——y is certainly to take place. The Duchess said she heard his family are much displeased with him; and, added she, as he is not very wise, and as her family are very clever, it is supposed he has been taken in. However, I hear he appears to like her very much, and at the ball at D—— House, the night of the day of his arrival from Paris, he waltzed with her the whole of the evening. "By the way," said the

Duchess, " there were two thousand persons asked to that ball. Lady C. P—— was the great belle;—but I do not like such crowded parties, and do not understand other's doing so."

On my return home I found a long letter from Madame D—— from Naples.

" Il me tardait bien, ———, d'apprendre votre arrivée à Rome. Tous les jours j'en attendais la nouvelle, et ne la voyant pas venir, j'imaginais que les présens avaient chassé les absens de votre souvenir. Vous m'avez tiré de cette erreur d'une manière très aimable. Tous les détails que vous me donnez m'intéressent beaucoup, et m'affligent en même temps. Chacun a ses soucis dans ce monde ; et en parler n'est pas murmurer. Il était inutile, ———, d'alléguer cette raison pour excuser un épanchement que je regardais comme une preuve d'amitié. Vos sentimens sur les Français sont bien justes. Malheureusement les bons payent les fautes des mauvais. Parmi cette foule d'individus méprisables il y en a plusieurs de très respectables : j'ai appris à en connaître ici, qui me font souffrir de l'état d'humiliation où leur nation se trouve. Il est vrai que leur nombre n'est pas bien grand :—il se borne à la famille et à la mission du Comte de Blacas. En lisant

ce nom vous allez jeter des hauts cris ; mais seriez-vous assez injuste pour laisser influencer votre opinion par celle d'un publique presque toujours partial ? Et ne pardonnez-vous pas à un homme droit, plein de probité et d'honneur, de s'être oublié en passant rapidement de l'abîme de l'adversité au plus haut point d'élévation, et d'avoir été fier avec des gens qu'il avait tout lieu de mépriser ? Sa femme n'aura sûrement pas été enveloppée dans la haine qu'on a voué au mari. Elle est trop douce et trop bonne pour ne pas s'attirer la bienveillance générale. Tous les soirs je les vois, et leur société est ma plus grande ressource. La Princesse Grasalkowich aime trop le monde pour venir fréquemment chez moi. Cependant nous nous faisons des visites dans le courant de chaque semaine, et nous nous rencontrons aux bals. Votre ministre en donne des charmans (agrémens qui sont plus appréciés par d'autres que par moi). Je le trouve aimable, et le crois un bien digne et galant homme. J'espère que votre parlement ne sera pas assez injuste pour lui donner le tort dans sa conduite envers Lord W. Bentinck. Est-ce que vos droits tant vantés ne mettraient pas le juste à l'abri de la poursuite des puissants ? On dit que le Duc de Portland, s'agite beaucoup en faveur de son frère. S'il

réussit je vous engage à ne me parler jamais de la bonté d'un gouvernement capable de porter des jugemens aussi uniques.

Mademoiselle M—— passe sa vie presque chez la Comtesse T——, une de mes compatriotes. Vous aurez sûrement entendu parler de la querelle qui est survenue à la suite de son séjour avec la Princesse de Galles à Como. Croyez-moi, ——, etc."

Tuesday 15th, dined with Sir —— who gave a dinner to the Duchess ——, and all the English ladies staying at Rome. There was general conversation at table;—there seldom is, where women are,—at least not what deserves the name of *conversation;* but in the evening I set apart with our host, and was much entertained by him. He had this day received a letter from his friend, the great Mrs. Siddons, and in speaking of her, he told me his impression on seeing her on the stage for the first time. It was at Edinburgh, in the play of the Carmelite. "A poor play," said he, "conveying no sentiment of pity, terror, or moral reflection —the spawn of a vitiated taste; but affording an opportunity to a wonderful actress to elevate, by her creative genius, the most insipid subject, and to put her unbounded popularity to the test of

a discerning audience. When I became personally acquainted with Mrs. Siddons," he continued, "I asked how she felt when she ventured to alter the sleeping scene after the murder of Macbeth." She replied, that after having repeatedly studied the part with attention, and being convinced that she had followed nature in the mode of her performance, she acted the part without fear, in opposition to the opinion of the best judge. Young Sheridan, especially, remonstrated with her immediately before the performance of this play, on the force of custom and stage prejudice; advising her to give up the point;—but as soon as the scene had closed, he flew to congratulate her on its successful effect, and the applause of the best judges who were present. John Brown, the painter, asked her if she thought it necessary, in order to produce a stage effect on the audience, that the part should be acted above the truth of nature? —She paused a little, and then replied, 'No, Sir, but undoubtedly up to nature in her highest colours; otherwise, except we performed to audiences composed of such persons as I have now the honour to be conversing with, the effect would not be bold enough in the boxes, nor even in the pit. But to you, Sir, who are a painter, a judge of

paintings, I need not explain myself more particularly on this point."

"The second time I saw Mrs. Siddons act, was in the character of Margaret in the Earl of Warwick, and I thought her greater in that part; but the third time," continued Sir—— "when I attended Miss Kemble's benefit, and saw her in the comic part of Lady Townly, I thought she would have done complete justice to the character, if she had not lowered it, with a view I suppose to deviate from the manner of Mrs Yates, and Mrs. Abingdon; and there was a tone of pathos, which the habit of high tragic performance gave to her voice, and which, as it could not be dispelled, but by leaving the buskin, more than the public or her own inclinations would permit, so I wished her never to lose it, although perhaps unsuited to the part. I meant to have seen her herself again, in Mrs. Beverley; but I staid too late at a dinner party, to go in time to the play, and I revolted at the thought of seeing her act the fine lady in the interlude of Æsop in the shades. Who would have wished to see Sir Isaac Newton auditing the accounts of the mint? or who would enter into the enjoyments of a catch or a glee sung by Lord Chief Justice Mansfield; a solo on the German flute by the

King of Prussia; or a fandango danced by the Empress of Russia?"

I could not help laughing at the droll conclusion to Sir —— remarks on Mrs. Siddons. When I asked him if the theatrical air and manner of speaking did not mar her powers of pleasing in private society, and had not often rendered her liable to the ridicule of persons far beneath her in every respect, he answered —"Oh! yes, frequently; I once heard her myself ask for the salad bowl, in a tone of voice, and with an emphasis on the personal pronoun, which made every body at table laugh. She said, 'Give *me* the bowl,' with a grandeur worthy of Lady Macbeth, but which sounded ridiculous when so applied." I further questioned Sir—— as to her being vain. "Was she so, (I said), to the inordinate degree of which she has been accused?" "Certainly," he replied; "she is aware of her unrivalled talent as an actress; and she has often betrayed that she is so, in a manner so simple, but so injudicious, that persons have been glad to seize upon the foible and magnify it tenfold; whereas Mrs. Siddons's knowledge of her own genius is as impartial an opinion as though she entertained it of some other individual than herself. Yet I must allow I have heard her express herself in a manner

which I regretted for her sake; knowing the injustice she did her own character by similar speeches; of which I remember one specimen which startled me, I confess, when I heard her give it utterance. A lady took her little girl with her one day, that she might be able to boast when she grew up that she had *seen* Mrs. Siddons; and the latter taking the child's hand, said in a slow and solemn tone of voice: "Ah! my dear, you may well look at me, for you will never see my like again.'"

When Sir ——told me this anecdote, I could not help shrugging my shoulders, and saying, it would have been better had Mrs. Siddons allowed some one else to make the remark; for although it was perfectly true, it came not well from her lips. The entrance of Lawrence the painter stopped our conversation for a moment or two; and Sir —— shook his head as looking towards him, he said to me, "Ah he knows more about Mrs. Siddons than any one." "So I should imagine," I replied. "Was she in love with him?" I asked. "Decidedly not," and added Sir ——— "no man ever behaved more cruelly to a woman than Sir Thomas did to Mrs. Siddons's daughter; the one that died of a broken heart on his account. There never was a greater male coquet than is our celebrated countryman yonder." I returned

to Mrs. Siddons, and asked Sir ——— in what character he thought she excelled. His reply was,—" Without doubt in Lady Macbeth she far surpassed Mrs. Pritchard, (whom I had also seen perform the part, when I was a boy), particularly in the scene preceding and following the murder of the King; and the sleeping scene of remorse, which was her own conception, was glorious. It was not fair, however, to compare these two great actresses together, because Mrs. Pritchard's figure was clumsy and wanted the dignity necessary for that lofty character."

Sir —— told me, he was in great alarm for his friend the Duchess of G——n, who he had heard was seriously indisposed. " She is a good soul," he said, " and will be a great loss to the ungrateful world of fashion, who have profited by her brilliant assemblies, and been more nobly entertained under her roof than by almost any other lady of equal consequence in her time; yet it has laughed at the good Duchess, because she is not varnished over with the polish of refinement."

" But is Her Grace not *very* deficient in high breeding ?" I asked.

" Never on essential points," was his reply; " for good-hearted feeling has always prompted her manners and speech; but rude and rough in dialect she was, especially on her first

arrival in London after her marriage; as a well known reply of hers to George III testifies. When he inquired how she liked London the Duchess answered, "Not at all, your Majesty; for it is knock, knock, knock, all day; and friz, friz, friz, all night:" alluding to the mode of dressing the hair in those days.*

Wednesday, the 16th.—I received letters from England, one from Lady ——, a melancholy specimen of a disappointed mind. She has sought for happiness in pursuits which seldom answer. Of all the unsatisfactory modes of spending existence, that of a *toady* to people of higher rank and fashion than ourselves is the most so; and how a sensible, well informed gentlewoman like my correspondent could ever have become one of that species, I do not understand. Certainly it never failed more completely to any one than it has done to her; and her letter is a striking proof of the truth of the observation. "I have nothing," she says, "to write of about myself. I lead a most unpro-

* It would appear, however that subsequently, the Duchess grew as partial to a London life, as she at first was, or pretended to be, averse from it; for there is an anecdote related of her, which is very characteristic of the change wrought in her opinions. "I surprised my bed last night before twelve o'clock," said she to an acquaintance, laughing at the unusual circumstance.

fitable life, contrary equally to my pleasure and approbation; but only because it is less comfortless than any other I could substitute in its stead; and my life will wear away in expecting to find a degree of comfort and happiness which every day makes appear more distant. I go about from 'pillar to post,' because it distracts more than amuses me, and because it is less disagreeable than remaining at home. I dine often with Lady W. G; she seldom has any ladies beside ourselves. Her favourites are Lord H——, Lord S—— and Lord W—— and the want of form in her house, both suit and divert me. The last drawing room and fête gave Miss G—— the jaundice, and she looked very far from pretty with that disease; yet she would shew herself just as usual. Lady ——'s conduct to me is of the same stamp as the Regent's; who, *à-propos de bottes*, picked me out, and for a series of years shewed me the most marked civility and kindness, without the smallest variation of manner; and I of course was as flattered and set up, as any person could be who had both their vanity and interest concerned in the affair:—when, for an equally mysterious reason, he tired of this, and much abated in his kindness; he chose, as they say in Scotland, to have the first word of *flyteing*—walks across a room, when he sees the Duke of C——

asking me how I do—says, he had long thought I had been fond of himself, but now I have quite cut him, and never think of him—that I am very inconstant, but am wise to take a lover so much younger and handsomer than himself—and he makes over all his rights in me to his brother. I of course *grin* at this *royal wit*—tell His Royal Highness how much he had given me up, and how much I have regretted the honour being withdrawn from me. He replies, it is not true—that I *know* how inconstant I have been—and he makes me feel the joke in earnest by never looking at me again, and shewing me every marked mortification. Lady ——, on her part, after gradually withdrawing herself from a person who was never separated from her in all the most interesting and affecting moments of her life—who was her confidant in the most momentous scenes of her existence, and attended her husband's death-bed—situations that unite one more closely than any common worldly acquaintance, however intimate—now rarely sees or writes to me. Yet we have not quarrelled. I wish to heaven we had, for coolness between friends is worse than the most fierce wrath. I could bear it better than this unseen spirit of unkindness and caprice dividing us. Yet I have no right to be angry with her; she has done me no

wrong—she has broken no bond of faith or confidence with me; yet I am as bitterly disappointed, and feel, perhaps, a keener anguish than if she were my declared enemy. It is such a mortification to find a person one had looked up to as very superior, and very much more delightful than the rest of the world—on a par with their fellow beings in heartlessness; especially to prove that the creature we loved, and whom we had hoped loved us in return, did not care about us. It is so *provoking* to have wasted affection on an ungrateful object.* Forgive me, my dear, for saying so much about my own feelings. Lady —— would be glad if I wrote her long histories of news and gossip; but she displays no reciprocity of confidence; so our correspondence is gradually dying away. I wish it were quite at an end; for to write of the world—of *la pluie et le beau temps*—to a person who was used to tell you the smallest secret of their soul—it makes one feel so strange, so awkward. To write a common-place letter, in

* There is nature and truth, and a depth of feeling in these complaints, which to even a stranger to the parties, it is impossible not to feel interested; it is a development of one of the many sources of grief to which human nature is liable. Who can read it unmoved?

which the only forbidden subjects are the interests and feelings of the writer and the person they are addressing, is a wearisome and a heart-sickening task; and I should feel more at ease now, a great deal, with the old Queen in a *tête-à-tête*, than writing or being written to by Lady ——.

"And now to other matters. You ask me if I ever remarked or thought about the Princess of Wales's letter to her husband? Of course I did. It was a subject on which every one spoke, and I heard it either abused or commended at the time of its appearance, just according to party; so few people are there that judge for themselves in the world. But every one, you must remember, on the occasion of the Princess' publishing that letter, agree in saying that Her Royal Highness did not write it; that she was only made the tool of a party. All the Prince's friends said it was written by Mr. Brougham; but as they chose to consider it "so horrid," she might have been the more obliged to them for taking it from her. I thought at the time, I remember, that all the letter said respecting herself, and the not being permitted to see her daughter, excellent; but that it was rather long, rather submissive, and rather too kind, which looked like insincerity.

Who could believe she can hope it will be a

long time before her daughter reigns, or that she could be "His Royal Highness's *affectionately*" at the end? "*Toutes vérités ne sont pas bonnes à dire;*" but one need not go out of one's way to tell falsehoods; and from H. R. H. the flourish about *confirmation* could not come from the heart. But the violence with which some persons abused the letter in *toto*, rather made me defend it. This was not following the advice the poor Princess gave for me to you; but I had been too often disappointed to expect any good from the Regent; and I should have said what I thought to His Royal Highness himself, if he had asked me. I told Lady ——— my whole history with regard to his conduct to me the other day, in hopes that she might repeat it in an idle moment to Lord ——— and it might come round to his royal ears. I dare say it never will, but it was for my private satisfaction, as the Princess published her letter. Not that I have the least hope of redress from it; for the asking me to the next ball would be an expensive sort of retribution I should make nothing by. Should the opportunity (which from all you tell me, I do not think likely,) ever occur of your being able to let the Princess know I never courted the Regent, and have no reason therefore to be

" despised," I should be glad she knew it. No, on the contrary, it was he that made up to me. I never coaxed him half as much as I have done herself. I knew the Princess before I knew him; I thought Her Royal Highness in those days most fascinating and amusing; and she could have twisted me round her fingers if she had taken the trouble. But she never was to me more than *barely civil;* which she continued to be for some time in a uniform way. But lately, before His Royal Highness's departure for the continent, she ceased to be even that. But she was entitled to leave off civility towards me; for she never took me in by a show of regard and approbation. If the Princess calls courting people asking things from them for dire necessity, she may remember Lady —— made an application about me to herself;—a great exertion on Lady ——'s part, who hates to ask favours and be refused. I was ready faithfully and honestly to have served any body that chose to have me; but am certainly most obliged to the person who never raised false hopes in my mind. Now I may say, blessed are they who expect nothing, for they cannot be disappointed! If the Prince or Princess were to take me to their bosoms, and give me the greatest place they could command,

so certain am I of never enjoying any pleasure or blessing in this world, that I should be convinced they would die the next day after bestowing it, and I be dismissed by the opposite party. So *en noir* do I see every thing, that no piece of good fortune could befal me that I could believe was anything but a deceit. And now I will release you from this sad and stupid letter, and remain,

Yours &c."

After perusing the above, I certainly did feel inclined to wish my poor friend would not inflict such long and melancholy epistles upon me, for they give one the *blue devils*, and impart some of their sombre and dissatisfied spirit to one self. Yet I blame myself for encouraging this aversion to hearing what is disagreeable or melancholy; for there is nothing which renders a character so useless and worthless as encouraging a morbid sensitiveness; it is the business of life to suffer

"The tenderness for other's pain,
Their feeling for their own."

I was glad when Sir —— came and changed the current of my thoughts, and we had a most agreeable walk and conversation together. We met Torlonia the banker, which brought to Sir ——'s recollection an anecdote, highly characteristic of the nature of that worthy citizen. At the time of the first French revolu-

tion, it is said he discovered an old guillotine, which he sold for a good price, and which was the commencement of his wealth. It was a ludicrous, and at the same time, a horrible basis to build up a fortune by. Sir —— knows a story about every one, yet he never tells an ill-natured anecdote in an ill-natured manner.* I paid him the compliment of making this observation to himself, and he was both pleased and amused with my saying so, for he had happened that very day to receive the same commendation in a letter from England, from Lady C. L——b, which he pulled out of his pocket and showed me. It is a strange specimen of that strange person's epistolary style. Sir —— is exceedingly partial to Lady C. L——, and thinks her both amiable and clever, though eccentric. I asked him to let me have a copy of the letter in question, to put into my collection of court correspondence, and he allowed me to have the original.

COPY OF LADY C. L——B'S LETTER TO SIR —— ——.

"You end your letter by a question, and I

* The fact is Sir —— never *intended* to be ill natured in his life. Most persons are designedly mischievous sometimes, but of him it may be truly said, he never was so but by *accident*.

begin mine by an answer. You say: "Are you ill-natured?" No heart ever was nobler, kinder, better; and that God may bless you and yours is all I have to say.

Ever most truly yours,
(Though we seldom meet)
C. L——b."

I inquired of Sir —— if he thought Lady C. L—— merited the abuse of which the world had been so lavish. He replied, "No, but she has been most imprudent, and she is eccentric. Misdemeanours are never forgiven by the world, though very often actual crimes are suffered to pass without reprehension. As in the case of the Princess of Wales, it is more likely to be a whim that will betray her into the hands of her enemies, than any deed of sin or shame."

Rome, January 1, 1816.

Since I last wrote in my journal, I have been on excursions to the environs of the city, which have afforded me great delight.

I received yesterday several letters from England; all of them containing kind congratulations on the new year; but some of them conveying

to me melancholy tidings; especially one from Lady A——, who says, "You are right, in my mind, to continue in a warm climate. I wish I did not feel certain that having once enjoyed it you will never wish to come to this *freezing world again.* I own I know no charm England possesses, or at least, the *fine world* of England. To me it is a desert. The few I meet and like at all are foreigners. To be much sought after in London, you must keep open house, have great spirits, and youth. Now the two latter I have lost; and the great house I find useless; for misfortune upon misfortune pursues us, and we are not sure from day to day what is to happen. Poor H——'s state is without hope, though he may go on living these two months; and the anguish of seeing a being one loves wasting by slow degrees, is too much for any one to endure. Added to that, I am obliged to go out with —— whose age makes it proper to have her see and be seen; and, as her poor mother may linger for months, this unfortunate event may not take place till the end of the year, when, of course, she could not go out; so that if she is not presented this year, she may not till late in the next. Besides, I am really fearful that her spirits will suffer, if she has not a little amusement. She has not, for these five

years, witnessed any thing but misery. She is very handsome and much admired. I cannot tell you how my feelings revolt against going into the world under these circumstances; but do not make me any reply on the subject when you write."

Another letter from Sir W. Gell made me laugh in spite of myself, though after reading the former, I was ill able to enjoy the sunshine of his happy temperament. What a blessing it is to a person to be possessed of a good-humoured disposition! It lightens sorrow, and adds to joy. It is most praiseworthy and delightful to see how in this instance it enables Sir William to combat against the oppression of ill health, and to maintain a cheerful demeanour under his many trials. He writes from Bologna.

Bologna, December 27.

My Dear—

"To a person of my romantic turn *réduit* by *di dizette** of legs, and now of arms, to the fireside, it is a great comfort to have escaped from that land of wine, houses and carts, and

* An humble imitation of our royal lady's orthography.

wooden shoes, and neckless children, and to find myself once more in Italy, and to be able to leave my painful hind leg or arm for a moment out of bed, without finding it frost bitten. France, and the passage through it, entirely frozen up, and without sun for five days, seems as if it had settled my opinion for ever on the subject of the pleasures of the other side of the Alps; and the horror I have of your Apennines prevents my passing through Rome, which I should like to do, that I might see you and the ———. But perhaps they also are not there.

Well, I hope you will remember how long I have threatened you with its "*oll*" coming out on the trial. The —— never would believe it; but you must all be tried some day or other, and I don't see how you could have had it in merrier company; for I will answer for it, ours was much the gayest party during the whole progress of the royal tour. Indeed we laughed so loud sometimes that it was said to have disturbed the house. I conclude you will have seen my Lady C——, who may not have given you so gay an account. But I was present in person till I fell ill, and was turned off as useless. The fact is, that for six weeks I was obliged to be in bed or in the fire, and Doctor H—— fairly had me carried to a chaise and packed off, which has

recovered me in a great degree, so as possibly to enable me to drag through another year or two in this world with difficulty; when I shall confess my sins to you, die a good christian, and be buried in a pink velvet dressing gown, and a gold-fringed night-cap, like Sir Brooke Boothby.

C——, not being ill, was left in London, a weeping beauty, but expects to get off after going in procession to St. Paul's, and singing a *Te Deum Laudamus*, or as she calls it a *Tedium* for *Laudanum*—for deliverance from all your enemies.

I will trouble you for that, ma'am, with a grand Lord Mayor's procession. Marry, come up! we don't intend to take things as we have done. A short life and a merry one is the motto now; for the Ministers have set up the Radicals and pulled down the Lords by their own consent, and the King now, good man, denies it all, and says, what rascals they are, for he never can keep them out of a scrape! You know, however, when you have got the game at Pope Joan in your hands, if you cannot remember what are stops you may yet lose it. They say, they have no hope, however, but in provoking her to an act of high treason. But some of their own people tell me, that if they should,

she is strong enough to say openly, "No, I did not do so, but I now will."

Was there ever such a set of idiots!—My letters to-day here say there is more general enthusiasm than ever—stronger addresses, and counties joining. Cra. says his cousin of Buckingham has been nearly smothered with mud in his own borough. The Bishop of Landaff, who spoke against the divorce, and then voted for it, has been well rolled in the mud, &c., &c., &c. Lord, ma'am, vat vicked times does ve poor folks live in! Never vas sich times to be sure! I am quite sorry I don't see you, particularly as I dare say you will soon think it your duty to go and pray three times as much as you now do for a rheumatism in England. Adieu. Believe me

Most truly and affectionately yours,
EDMUND IRONSIDE."

I visited Lady W ——. She was very much engrossed by some English news, which she had just received about Princess Charlotte's intended marriage with Prince Leopold. Her correspondent abuses the alliance, and throws out many dark hints against the bridegroom; she even goes so far as to say that he has promised, if not fulfilled, another matrimonial engagement alrea-

dy; and also that many persons think the Prince is only turned Protestant to obtain Princess Charlotte's hand. If these things are so, it is very melancholy. Lady W. told me she knew for certain, that the Regent had wished for another alliance, namely, with the Prince of Orange; chiefly because he had promised to go hand in hand with him against the Princess of Wales. This coming round to the young Princess's knowledge, she peremptorily refused ever to hear his name proposed to her as a husband. "She is very much in love with Prince Leopold," said Lady W. "and I think it will be a happy marriage." Prince Leopold, it is reported, has promised to befriend and support his bride's mother. I hope it may be so, and that he will fulfil his promises; but a crown in the distance will make a man vow many things which, when he wears that crown, he will not perform.

Lady W. spoke of Doctor Nott in high terms and thinks he conducted himself with regard to his royal charge with great discretion.

Lady C. hints that Mr. Brougham intends to restrict the Princess of Wales to thirty thousand pounds, and to employ the remainder in paying the debts; and that the salaries of all her attendants must be diminished. Lady C. says she told him how herself and Lady C. Campbell

were situated, and only desired him to do what he considered to be most just and equitable by all the household. He has a difficult task to perform, and she says he probably thinks that if he bears too hard upon her income, the Princess may do what she did before, viz. supersede the power of attorney and throw it all into more complaisant hands, which would ruin all the creditors, though it would relieve Brougham of much trouble and vexation.

"How I do wish," Lady —— continues in her letter, "that we could do as well without our salaries as we can without our Court duties! with what joy would we resign them! I have lately received letters from my mother from Milan. She had dined once with her Royal Highness at Como, and once at Milan. I am sorry to say the accounts of the style of her attendants is very unfavourable."

I dined with Sir ——. In speaking of Adam Smith, with whom he was intimately acquainted, he said, that notwithstanding his great superiority of mind, he had his weaknesses, but that they were the weaknesses of a learned and a good man—a man more conversant with books than what is commonly called "the world." Sir —— added that Smith's mother, who was a most superior woman, impressed the Doctor's mind, when

boy, with the most correct and exalted principles of conduct, which he retained and improved to a degree exceedingly uncommon. He was always of Doctor Young, the poet's opinion, that high worth was an elevated place—that it made more than monarchs can make—an honest man. "I never," continued Sir ——, "knew a man more amiable in this respect than Smith; but when he met with honest men whom he liked, and who courted him, he would believe almost any thing they said. The three great avenues to Smith were his mother, his books, and his political opinions. The conquest of him was easy through any of these channels; and this came to be very soon known to the dolphins that played in the waters where sailed this great navigator in literature. He approached," Sir ——, observed, "to republicanism in his political principles, and considered a common-wealth as the platform for a good government; hereditary succession in the chief magistrate being necessary only to prevent the common-wealth from being shaken by ambition, or absolute power being introduced by the collision of contending parties. Yet Pitt and Dundas praised his books, and adopted some of its principles in Parliament; and they sent him down from London, on his last visit, a Tory and a Pittite,

instead of a Whig and a Foxite, as he was when he set out. By and bye," Sir —— said, " the impression wore off, and his former sentiments returned, but unconnected either with Pitt or Fox, or any one else. I saw Adam Smith for the last time, in the February that preceded his death. I said, on taking leave of him, that I hoped to see him often when I returned to town in the ensuing year; in reply to which, he squeezed my hand and said, ' I may be alive then, and perhaps for half a dozen years to come, but you will never see your old friend any more. I find that the machine is breaking down, so that I shall be little better than a mummy.' I found a great inclination to visit him when I heard of his last illness, but the mummy stared me in the face, and I desisted."

Sir —— continued to say, " Smith's misplaced affection for Hume and others of his caste hindered him, I believe, from being a Christian. From the same foible I have already described, he had no ear for music, nor any just perception of the sublime or the beautiful in poetry. He was too much of a geometrician to have much taste in the fine arts, though he had the justest perception of moral beauty and excellence. He was replete with anecdotes, and a highly amusing companion. One anecdote, I remember, he

told me of Dr. Johnson, of whom Smith entertained a very contemptuous opinion. 'I have seen that creature,' said he, 'bolt up in the midst of a mixed company, and without any previous notice, fall upon his knees behind a chair, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and then resume his seat at the table. He has played this freak over and over, perhaps five or six times in the course of an evening. It was not,' Smith observed, 'hypocrisy, but madness. Though an honest man himself, he was always patronizing scoundrels. Savage, for instance, whom he so loudly praises, was a worthless fellow. His pension of fifty pounds never lasted him longer than a few days. As a sample of his economy, you may take a circumstance that Johnson himself once told Adam Smith. It was, at that period, fashionable to wear scarlet cloaks, trimmed with gold lace, and the Doctor met him one day, just after he had received his pension, with one of these cloaks upon his back, while, at the same time, his naked toes were breaking through his shoes.

Adam Smith, Sir —— informed me, was no admirer of the Rambler or the Idler, but was pleased with the pamphlet respecting the Falkland Islands, as it displayed in such forcible language, the madness of modern wars. Of

Swift, he made frequent and honourable mention, and regarded him, both in style and sentiment, as a pattern of correctness. He often quoted some of the short poetical addresses to Stella, and was particularly pleased with the couplet,

> " Say Stella,—feel you no content.
> Reflecting on a life well-spent ?"

Smith had an invincible dislike to blank verse, Milton's only excepted. " They do well," said he, " to call it blank, for blank it is." Beattie's Minstrel he would not allow to be called a poem; for he said it had no plan, beginning or end. He did not much admire Allan Ramsay's " Gentle Shepherd," but prefered the " Pastor Fido," of which he spoke with rapture.

Sir —— is a very amusing person to converse with. He is quite like an old chronicle, so full of curious anecdotes.

In the evening, I visited Lady ——. She is also an amusing person in her way; but she is quite a woman of the world. Yet I think she has preserved more feeling than people who have lived so entirely for society generally possess. We talked a great deal of our poor

friend, Lady E——, and Lady —— said she thought the portrait of Imogen, in the Novice of St. Dominic, was a fac-simile of her character, and not at all a flattered portrait; that it had always appeared to her wonderful how the authoress of that novel should have so correctly pourtrayed Lady E—— without knowing her; "for," continued Lady ——, "she was unique in charm and worth, and folly, as regarded the wisdom of this world."

Lady —— and myself then discussed the merit of Miss Owenson, and agreed, as I believe most people do, in thinking her a very extraordinary woman, with genius of a very high stamp. When I told Lady —— I had never read the Novice of St. Dominic, she was much surprised, and said, "Read it without delay, for the enthusiasm and exquisite sentiments which are conspicuous throughout the whole work, will enchant you. It is a most fascinating book. Perhaps you will find the half of the first volume heavy, and the language, though beautiful in parts, inflated. But I greatly prefer Imogen to the super-human Corinne, whose character, though pleasing as a whole, is not always natural or consistent."

Lady —— spoke of the late Duchess of —— and said, "Poor thing, with all her faults, she

was very ardently loved by her friends, who severely felt her loss. Among them none were more sincerely affected than the Prince of Wales. The Duke cried bitterly and incessantly for a week before her death, and apparently felt much sorrow on her account. Her friend, Lady ——, was her constant nurse, and was also said to be in great grief. The Duchess, to the last moment, expressed the warmest attachment for her, and Lady —— said she never could believe the scandalous stories told of the reason of their friendship. The Duchess was attended by almost all the physicians in London; but she had an accumulation of disorders, liver complaint, &c. The immediate cause of her death, however, was a fever, and this fever, Lady —— said, was brought on, she believed, by the vexation and agitation of mind caused by a novel published a short time before her death. A character was introduced in it, supposed to be meant for the Duchess, and who is made to swindle and do all sorts of dishonourable actions; at the same time, suffering deep remorse, and struggling against amiable feelings and much natural sensibility. It was astonishing, how, in consequence of the report of this novel having hastened her death, it was universally read, and with the greatest avidity. Lady —— added

that her debts were immense, and she suffered the most dreadful agitations from a constant fear of discovery, and the many exigencies she was driven to.

Lady —— read me a letter she had received to-day from England, in which, her correspondent says, " I hear the Prince has been in the greatest rage, and desired Lord Liverpool to go and announce the sittings about a divorce in the House of Lords; which Lord L—— refused to do—declared, in the first place, that it was impossible—secondly, that it would cost themselves their places, and perhaps the Prince, his; and he has been, it is said, obliged to give it up, and there is nothing publicly to be done at all against the Princess. So if the book comes out, it will be by the sanction of the Princess, I suppose, as the other will think it better to stop it; but how that will be I know not. I wish, as we all do, that the Princess of Wales would act more wisely; but I fear that is a useless wish. How foolish she was in England, in the choice of her associates. The B——, and Oxfords are so much despised in this country, by both sides in a political sense, that no one can have any credit in associating with them. As to her last letter, the Prince's friends never will say what they think of it, and they all swear

they know Mr. Brougham wrote it. I am sure he did not compose the whole of it. It is much more like a woman's writing than a man's, and has some bad English in it, and expressions nobody but a woman would use."

This letter told me no news, and Lady —— and I agreed there was no hope of matters ever mending between the ill-matched royal couple.

Lady —— is very anxious her friend, Lady ——, should leave the Princess of Wales's service. I told her, I did not think it signified, for that lady's character was so irreproachable, she could venture to live with persons with whom others, of less perfect reputations, would not dare to associate; and that the pecuniary advantage of the salary was a matter of great importance to Lady ——. "Aye, very true, my dear," replied she: "but the world blames her for doing so, and I have latterly heard several persons express their surprise at her continuing to live with the Princess of Wales."

I replied again, that after all, nothing had been *proved* against H. R. H.,—that I, for one, felt certain she had, by imprudence, often incurred abuse which she did not deserve—and that, considering how many persons of doubtful character were generally received and courted in society, as long as no public disgrace fell upon the

Princess, she ought to be considered at least on a par with the numerous instances amongst her own sex, of whom we entertain doubts, but not knowing facts against them, we forbear from condemning; and that it was very unamiable in people to cut the Princess of Wales, only because her husband did not support her, and to try to gain his favour by treating her with indignity and unkindness."

"That is all very true," answered my worldly friend; "but it is requisite to mind what the world says; it does not do to run counter to its established rules; even though they may be unjust, they must be obeyed."

I differed totally from this doctrine, and feeling inclined to become angry, I changed the subject, and we next spoke of Lord M——'s return. Lady ——, I think, immediately praised him, saying he had such a thinking mind, so original and unlike other young men. His wife, Lady M——, is very sick and miserable looking, and so shy, I have never been able to converse with her."

In a letter from ——, she informs me,

"I saw Lady W—— in her chair, making a great moaning about the drawing-rooms and balls; for her vanity keeps pace with her in-

dolence, and she gives herself much trouble about her dress.

"Lady S—— S—— is going to be married to Mr. L——n. I cannot imagine how he thinks of her or she of him, for he is very ugly. Miss B——e is also to be married to Mr. P—— M——y.

"Lord K——d is selling off his house, furniture, and every thing belonging to him. Mr. Vaughan and Lady Portarlington are dead. "Thus wears the world away."

"I was sorry to hear the latter was gone; for we have lived together, and liked each other sincerely, I believe. I think you know Mrs. Cunliffe. I hear she sings ballads so beautifully, it is enough to turn people's heads, and makes them dissolve in tears. It is a talent more rare, and as powerful as Mrs. Siddons's, of moving and melting people. Did you ever hear Mrs. C. sing?

"—— was charmed with her visit to Lord and Lady D——. Their home is such a beautiful picture of domestic felicity. I wish——could realize such another. Oh! that she was married to Lord W. S——r. She is fond of lords. She has often told me she would not marry any man who was not of a higher rank than herself. Now

for a woman who analyses the real worth of things, that is such a strange sentiment; since what more is there in the enjoyment of high rank than the gratification of vanity? Even the homage rank receives cannot be attributed to its own merits, or to a preference which the individuals themselves or their good qualities inspire, but to an adventitious circumstance, that gratifies the vanity of their acquaintances, but for which they do not really love or value the possessor. It gave you, for instance, no pleasure to trot round ——— with H. R. H. of ——; on the contrary, it spoilt the amusement and pleasure you might have had;—although many a one would have found the idea of self so magnified by the ideal honour, it would have been more gratifying than all the fun in the world.

Lady Georgiana Buckley and her daughter are here. They are great beauties, and far different from Lady Matilda Wynyard, who is like an isicle. Ever since your departure from England, *the young lady* has remained under the guard of three old women, and is now removed to the country house, near Windsor. Except Miss M——, who was allowed to go to her, she has seen none of her friends. I hear her mother wrote to her only a kind letter of inquiry, which had no notice taken of it, and on a second being

written to one of the guardian ladies, the answer was returned, that she was "pretty well."

There is a great fête at Carlton House to-morrow—a ball to which all the fine world are invited; but Princess Charlotte does not return from the country to attend it, H. R. H. being, they say, too ill to dance.

The Duke of Sussex, last night, in the House of Lords, made a foolish motion about her, which can answer no end: or rather, he gave notice of one he intends to bring forward on Friday, as the ministers would answer none of his questions.

Lord Cochrane's sentence, so far as the pillory is concerned, is remitted as a favour; not that he is supposed to be more innocent; and he is again returned for Westminster.

Emily P—— is going to marry Lord F. S—— and becomes a resident at Paris, as he is the Duke of Wellington's secretary.

The fête given by the Generals was very fine.

Lord Morton is going to be married to a Miss Buller. This event will be a great disappointment to Lady H———'s family, who thought themselves sure of the succession.

I never saw the Princess of Wales after you left London; some persons who dined with her,

told me that she was in wretched bad spirits before her departure.

I hope Lord M—— has been, or is, at Rome, as he will be quite a person after your own heart. He reads more, and has more genius, and unlikeness to other people, than any person I know.

Now that the Princess is gone, all the Opposition abuse her for leaving England; though I believe many of them prayed her to do so. But they were divided in their opinions amongst themselves, and some of them wished to keep her at home, to make a cat's paw of her. I think they have done her much more harm than any of her enemies have, by making her give up the £15,000 a year. Were I her, I never should forgive them. She has, I am sorry to hear, lost Mr. C——, who was such an agreeable and reputable chamberlain for her. Princess Charlotte is still in the same situation, with her old ladies guarding her at Cranbourne Lodge. The Duke of Cumberland is married to the Princess of Salms. I never knew till lately that she was the Prince's kinswoman.

Lady Barbara Ashley is married to William Ponsonby—a very great marriage for him. The Jerseys and Seftons are at Paris. The Duc de Berri came over to invite the Regent to make

a visit to Paris ; but he found he could not leave the country without an Act of Parliament.

I send you some verses written by Lord M——e, better known to you as William L——e, which will please you I think. And now, adieu for the present.

Ever yours &c.

VERSES

BY THE HONOURABLE W. L——E WRITTEN IN 1797.

A year has pass'd since, oh ! my friendship's choice,
I saw thy countenance or heard thy voice ;
A year has pass'd, yet scarce a day I view,
But what that day, my friend, I think on you—
Think on thy talents, on thy virtues more
And hope that time has added to their store.
With eye prophetic through the veil of time,
In honour firm, in sentiment sublime,
A rising patriot youth o'erjoyed I see,
And glory to behold that youth in thee.
Proud to anticipate thy future fame,
And pleas'd to call thee by a private name,
Hoping that I thy friend may have thy praise,
And catch some gleam of splendour from thy blaze.
A year has pass'd—a year of grief and joy—
Since first we threw aside the name of boy,
That name which in some future hour of gloom,
We shall with sighs regret we can't resume.
Unknown this life, unknown Fate's numerous shares
We launch'd into this world, and all its cares ;

Those cares whose pangs, before a year was past,*
I felt, and feel, they will not be the last.
But then we hailed fair freedom's brightening morn,
And threw aside the yoke we long had borne;
Exulted in the raptures thought can give,
And said alone, we then began to live;
With wanton fancy, painted pleasure's charms,
Wine's liberal powers, and beauty's folding arms.
Expected joys would spring beneath our feet,
And never thought of griefs we were to meet.
Ah! soon, too soon is all the truth display'd,
Too soon appears this scene of light and shade!
We find that those who every transport know,
In full proportion taste of every woe;
That every moment new misfortune rears;
That, somewhere, every hour's an hour of tears.
The work of wretchedness is never done,
And misery's sigh extends with every sun.
Well is it if, when dawning manhood smiled,
We did not quite forget the simple child;
If, when we lost that name, we did not part
From some more glowing virtue of the heart;
From kind benevolence, from faithful truth,
The generous candour of believing youth,
From that soft spirit which men weakness call,
That lists to every tale, and trusts them all,
To the warm fire of these how poor and dead
Are all the cold endowments of the head.
Happy 't will be if interested man
Instruct not *us* upon his general plan;

* A poet is a prophet, and frequently foretells the doom that awaits himself and others. The gift of poetry is inspiration.

If chilling prudence, and suspicious age,
If Fortune favours, or if Fortune rage,
Succeed not. (Oh! may I withstand)
To freeze the breast, and close the liberal hand,
To dry those eyes whence pity used to flow,
Suppress the sighs that sympathise with woe,
Teach us to spurn those, Fate from high has hurl'd,
With all the barbarous knowledge of the world.*

January 3rd 1816.—I received a letter from ——— who had been visiting the Duchess of Y——s friend, who in speaking of her, said, "The Duchess was very ill received at Carlton House, on account of her still continuing to visit the Princess of Wales; but she always maintained her determination to do so nevertheless,—saying she had visited the Princess once a year, and she saw no reason for making a change. I think she was quite right. But what effect power has! people are afraid of

* The above verses are of more value and curiosity from the station which the author now holds, than they perhaps may be deemed from their own poetical merit. As the expression of the youthful feelings of a statesman, they are a singular production. If the sentiments given forth in the foregoing lines, were truly felt, they must do credit to the disposition of the writer:—and should the breast of the statesman echo the feelings of the youth, he is a happy man to have passed through life so unspoilt by all its turmoils, and all its hardening influences.

appearing to belong to the opposite party, when it is the oppressed. " I should rather be vain (says my correspondent) of doing so, and on the contrary, ashamed of courting the rising sun; it would look so like mere self interest."

Miss J——e, the concert giver, is going to marry Count St. A——o! she has got 40,000 pounds. They say he is going to become an Englishman, which he thinks, I suppose, he will find more profitable than being an Italian Conte.

I went to see Lawrence's pictures. I think he is the first portrait painter in the world. The picture of Lord Wellington, between Platoff and Blucher, is splendid. I saw Lord W. himself yesterday, bearing the sword of state at the House of Lords, and heard the Regent dismiss the Parliament. He looked very well, and was magnificently dressed, but I think the Duke of Kent is the handsomest of the brothers.

The Prince Regent left town last night. He has been so much hissed by the mob, he is quite disgusted; and the old Queen also, in going to her last drawing-room, was hissed and reviled, and the people asked her what she had done with the Princess Charlotte. They stopped her chair, and she put down the glass, and said, " I am seventy two years of age — I have been fifty two years Queen of England, and I

never was hissed by a mob before." So they let her pass on, without further molestation.

The Regent sent several aid-de-camps to attend her majesty: she would not permit them to do so, but desired them to go back to Carlton House. They replied they could not, for that they were ordered by the Prince to see Her Majesty safe to Buckingham House. She said, —" You have left Carlton House at his orders—return there at mine, or I will leave my chair, and go home on foot;" so they left her. There was something like coolness and magnanimity displayed on this occasion.

I never hear now from dear ——. Our friendship, with our correspondence, is decaying, and I do not like such things to decay, but they do so very fast in this world.

Pray write to me soon. Of course you have heard of Miss P——'s marriage to Lord F. S——; they say there never were people so much in love. The only other marriage on the *tapis* is Miss F——'s, to Lord W——. I admire her; I think she has a better manner than most *Misses*. What a sweet creature Mrs. G—— is! I have seen nothing like her.

I have been living lately a good deal with Lady B—— and her daughters, especially Lady ———, who draws better than any artist

known to fame in the present day; from imagination too! and with a spirit, and boldness, and taste that are quite astonishing. She has lately executed some drawings from the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and when she sent for Mr. Scott,* to show them to him, he pronounced them to be very fine; but she was very disappointed at his manner of praising them, and says he evidently does not understand drawing. She also sang to him the Boat song in the Lady of the Lake. She has a good voice, and it suited the wildness of the air, and they said Walter Scott wept; I did not look at him, otherwise I would have flown to catch his tear, and exclaimed,—"O to chrystalize this treasure,' &c. It was quite a sublime scene. I have the most profound respect for Mr. Scott I ever had for any person. A man who conceives such elevated and tender thoughts, and expresses them in undying language, is more deserving of this sentence than any body one can meet. I could not help thinking it was a pity that people of such sublime

* Sir Walter, who certainly had not the slightest knowledge of the art—how few persons have—but most persons have some strange standard of beauty and perfection in their own mind's eye, which answers the purpose of conveying pleasure to them in pictorial representations; and that, in fact, is all that signifies to them.

genius in poetry, painting, and music, were not more sightly; for Lady —— was never pretty; and she has became crooked, and her figure all going here and there. But there is something I think graceful in Walter Scott's hitch; it would be a pity he should walk like any body else. I am sorry I can find no other expression in his face save good nature.

I cannot resist sending you a note I received to day from Lady C—— L——, for I am certain it will make you laugh.

"I wish you would come early on Thursday, and bring with you a few agreeable people, as I fear you will not know one of those whom you will meet here. They are most of them artists, writers, and musicians. You are well aware that these sort of people are not always agreeable, but vulgar, quaint, affected, and formal. Still I feel indebted to them, as they have one and all received me with kindness, when sent away from —+ House; and if their manners are not quite pleasing, they are in their various ways clever, and many of them good. The following is the list of their names and ages.

Miss Spence	aged	56
Miss B——	,,	48
Miss Landon	,,	18

Miss Wheeler	,,	17
Mr. Hall	any	age
Mr. Bishop	,,	40
Mr. T. K. Hervey	,,	20
Mr. Browning	,,	100

Ever yours, &c."

In the evening I visited Sir ——, he amused me as he always does by his conversation, which is full of entertainment and information, though generally of the olden time. In the year 1766, he said, when Pitt went up to London on his grand popular errand of opposing that very strange act which he had deliberately permitted to pass through the House of Commons without any opposition, I was very desirous of hearing his speech, the heads of which he had stated frequently to me in conversation, and even repeated the *Ipsissima ardentia verba*, of his peroration,

> Be to her faults a little blind,
> Be to her virtues very kind.

I went therefore to the House of Commons, and sat below the gallery, on the side of the Opposition, that I might observe all the stage tricks, that that strange man would exhibit when he made his appearance. He had only arrived in town the night before the debates, and when he entered, after having made his bow to the

chair, he walked along covered, and with a stern and haughty look eyed George Grenville, and the heads of the secret cabinets of St. James's, and South Audley Street.* It was late when he arrived, and the debate had been purposely delayed until he should come. Nothing could be better managed than the whole of this famous oration; but it was full of that art in mountebankism which his second son inherited; and this mountebankism was in some parts very visible. In every other respect, it would have done no discredit to Cicero; his dignity of manner, his pauses, his modest respect to the galleries, and his proud contumely towards his eminent opponents;—his kind but overbearing politeness to Conway, and the ministers; in short the whole of it, *well practised at the looking glass*, was all-powerful in the circle. Neither had the system of corruption in the senate—the *master piece* of the *reign*—been then so perfectly matured as to prevent his oration from having an effect on the sentiments of the house. I believe (from what I know,) that above a score of members were gained, by the power of his eloquence alone! an extraordinary assertion, but which after mature consideration, I repeat. Lord Shelburne

* Lord Bute's town residence.

now Marquis of Lansdowne, was the only man of great property and abilities with whom Pitt was in the habit of friendship, and he appeared to me a much more proper person for Pitt to bring to the head of the Treasury, than the Duke of Grafton. But Pitt was forced to make the best bargain he could with Bute and the King's party, and they were averse from bringing in a man of Shelburne's great fortune and parliamentary abilities into the first office of the state; where, by intrigue, and flattering the moneyed interest in the city, he might have become too strong for the haunts of St. James's.

"Through, the whole of the transactions," said Sir ——, "the interests of the nation were quite out of the question. Court intrigues and aristocratical cabal or coalition, regulated every change and appointment, and the people continued to be nettled, as usual, by the sacrificed pretensions of the soi-disant patriots. By continual changes and exhibitions of aristocratical falseness and corruption, and by jumbling men of all political descriptions together, the king and his friends hoped in time to be able to trample them all in the dirt, and along with them the remaining rights of the people, by the interposition of the hated and venal senate."

Sir —— also spoke of the late Lord Melville,

with whom he was very intimate, and whose death occasioned a great deal of regret in all those who knew him. Sir —— told me he was certain it was the consequence of Lord Melville's sorrow for the death of his earliest and greatest friend, President Blair. They had been early school-fellows together. Blair was the son of an obscure country clergyman. He was to have become tutor in a gentleman's family. Lord Melville, of nearly the same age, had then eighty pounds a year, and divided it with him, that they might follow the law together, in which they both made so distinguished a figure. Lord Melville was terribly afflicted by Mr. Blair's death, and went from Dunina to see the President's daughters, with whom he remained some hours; and the next morning he was found dead in his bed. It was the day on which his friend was to have been buried. "It is very uncommon," Sir —— observed, "to witness such strong feelings at so advanced an age, and especially after a long political life, which usually destroys all the finer sympathies."

Sir —— next mentioned Mr. J——y. He said that he knew no person so clever, whose manners are in such bad taste, and whose appearance is so little prepossessing. He also observed that he was reperusing Miss Seward's

Letters, and said, what an odd fancy it was to bequeath them to Constable, enjoining their publication after her death. "There are parts," said he, "I like very well; but there is too much gall in them, especially for any one to wish to have it spread when they were in the dust."

January 4th.—I received a letter from ———. He says, "In reply to your eloquent letter, I perfectly agree with all you say in favour of retirement, and the danger of living perpetually in the world. Still I have been so long accustomed to constant society, that, though I often encounter people who do not suit me, and hear sayings and doings which are hateful to me, still I feel certain it would not suit me to retire from the world altogether. Neither do I think the essays you sent me to read would suit a romance. Novel readers do not care for prosing. You and I love it dearly, and all sorts of analysis of human nature; but the generality of persons desire only fine stories and events, and bustle, to amuse them. When they read a story-book, it is for entertainment, not instruction, and nothing answers out of its place. Dry reflections are not palateable when one expects amusement. I cannot invent stories; though it is one of my theories that every thing may be done by practice to a certain

extent, by people of common sense. The way to make a novel, I think, must be to lay a plan, and then, after the outline is traced, shade it to please the fancy.

"Are you not sorry for the poor —— being obliged to leave her children in the care of Lady —— ?

"I believe I told you I had been reading Horace Walpole's Letters over again, and also Madame du Deffand's Letters to him, and that I like them better. I hesitated for so long before reading them, because you disparaged them to me. I do not admire herself; she is a hard, unfeeling, misanthropical old sinner. But her mind is so laid open to me, that I pardon her faults, and think she could not help them, as I do and think of my own. I have finished her letters to Horace, and am quite angry there is no account of her death. I am now reading her letters to Voltaire, which I cannot endure ; they are full of nothing but fulsome flattery, which disgusts me. How much true affection dignifies every thing! but flattery when seen through, is odious. I like the portraits at the end of her book.

"Did you ever write your own character at different periods? for it does change in some degree from circumstances, and often very much, in one's own opinion. You see how

different Madame du Deffand's two portraits of herself are at thirty and seventy; though *some* of the same traits subsist unchanged.

"People here bore me, by asking me if the "Spirit of the book" was written by the Princess of Wales, or if she patronised the writing of it. I protest not, as you told me such an idea never entered the enlightened heads of the people in London.

"I hear C. S——a is living with the Margravine. Is not that an odd association?

"I have been staying at G——e, which is full of ancient magnificence, and done in very good taste. I never admired the mechanism of any of Lord G——'s houses that I have seen; but perhaps I am wrong.

"Sir Sidney and Lady S—— and the R—— were there. They are going to ———, and Lady S——— intends Lord ——— to marry E——y R——d. But I will not let him marry the grand-daughter of a footman; for Sir P. R—— was a foot-boy it is said; if so, it is ignoble blood; and do you not suppose that would stagger Lord ———, although the lady is very beautiful?

"In answer to your question, I am not sure whether I think human nature very bad or not. Wickedness makes much more impression than

goodness, just as misery does than happiness. A thousand enjoyments pass away unheeded, when one pang is commented on and lamented for ever. Life is a very mixed state, but it is the more entertaining on that account*. Constant goodness would pall very much. We should cherish lenity to the faults of others, and strictness to our own; on the contrary we have many apologies for our own, but few for those of other people.

"Yesterday I witnessed a very extraordinary scene. To oblige a young lady, I accompanied her to the profession. of a nun in the Ursuline Convent. The crowd was very great, the novice being young, handsome, and a native of the place. There were nearly a hundred strangers breakfasted in an outer apartment, for the ceremony begins at nine o'clock in the morning. We, with many other ladies, were admitted into the choir, and every thing went on as is usual on such occasions; when, in the midst of the most awful part of the solemnity, a girl, seated near us, broke out into a fit of raging madness, prayed louder than the priests, and called on God to come to her directly. The bishop and priests stood aghast; the orisons were suspended, and

* It is a curious way to speak of life as though it were a party of pleasure, and that entertainment was its sole end and aim; but most persons act as if it were so.

only the shrieks of this unfortunate creature resounded through the place. It was in vain the women tried to drag her out; her strength was supernatural, till one of the priests left the chapel and came to their assistance. Never shall I forget her screams or her looks. I had never witnessed any one in the same state, and it fell on my heart like a bolt of ice. Some were in tears and others were fainting. The only person who remained unmoved was the nun about to take the black veil. She was kneeling before the grate, and she never once turned round to ascertain what disturbed the ceremony. Could any thing be a greater proof of the complete subjugation of all worldly feelings? The girl who was seized with the dreadful fits, was a relation of the novice's. At length, with great difficulty, she was conveyed from the chapel, and the prayers recommenced. The miserable rite was finished without further interruption. Doubtless she was shocked at the unnatural sacrifice in progress. Can any cruelty exceed that which arises from religious bigotry? The Roman Catholic church needs no other proof to shew forth its spurious character than the immolation of all nature's dearest affections to its idolatrous worship; as if such a *burying alive* could be acceptable to the Supreme Being, 'whose service is perfect freedom.'

"I have been reperusing Madame de Stael's De l'Allemagne. I cannot very well express how much I am charmed with that work. As Midas's hand had the art of transmuting every thing it touched into gold, so her pen illuminates every object, turning the rude ore of the mine into current coin, and rendering it useful to every one. It is certainly a most luminous emanation of the human mind, and proves the female intellect may perchance equal, if not surpass, that of the other sex. I never read any style I liked so well, and the candour, liberality, and impartiality of her sentiments are truly admirable. But I am dilating too long on a work you are a better judge of than I am. It has given me, what I had not before, a desire to see her, which I dare say, will never be gratified except in the shades, and even there, I fear she will be so far above me as to be out of my sight. And now I will say adieu for the present," &c.

I remained at home all day writing letters for the next post to England, and in the evening, I walked on the Pincian Hill with Lady ——. She was in low spirits, and therefore less excited and more agreeable than usual. She told me the manner in which Lady R—— went off with her brother-in-law, Sir R. M——, or rather was turned off, for it was no part of her plan to elope; but she was detected shut up with him one even-

ing, that of her birth-day, when the servants were dancing at a ball. Sir H ——— had been concealed, in the disguise of a sailor, in her neighbourhood for two months. Lord R—— had had reason for suspicion before; so Mr. P. ordered the carriage and put her in it. She joined her lover, and they went to London, and they are now living together in his house in B——h street, I believe it is.

Lady Elizabeth Montgomery, the wife of Sir James Montgomery, has died in child-birth. It is shocking how many persons have fallen victims to the same misfortune lately; among them the Duchess of Buccleugh* and Lady Carmichael. Lady —— added that she dined at Lord R——'s a few days before Lady R——'s elopement. She did not appear till dinner was on the table, and apologized, saying she had lost herself in the woods. She had indeed lost herself in the woods. Lady —— said it annoyed her, that a woman living in such guilt, should have appeared happy, and without a cloud on her mind.

I was glad to hear Lady W——— is coming to Rome. She is such a delightful person. Lady —— and I had a discussion on the subject of matrimony, for which she is a strenuous advocate; but not all her eloquence could

* The beautiful and the good Duchess, beloved and admired by all who ever knew her.

convince me that I was wrong in preferring a state of single blessedness. I observed that fortunately all states and conditions have their advantages, if people will look to the fairest side, and endeavour to make the best of every thing; and much good is to be made. A happy marriage I should think the height of human felicity; but I fear there are few which are truly such. On the other hand, an unhappy marriage must be the extremity of misery and even a poor old maid must be happy in comparison, and a rich old maid in the third heaven of delight. But riches I think are more necessary for that state of solitude than any other. In general I do not think the richest people are the happiest, though we all wish to be rich. A little struggle to make the ends of the year meet, animates one, and excludes repinings and envyings, and all the numerous train of evils attending those who possess all the good things of this life in abundance. No bad tempered person I am certain should marry. The ill-natured infallibly ruin their children's tempers. Tormenting their husband is of less consequence; that is only one individual; but it extends the evil in a wider degree to children, for it destroys their tempers, and they torment their children again in their turn, and so the misery is perpetuated from generation to generation, and often becomes

hereditary, like their titles or broad lands. In no way can the influence of a woman be so immortal as when, by her example and precepts, she bequeaths good dispositions to her children. Though they may be unruly when young, and the good seed not seem to grow at first, it tells in the end; and most persons, with certain modifications, bring up their children as they themselves were brought up. If ever I venture on matrimony, the first quality I shall seek and wish for in my companion shall be good temper, the second good sense. I am certain it ranks higher in the scale of every day comforts than talents or accomplishments.

Lady —— read me part of a letter she had received, which was as far as I can remember it nearly as follows:

"I dined the other day at the "Man of Feeling's," Mr. Mackenzie's, and had the honour and pleasure of sitting next Walter Scott. He talked a great deal of you, and I think he is rather in love with you, and wishes you to return here, and he expressed his opinion that Edinburgh would suit you much better than Rome. But I said you did not think so, unfortunately. Mrs. Scott was also present at that party, of which I made mention, and seems a merry good humoured body. He (that is her husband) is very kind to her, and calls her Charlotte when he speaks to or of her.

" 'The Man of Feeling's' family are all charming. I never saw seven such clever and agreeable people in one house before. The eldest daughter is rather long winded; but then she is wise and good. All the others are perfect. Miss M—— has been attending all the country balls she could go to, and has been accused of trying to win the Duke of A——; she is a strange girl, and I wonder how she will end. She encourages attentions from persons whom she certainly would not marry. She refused Colonel Cadogan lately. She follows all her own propensities without the least restraint, whether it be *brusquer les gens* or to cajole them, and does both in a way hardly permitted to ladies, young or old.

" Lady M——y L——x was with her, who seems very agreeable, moderate and mild, the reverse of Miss M——. Lady Elphinstone's beauty, I regret to see, is beginning to fade. Alas! how soon bright things come to confusion! I cannot bear to see people's beauty fade. Mrs. M——s is more than fading, it is nearly gone.

" Miss Wynne is taking a husband. He is a good looking, but vulgar looking man.

" Lord P—— has been skirmishing about in Scotland, making all the young ladies anxious to win him, but none have succeeded, though not for want of will or attempt to do so. Three of the Duchess of Montrose's daughters appeared

at Stirling, and were much admired. Lady —— is much disappointed at not being able to execute her intended Spanish expedition; but Lord M——'s mother is a strange sort of a personage. Lady M——'s brother has been wounded in Spain, and they have set off in great haste to Gibraltar, leaving Lady —— without one word of explanation, and she is affronted. Lady —— was in a fault-finding humour with every body and every thing, and when I admired the genius of —— in modelling, she replied that for her part, she thought she had meddled so long with marble, that she had become a block herself; she looks and talks so harshly. Nevertheless, —— has infinite talent, and on one occasion, when Lord Byron observed a bust she had executed of a brother of Lord M——l, he remarked what a beautiful antique Greek head it was; which was a flattering testimony to her powers of sculpture."

After this period it does not appear that the journalist kept any notes until the beginning of November in 1817, when we find the following memorandum:

" A friend who was present at Princess C—'s marriage, said that when Prince L—— repeated the words " with all my worldly goods I thee endow," the royal bride was observed to laugh. But however she might then ridicule his preten-

sions to her hand, every person agrees now in thinking it is a happy marriage, and all Britain is looking forward anxiously and joyfully to the birth of an heir to the English throne. Shortly after their marriage I received the following letter from the Princess of Wales, on her return from her travels.

" Dated Villa Caprille, Pesaro.

" Je viens de recevoir votre lettre de Rome, avec l'estampe du Prince Léopold de Cobourg. Je vous en suis infiniment obligée nonobstant que mon cabinet est déjà rempli des portraits de ces deux tendres époux. J'étais cependant enchantée d'avoir encore une preuve de leur souvenir, et j'attends maintenant de jour en jour l'heureuse nouvelle de l'accouchement de la Princesse Charlotte, ma fille. Je me trouve très heureuse ici, dans un climat délicieux. La situation est vraiment enchanteresse, et la meilleure société de toute l'Italie, surtout celle d'une dame, la Comtesse Perdicati, qui est une seconde Corinne. Elle est très belle, jeune, et danse à merveille. La Marquise Masio est une jeune veuve intéressante, remplie de grâce, et chante comme La Catalani, ainsi la musique est une de nos plus grands amusements. Nous jouons aussi la comédie dans un joli petit théâtre que j'ai dans ma maison. Nous avons beaucoup de

personnes en hommes qui sont très distingués, grands antiquaires, poètes, et métaphysiciens. Je m'occupe maintenant d'écrire mes voyages que j'ai fait en Sicile, en Afrique, en Grèce, Athènes, Constantinople, Syrie, et Palestine jusqu'au Jourdan, avec les dessins que j'ai fait moi même, et ceux des personnes qui m'ont accompagnées dans ce long voyage. J'ai rapporté des tableaux, des bas-reliefs, des marbres très rares et curieuses, des médailles d'or, d'argent, et de cuivre, au-delà de deux milles, tiré des fouilles que j'ai fait moi-même à Athène, à Ephèse, à Aphrodis, à Troye, à Attique, à Carthage, et à Jérusalem ; c'est une très rare et belle collection d'antiquités. J'ai aussi fait faire des dessins pour l'inspection du Marquis de Canova, qui en est très satisfait. J'ai une belle maison à Rome, avec un superbe jardin, ce qui est très rare à trouver. Cependant j'ai été assez fortunée d'en avoir la possession, et au printemps je m'y rendrai. J'ai déjà passée trois mois à Rome, et on se trouve très bien sous le gouvernment du Saint Père, excepté que l'air est y très mauvais surtout en hiver. Le courier part, et je n'ai plus de temps.

" Croyez-moi toujours, &c.

" Caroline, Princesse de Galles."

The above effusion is in the same style of forced gaiety which has generally been so visible

lately in all the Princess of Wales' letters. The travels of which she speaks with so much pride and satisfaction were not, I fear, productive of any pleasure to her; for she met with so many slights, and proofs of the malevolent persecution which followed her into the remotest foreign lands, that she could not feel at peace.

November 3rd, 1817.—I received a letter from ——.

"I shall not attempt to apologise for my long silence, feeling convinced, (however vain it may appear,) that your goodness extends beyond all the bad excuses I can make. We are,—that is all the Neapolitans—just emerging from a lovely autumn, and far advanced in a very chilly winter, whose baneful effects will be severely felt in a country which has already shared in the universal distress which seems to pervade our European Continent. One hears of nothing but famine, epidemical disorders, misery in every shape, discontent and robberies; so that one is almost tempted to look back at a state of warfare, as the golden age of this century. I could give you such an account of a certain horde of banditti, headed by three brothers of the name of *Vandarelli*, as would furnish several highly-finished pages in a romance; but I believe even romances are out of fashion. I have

not space to do justice to my picture ; suffice it to say that these worthy gentlemen are the terror of Apulia, and will, in a very short time, be the ruin of that, the richest province in this kingdom. They are only thirty in number, and have, as yet, eluded the vigilance, and not unfrequently defeated the attacks, of the forces sent against them. They are mounted on excellent horses, which, with their knowledge of the country they infest, enables them to perform the most surprising journies in one day; so that when some lucky district thinks itself perfectly free from their visits, on account of the distance at which they have last been heard of, they suddenly make their appearance, and like locusts, leave only the marks of their passage by the devastation they have committed.

" How surprised you would be, whilst moralising at Dovenest, to receive a scrap of dirty paper, containing these words, " The Great Champion of Apulia commands you will deposit two thousand pounds at the foot of a certain tree, by such a day, under pain of seeing your trees and house burnt down :" all which never fails to happen in these parts, in case of disobedience. They have, however, as yet, not been very cruel ; though there is a terrific anecdote of their lately cutting up a steward into small pieces, boiling them in milk, and forcing the wretched

labourers of the farm he belonged to, to taste of it. But you need not implicitly believe this.

" So much for horrors, which, I fear, are the most entertaining subjects I know of.

" Poor Gell has been very ill, which prevented my partaking of the gaieties which were to be enjoyed in abundance here for some time past. Amongst the English families here are the Breadalbanes, Ponsonbys, Comptons, Freemantles, Lady Charlotte Pindar, and a hundred others, among which, Sothebys and obscurer names. I hear of the Princess of Wales being at Rome, or her being immediately expected there. Is this so? I hope not, for your sake, as I well know that Her Royal Highness is rather *exigeante*, and demands such an entire sacrifice of time on the part of those whose society she values, as it is not always in one's power to make. I think this report must be false, as it does not accord with her residence at Munich, from whence I last heard from her; but the papers mention her expected arrival at Stutgard, and she travels so expeditiously, that I should not wonder at her acting the part of the *Vandarelli*. I cannot help suspecting that something has happened to give her a disgust, at least a temporary one, to her residence at Como. If you can give me any

intelligence respecting the Princess I should be happy to receive it.

" Yours truly, K. C."

I visited Lady ——, who was engaged in reading Miss F——'s new novel. I told her, I heard she did not acknowledge being the authoress. Lady —— observed it was surprising she should be so well acquainted with the living, talking, &c., of fashionable people, as she had heard that Miss —— knew nobody belonging to that class of persons except the A—— family.

Lady —— is at present occupied in copying an original picture of Emma, Lady Hamilton, by Madame Le Brun. It is the portrait of a graceful woman, but though handsome, she must, I think, to judge by this likeness, have had a hard vulgar expression of face. There is nothing soft or feminine in her countenance; in short, this portrait conveys the idea of a woman who would go through thick and thin, and think nothing of seeing an old man of eighty hung up at the yard arm!*

Alluding to the well-known story of Lady Hamilton's having persuaded Lord Nelson to take summary vengeance on C———, the enemy of the Neapolitan sovereign, who was hung at the yard arm, and his body committed to the deep; but owing to some accident, it rose again to the surface of the

I am reading Goëthe's life. With what enthusiasm he made his journey into Italy. It is pleasant to read or hear of any persons who allow themselves to go beyond the commonplace bounds of hacknied feeling, and who dare to think and judge for themselves, independently of the dry maxims laid down by road books. I like Lord Byron's conversations; that is to say, they interest me.

I wish he had lived to grow better; which I think he would have done when he was old. Captain Medwin, I dare say, is bad enough himself. He praises Mrs. —— who I have always heard was anything but amiable. Her own father, G——, said so, and reproached himself with her errors, as having originated in the education he gave her.

I heard to-day of a new novel, which all the English are busy reading. But whenever I do obtain this wonderful book, I do not know enough of London life as it now exists, to understand the characters. I hear, however, it is clever. Since these fashionable tales are now the favourite reading of all classes, and all ages, I wish, whilst the mania for such literature is at its height, that they were made

waters, and floated in an erect posture before the vessel, to the infinite horror of all who beheld it, who deemed it a judgment on his executioners.

the vehicles for good purposes; which it appears to me they might be; though I once heard a very sensible man say that no book ever did any good except the Bible. What I should like to see lashed, and which is from all I hear, the most prominent folly of London, and the most in vogue amongst the first classes in the metropolis, is the system of exclusiveness. The continual desire to get into a higher grade, and to keep out intruders, is the business of some of the greatest persons of the land; and not only is this system to be deprecated in a moral point of view, but it also totally spoils society. People do not enter it with the desire of being mutually agreeable, but of being on the defensive with those perhaps of higher talents if they are in a less modish set. In short, it is a complete system of selfishness, to the exclusion of all general benevolence. In France, the English are laughed at for keeping the world at arm's length. In a novel, this want of sense and kindliness might be nicely quizzed, and the vulgarity of the practice shown up; for it is certainly gross vulgarity to estimate oneself, not by the intellectual advantages of one's associates, but by their rank or fashion, which is more fluctuating and less tangible still. In short, if rumour does not

exaggerate, London selfishness is an exquisite theme for ridicule. I am glad that people of ton have taken to writing novels: it is an excellent amusement for them, and also for the public.*

I was sorry to hear that Mr. Mackenzie, "the Man of Feeling," has lost a daughter. She was a very superior person.

Lord —— is dead; he was a man I knew in former times. He has at last finished his licentious career, and died, they say, in consequence of his own excesses. Yet he was very clever, and very agreeable. I forget who it is, but some very wise person, who remarks that, "To be good and disagreeable, is high treason against virtue." Yet it is often the most worthy who are the least captivating.

W. ——— is just arrived here from England, and came to call on me. In answer to my inquiries if he had seen his friend, Sir Walter Scott, lately, he replied, that he was sorry to say he had not; for that he was, as I well knew, such a devoted admirer of his, that he would go further to hear him talk than any man on earth. "Even to see him, there is," said W. N———, "such good sense in the cast of his mouth, and the expression of his heavy, clumsy features, that it is quite refreshing to

* This observation may be understood in two different senses, and is not ill applied to either.

one's soul. But it is in his eye, when it does light up, that all his genius lies."

November 4th.—I went to Lady —— who has been confined for some time to the house with a severe illness; she spoke of her residence in Ireland a few years back, and gave me a very amusing account of the society as it existed when she lived there. The system of hard drinking was then at its height, and on one occasion the poor mayor of Cork was confined to his bed for a fortnight, after entertaining the Lord Lieutenant; and if the latter had remained much longer, he certainly would have killed half the natives, with his excess of joviality. He was by no means prepossessing in his appearance; but the Lady Lieutenant was, though enormously fat, good humoured and unaffected in her manners. Her dress was always most gorgeous, and she wore generally a blaze of diamonds. Lady M. L——, her daughter, was a fine looking girl, and her brother, Lord M———, was beautiful, but it was the beauty of a girl. One of the vice regal train appeared to appertain to the Lord Lieutenant's suite exclusively, as he paid her unremitting attention. His wife never spoke to the lady in question. It was shameful in that

little gipsy to behave so in her husband's absence, who was then with his regiment in Spain.

After the dinner Lady ——— gave the vice regal party, they all adjourned to a public ball at Cork. The head of the room was railed in for the aristocratics ; which gave some offence ; but there is always something taken amiss on these occasions. On the succeeding day they dined at the bishop's, and from thence they all proceeded to Lady D——y's ball ; which Lady —— said was without exception the most brilliant party of the kind she had ever seen. Blazing lights, beautiful exotics, &c., throw a transient glory over all such scenes, which leave little on the mind except a vacuum the next day. "At the royal table," said Lady ——, "we were highly amused by Sir Charles ——— singing humorous songs. I also saw on that occasion a most beautiful Mrs. White, by whom I was quite captivated, for she paid me most flattering attention. She invited me to her place, which is one of the lions in Ireland, and already, with the presumption of my age—for I was young *then!* said Lady ——, with a sigh—I hoped to have found a person of whom I should make a friend. Alas! how often are such anticipations disappointed. Over how many graves of

mortified feeling does not every one mourn in the course of their lives! Well, next ball, we scarcely recognised each other. She did not look so frank, and I felt too indolent to try to please her; so there our acquaintance ended. At supper, however she handed me a glass of champagne. I smiled at the simile I made between our acquaintance and champagne; brilliant, sparkling, animated for a moment, but subsiding into a thing "stale, flat and unprofitable."

"The wife of the Lieutenant," continued Lady ———, "doated on her brother, Lord —— and from all I knew of him, I thought him very delightful. What he was with boon companions, I cannot say; but I am certain it can only be an innate spirit of glory which could animate to the field one who may always repose on a couch of down, or crown himself with roses. There are, I grant," she continued, "two kinds of courage—the courage of the animal, and that of the moral or rational being. But when either is deficient, the fiat of the world has gone forth against the want of it. The failure of our unfortunate campaign was no surprise to those who heard the sentiments of officers who served in the first Spanish campaigns; and our disasters on the continent were foreseen from fatal experience, particularly

those commanded by Lord Chatham. But every thing at that moment," Lady —— observed, " was sacrificed to party spirit. In fact, since the death of Mr. Pitt, there has been no leader. The set then in power had no heads, and the former were all heads ; so that, whoever was in or out, the country suffered from the spirit of party, which like the Roman Catholic religion, rejects every thing, however meritorious, that is not within its own pale."

Lady —— described a watch which a person at Cork showed her, which had belonged to the unfortunate Louis XVI. It was only the size of a common French watch, but was full of mechanism, and comprises, besides the ordinary functions of a time-piece, an almanac, a diary of the weather, and various other singular contrivances. It was given to the present owner by Lord Llandaff, who it is hoped will make a wiser use of the lessons taught by time, than did the unfortunate monarch to whom it first belonged.

" Sad news reached us at that time from Spain," continued Lady ——. " And Lord—— was quite cast down about Sir John Moore, of whom he thought very differently from some, of a certain convention, and was enchanted with Lord Moira's dissent on that business. About Waterford and Limerick, many families were

obliged to leave their country seats, to take refuge in the towns, from different sets of ruffians, who scarcely knew what they wanted, assailing their houses; and though in fact they were not Bonaparte's emissaries, yet if he had made a landing, they would have joined him for the sake of plunder. The love the lower orders of Irishmen have for fighting, is almost incredible. They kill their antagonist, and cut their joke, with equal coolness. There were annual fairs held in some of the towns, where fighting with all sorts of weapons was the chief amusement; and rather than lose the fun, they would swim a broad river at the risk of being drowned. On one occasion, at such a *festival*, a fellow cut off his antagonist's hand, which he lifted up and tossed to him, saying coolly: "Arrah! honey, you've dropp'd your glove." Brennan, the famous highwayman, who was a little Bonaparte in his way, laid every body under contributions, and caused great alarm to travellers. He once robbed three officers in a post chaise, and going away told them he would report them to the Duke of York, as unworthy to serve the King, for allowing themselves to be robbed by a single man. He wore a leathern girdle round his middle, stuck round with pistols. There was an attempt made by two police

officers in the town of Tipperary to arrest him early in the morning in bed; but he jumped the window, and his wife threw a pair of pistols out to him. They pursued him to a bye field, where they came up with him in his shirt, but he kept them at bay with one pistol, while with the other, he stood over the poor policeman, till he made him strip off his clothes, which he put on himself; thus making him return to town as he (Brennan) had left it, namely in his shirt.

"On the occasion of my visit to Blarney Castle," continued Lady ——, "I thought myself in great danger for a few moments. On entering the portcullis, a ruffian figure, with matted locks, issued forth, and washed his hands in a puddle near the door. On entering the house, I observed the marble passage to be stained with blood, while a trembling figure of a female appeared to shew us the old tower, whose walls are eighteen feet thick. Even in my terror, which was not small, I thought what a subject for Monk Lewis, Radcliffe, or any of the ghost-mongers: ruffians scowling at us—blood-stained passages—pallid figure—old tower —a keep, &c. Alas! my sober matter of fact had very soon developed the causes, or rather traced them to the slaughtering of a bullock or

sheep; and as Pat is not very ceremonious, he had in his master's absence, taken the nearest way to wash off the effects from his hands. As to the trembling housekeeper, a fit of the ague, which was very prevalent in that neighbourhood, accounted for her perturbation. The air from the tower was so cold, that I declined going up to kiss the famous stone at the top, which endows those who salute it with the gift of flattery for ever and aye. Blarney Castle used to be the seat of Lord Clancarty; but it had come into the possession of a Mr. Jeffries, and there were no remains of ancient splendour. Within the walls there were marks of present poverty; but some traces of *past* taste in the drawing room. I thought I could perceive that an elegant female mind had once presided there, and I felt more touched by those little relics, than if they had partaken of more masculine studies. I learnt afterwards that the lady had been indeed a woman of taste and talent, daughter to a man of very fine parts, and the first banker in Ireland, Mr. La Touche."

I asked Lady —— how she liked W. D—y's wife; to which she replied: "Why, there was something about her I could not help liking; she was warm-hearted, frank and lively; though haughty, tenacious, and somewhat satirical.

But in the world, one should always take the favourable side of things and people; and though more cautious in my opinion than I was twenty years ago, I hope always to be young enough to take the sunny side.

"At that time," continued Lady ——, "all the world were engaged in reading Ida of Athens. I think it was likely to please a vivid *imagination*, but would displease the matter of fact reader. The language is, in my opinion, pedantic, and fatigues the eye and ear with a constant glitter of high flown words; though some parts of it are doubtless very beautiful. But the sentiments are so bedizened with tinsel, that they are hardly to be made out."

Such was the substance of Lady ——'s conversation yesterday. She is an agreeable person, and much softened lately by ill-health, which is, I think, an improvement to her manners and her mind.

On my return home, I found several letters from England; amongst them, one from Miss ——, in which she speaks of W—'s "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;" and her opinion is valuable and curious, as being that of a clever writer. She says: "I hear you were charmed with the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish

Life." Some of them I think beautiful, some of them ridiculous, and all want truth and reality; for though I still can relish a fairy tale or a romance, yet I do not like fiction in the garb of truth. As mere creations of fancy, they are fine; as pictures of Scottish life and human nature, they are false. But do not let me forget this Mr. —— is an *awfu'* man to have for one's enemy. The greatest wonder of the day, I think, is that "Adam Blair" should be the author of "Valerius—" two works so totally different in every respect. What prodigious versatility of power the writer of them must possess! Of course you know it is Mr. Lockhart, the son-in-law of Scott."

Another correspondent from Ireland writes: "I have just received an excuse from Miss O—— who was coming to pay us a visit. Miss O——'s first letter to me was so romantic, at fourteen it would have been enchanting, at forty it seems extravagant. Her second is very rational. She appears a very obliging person. She is very enthusiastic, as you may judge by her writings; but she is lively, and very ready at repartee. The family she has been visiting like her extremely, and there is to me an enchanting *frankness* about her which is very pleasing; though her enemies term it *forwardness*. I had

some conversation with her about her works, and she candidly confessed that, like all young writers, her first essay was full of pedantry, but that time and practice had worn that off; and that as far as it was possible to say any thing human was original, her work in the press just now, was entirely her own, without any quotations whatever.

" I wished to have seèn the famous Curran while in Dublin, but the Bishop of Cork tells me he is a disgusting, ugly, disagreeable fellow.

" The Irish are either the *richest*, or the most thoughtless of all people; as they live like princes. I told you of my surprise at seeing an Irish wake, and the howling of the pall bearers: it seems there are howlers by profession, and of different degrees of excellence, as there are in opera singers. A woman named Sheela, is a Catalani in the science, and they say; ' Have you bespoken Sheela? Och, *she houls* iligantly! Ah! God bless you, do get Sheela, or it will not be worth going to!' So you may judge what the house of mourning is amongst the low Irish.

I live very much at General ———. He is a fine old Welshman, and when mounted on horseback, looks like one of the Duke of Marlborough's. warriors. The Lady D——— is

handsome, though perhaps rather *embonpoint*, but she is very like the idea I form of the late Empress of Russia. She has been very kind to me; but I can see she is of a violent temper, which is only reined in by policy, which makes her cautious of not offending general opinion.

The Bishop of C——, brother to the Earl of Howth, is one of the pleasantest men I ever met.

"Lady D—— says Miss —— is an odious little toad;' and Miss —— says 'Lady D—— is no better than she should be.' So much for ladies' quarrels, which seem to be a plant indigenous to every soil and climate.

"I saw an Irish funeral yesterday. It is really a curious spectacle. There were two hundred mourners, and the coffin was painted all sorts of colours, and was borne by women, whose distressed faces and discordant howls were fitted rather to waft the soul to the lower regions rather than the supernal.

"I was introdued lately to a sort of literary curiosity, a Lady Saxton. She was intimate and corresponded with some of the members of the *bas bleu* a hundred years ago;—Mrs. Carter, Montague, &c. I was disappointed. I had heard too much. I expected an original work, and I found only extracts bound in *yellow* parchment; or to

speak plainly, a walking index of quotations from every author, dead or alive. This may amuse for a little time, but to live with! Oh! no, give me in a companion the mind which is imbued as it were with the *spirit* of what it reads, rather than the words: not but after all, I would give a great deal for a share of the old lady's tenacious memory. She appears very good humoured notwithstanding her pedantry. I expected to have seen more drinking and gaming in Ireland than I have met with. As to the first, I have literally not seen one gentleman *confused* even with wine, either in public or private company; but I am told there is much gaming goes on in female society in and about Cork; and there is a place about four miles off, Casino Row, where in the finest weather, cards are produced immediately after breakfast, and the set agree in avowing that they never wish to see anything green but the card table!"

November 5th. — I received a letter from Zurich, from a person who had been visiting Rousseau's house. My friend writes thus—"It is a plain farm building of no particular character, either of a rural or romantic kind. The room which Rousseau inhabited, is a small square

chamber within another, which bears no distinctive mark of any kind. The walls are dirty, and scrawled over by all the nameless names of the idlers who would fain have associated their insignificance with the memory of its extraordinary inmate. I looked in vain for some sign to indicate that Rousseau had lived here, and at length I perceived a trap door which might have served him to escape by had he been pursued. The sensation this discovery produced was painful; why should such suspicion have lurked in such a mind? Suspicion without cause is the attribute of mean minds. But how faint is the shade which divides sensibility from madness. Certain it is that except in this one instance neither the room, the furniture, nor the place had in them any thing in their air or appearance which assimilated with the genius of Rousseau. But it is a mistake to expect always to find the dwellings of eminent persons analogous to the pre-conception we have formed of their tastes and pursuits. The greatest minds frequently despise the more puerile objects of taste or comfort, and they contemn those who are slaves to these graces of life. I once had a striking instance of the truth of this remark, which occurred on the occasion of Madame de Staël's visiting Lady ——— at a small country house, which

she had taken pains in honour of her visit, to decorate with particular care. Madame de Staël's only observation upon the pretty villa, and its comfortable apartments was to exclaim to the proprietor: "*Ma chère, vous avez trop de luxe,*" she considered the overgrown state of luxury in England as a moral danger; and in individuals, she reprobated the system, as tending to weaken the mind, and make it a slave to mean desires. Madame de Staël's own house at Coppet was a specimen of what she considered a proper dwelling; and certainly a more comfortless and barren looking abode could not be found; yet how proud and gratified were the persons whom she invited to visit her there! and the total want of outward objects of taste and ease were in truth never missed by those who enjoyed the intellectual delight of her society, and listened to her wonderful conversation. Yet I cannot agree with her in thinking that a *locale* furnished with good taste impedes the powers of the mind. I would rather say the imagination is assisted by a judiciously selected class of pleasing objects; and I cannot help thinking there is a degree of intellectual pride, in disdaining all the refinements of existence; just as there may certainly be reason to despise an overweening desire for them, and

to apprehend that too great a subserviency to their influence may render a person insignificant and trifling. Literary genius is seldom united with taste. Human nature on its great scale is the study of powerful intellect. "The proper study of mankind is man;" but the accessories of the portrait are to such minds an indifferent and trivial matter.

I have felt half inclined lately to leave Rome. I am weary of the place; yet I know not where to go, whither the same ennui and restlessness would not follow me. It is not change of scene, but change of mind, which would giveme peace and content; and since that cannot be obtained by removal, I may as well continue here as go elsewhere. The city itself is full of interest, as well as the surrounding country; but without any native attachments to the soil, or even with it, can any features of any country confer happiness? No; great remembrances, works of art, charm of climate, may give, physically and morally, an existence out of *oneself*, which confers a species of factitious felicity—perhaps the only species of felicity which really exists. But mere magnificence or beauty of landscape cannot effect it.

This morning I was agreeably surprised by the arrival of my friend ——. But when

the heart has been often bruised, often disappointed, it opens with reluctance to any approach of joy which is likely to expose it to further disappointments and fresh regrets. A new Englishman is arrived, by name S——. He is full of literature, full of aspiring sentiments, vain perhaps, but not unpleasantly so. He would be very delightful, if a doubt of his sincerity did not check the feeling of good-will one is tempted to pay his apparent qualities; but he is too diffuse in his preferences, too general in his admiration of others. Yet this ought not to be a fault. Why is it so in him? He told me the Princess of Wales is again expected at Naples. I should imagine, from many accounts of other Mr. and Mrs. Thompsons, that the *séjour* at Naples would be very unfit for *our* Mrs. Thompson. But then, when we take things *in our heads,* neither devils nor angels can drive them out again.

I received a letter from ——, from which the following is an extract :—

" I cannot bear to have you out of England; yet I think it very natural to like being abroad, especially when one grows old, and tired of things one is used to. To change the face of nature, moral and physical, must renew youth, at least in a mental sense. I confess that people

who have been used to live abroad, prefer it to their own country so much the more. The advantages of climate are greater; but I do not see that the society, when the charm of novelty is at an end, would be preferable to that of your own country. It is true, there is much more brilliancy, less coldness and reserve in foreigners; but is not there something of frivolity in that constant effort—in that unceasing desire to please in company—in that inexhaustible chatter—and in that weariedness they have of themselves? Madame De Coulange is admirably drawn by Miss Edgeworth, and is, I believe, a very common French character. There is an emigré here, who resembles Madame De Coulange to the life.—So you say no love but one fills the heart. I believe it is true; but is not that *one* love of such a strong nature that it hardly ever confers happiness? As to myself, I am too ugly now to seek for love, though as Love is *blind*, I may indulge a hope on the score even yet. One thing is certain—'No person is happy who has not some duties to perform. These may be dull and disagreeable; but they certainly give us solid satisfaction in the end, when properly attended to.' As for me, I am now quite convinced that there is no permanent happiness in this world. There is always, even in

the things and people we best like, *some* defect, and the aching void is left in the heart. Yet there are numberless sources of enjoyment also, if we do but open our minds to their reception; but they are enjoyments of another class from the imaginative ones of youth. I reckon myself a person of a very *aimante* disposition. In all my castle-buildings I never, in my whole life, desired wealth or grandeur. My ideal happiness rested on affection. Yet the strongest affections of our nature I was never destined to enjoy,—those of daughter, a wife, or a mother. *My* mother never cared for any of her children. Thus disappointed in all those sources in which women should look for happiness, I have been a very lonely creature; still I have not been altogether unhappy, as all these deprivations have sat upon my spirits lightly; and now that I have bid hope good night, I feel a greater tranquillity than formerly. What does it signify? I always ejaculate; it is the old story of the Mountain and the Mouse; we must bring our mind to our fortune, not being able to bring our fortune to our mind; and there is one love that creates no disappointment—the love of what is good—the love of purifying and ennobling our own character—the love of all that is upright and benevolent in morality—of all that is beautiful and pure in nature.

"I hear the Regent has given a mad daughter of James Boswell a pension. She is insane, and very unworthy in all respects.

"A piece of scandal happened here lately, that has made me feel doubly indignant, because I knew the hero. What a brute he is! and I am among the very few ladies who were acquainted with him. Lord S—— is a tall, fat, butcher-like man, in personal appearance, between forty and fifty, who has forfeited respectability of every kind, and lived by charity and keeping a school; and a young, pretty woman, a Mrs. D——, has gone off with him. Her husband, it is said, is a very agreeable young man. He had been in Sweden, and she was living in the luxuries of London with her sister, Lady H. ——, and as soon as her husband returned she eloped with Lord S——. He must have gained her heart by writing love-letters. I once saw one he had addressed to a servant girl, which she dropped, and it was given to me to read, and it was delicate and beautiful—in the style of Werter to Charlotte. I am sure the abigail could not understand it. They say this foolish Mrs. D—— is a most agreeable person. What a fool every woman is who sacrifices her reputation and honour to any man, even were there no higher consideration to deter her from error.

"I have been reading Wraxall's Memoirs of the House of Valois. It is a very diverting book. The discovery that I make from it is, that men were at that time sooner old than they are now. All the kings of France died of old age at fifty; but ladies lasted longer. At sixty-six, Diana of Poitiers was so beautiful that no man could behold her without love.

"I heard the little heiress, Miss D——, was called before the police the other day, at the complaint of her maid, whom she had beaten and thrown down on the fender and cut her face. I could hardly believe it until I heard her say so herself!

"Is it possible that any woman, much less any lady, can so far forget herself as to allow passion thus to demean her in the eyes of inferiors? and yet it is confidently asserted that many similar instances exist, which are only hushed up by large sums of money.

"I hope it is not true that the Regent's heart is set upon obtaining a divorce from his poor wife. It will do the country infinite harm to make a disturbance on this subject. But he does not care, in fact, whether she is without fault or not; therefore he might be satisfied with forsaking her. As he *has* an heir, there is no occasion for him to marry again. He had better look at

home; there is something to be done, which he had best do quickly.

"It is said Mrs. P—— is going to take another husband, a colonel of the dragoons. Is it not a shame? The woman must have no feeling and no taste. All England will upbraid her for such a sinking in poetry.

"Talking of widows, Lady M—— is coming here on her way to London, and desires a party may be made for her every night, for she cannot bear to be a minute alone. She is going to look out for another husband. I wonder who will take her.

"I heard that one of the Ladies ——— had run away with a Captain M——n, the man who stands on his head. It is the third one of that family who has eloped, if it be true.

"'Discipline' is come out, by the authoress of 'Self-Control.' It is very good, and I like it better than the other by the same writer. It is methodistical in the second volume—too much so; but the last is extremely interesting. Certainly she is a powerful writer. I was told Walter Scott received six thousand pounds for 'Waverley,' and as much for 'Guy Mannering.' There are some highland persons drawn in the characters in 'Discipline,' which are very cleverly sketched, and amused me beyond mea-

sure. I am to meet the authoress, Mrs. Brunton, to-night; but I am told she has no conversational powers. I have lately had the advantage of becoming acquainted with Mr. J——; he has reviewed 'Waverley' and given it high praise, and ends by desiring Walter Scott, if he is *not* the author, to look well to his laurels, for that he has got a much more powerful opponent than any who have yet entered the lists with him.

"'The Lord of the Isles' is a charming work, and so esteemed in this town. I hear it is so everywhere. I heard to-day, in the way of gossip, that the Duke of B—— has run off with a beauty from Brighton; but that none of the Ladies —— have had any thoughts of eloping—only one of them is to be married to Lord A——. Sir H. M——y's letters are published, and never was such stuff read. Surely it is a very bad trade to write love-letters. And now I must bid you adieu. Yours, &c."

November 5th.—I went to see a nun take the black veil, or inviolable vow. The ceremony was long, as the bishop performed mass, which is the only difference between the forms of a noviciate and a professed nun. It is a solemn ceremony, and must be dreadful when the vows are constrained. In this instance, the young woman ap-

peared to go through it with the utmost composure, and read her engagements with a clear steady voice. She was only three-and-twenty, I was informed; and though not handsome, very pleasing in her appearance. To my feelings, the prospect of a convent life is, without exception, the most melancholy fate; to be buried alive is another word for the same thing.

Mr. and Mrs. S—— are arrived; they are not suited to any place but London, or any society but their own narrow circle of acquaintance. They wearied me for an hour by grumbling at the want of English comforts, and abuse of the Italian manners and customs; at length, these complaints over, Mr. S—— conversed well; he is an amusing person, though his manners are not in good taste; he is so self-sufficient. In speaking of Mr. J——y, he said that he had not been pleased with the Princess of Wales; that he had called her vulgar, and cited an instance when, in a large party, Her Royal Highness had cried out, "What are you doing, there?—come tell me the joke?"—upon which, said Mr. J——y, we had to repeat what was very *fade* in repetition. Then, continued Mr. S——, he found fault with the Princess's mode of dressing. I replied, that as to the first cause of his dissatisfaction, I could not see it was so

very wrong in the Princess to inquire what had occasioned the mirth of her guests; but that certainly, I and all her friends had often lamented the style of her toilette, in later times especially; but that I thought it was cruel in Mr. —— to allow his political feelings to make him speak ill of any individual; and that, as his predilection in favour of the other party was so well known, his opinion of the Princess would never go for much with unprejudiced persons.

Upon my making this reply, Mr. S—— joined with me, and seemed well pleased to have an opportuuity of disparaging Mr. ——, and said, "It is laughable to observe how he is himself constantly running after the youngest, handsomest, and most fashionable girls. They will not always receive his attentions; but, for the value of his wit and penetration, they bear with his ugly face and gnawed nails."

Mrs. S—— diverted me by the account of a masquerade which took place lately at ——, in which several of my old acquaintances figured with great *éclat*. "Lady ——," she said, "was quite inimitable as a belle of the last century, in a gorgeous flowered brocade sack and petticoats, hoop, high heels, dressed head, and all the other ensigns of torture that the wit of woman ever

invented. Her manners corresponded perfectly with her attire; she was such a happy mixture of the prudery and coquetry of the old school, with a shrill voice, a flippant tongue, and a squeaking laugh. Miss —— attended as her lover, in a coat and waistcoat that I think could only have been presented by the queen of Sheba to king Solomon, in those blissful days when 'silver was accounted as nothing,' neither was gold anything. Walter Scott furnished her with her head-dress. She observed, "would it had been the inside rather than the out!" It was an enormous and most superb flaxen wig, all over curls and ringlets that descended to her waist. Such she was, as Sir Hercules Dimple of Violet Bower, World's End Close, handed her in as the Lady Penelope Primrose, Meal Market Stairs, Cowgate!—Miss —— exhibited as an old ballad singer, whom nobody would listen to; and in truth she presented a most unpromising aspect, as she had chosen to mask in a nose and chin, not *meeting*, but actually *met*, never to part again."

I should have liked to see all these worthy and celebrated personages bedizened according to this description; the more so as they enacted the parts to the life, I am told.

I heard that there is a son of Lord Donegal's

who will have about five hundred thousand a year one of these days; and a Mr. Thellusson, who has nearly the same enormous income. I should not be believed, were I to say so, but I have not the least desire for such great riches; and, whenever I did indulge in castle building, I never imagined more than an elegant abundance; but no state or show—I could not abide it. "La grandeur et l'amour vont mal ensemble," though fine people would be loth to allow it.

Mrs. S—— dined, a short time before leaving Scotland, in company with Walter Scott at Mr. Mackenzie's. She said he was most uncommonly agreeable, and also his wife; for she is natural and lively, and speaks broken English; —all charming accomplishments."

After my visit to Mrs. ——, I returned home, and read Miss Seward's Letters. I think them very entertaining, though the style is much too laboured and affected for letter writing. She is a clever woman, and they contain much reflection and criticism; there is more in them than the generality of published letters, but not one atom of simplicity or nature. In one of her letters to Walter Scott, she praises C. S——'s poetry, which pleases me, and will him, still more, though he has forsaken the Muses now, I

hear, to pay homage to the Graces, and runs about from balls to masquerades.

Sir —— has been pursuing Mrs. ——, Lady ——'s mother, for five thousand pounds, paid for the maintenance of a child, and which he now repents of having given, and denies it was for that purpose. One would suppose a public man's character was of more value to him than five thousand pounds. Will Lord and Lady —— go on as usual, and take no notice?

Lady —— lent me Mrs. Grant's "Superstitions of the Highlands," and I like what I have read of it; but, above all things, I admire Mr. Jeffrey's review of it, and also a review of Ford's plays, in which latter there are some beautiful pieces of writing, especially in "The Broken Heart." I am sorry they are disgraced with such coarseness. It does not do to tear off the drapery of a moral imagination, and expose our naked and shivering nature. But certainly those powerful pictures of the passions that were exhibited in former days, make a good contrast to the tameness of modern performances. I do not like "Love's Melancholy" at all. The character of Penthea in "The Broken Heart" is very fine; but I could not see the advantages of making Calantha dance on when all her friends are dead.

Lady —— harangued for two hours about the

Princess of Wales having lost herself so much,* and asked me why she had canvassed against her friend Lord Eldon at the election for Oxford.

I heard rather a good conundrum:—"How is the greatest heiress in Scotland in danger of being drowned?"—(Answer.) Because she will be *long lost* in a *Pool:* and another addition was made to it—and then in Welles-*lye.*

I am sorry Lord —— did not get Miss Long. I am sure he is handsomer and more agreeable than young Pole, whom I do not admire.

The Duke of C——e is running about asking all the girls possessed of money to marry him! I wonder Miss M——r was not deluded by the prospect of perhaps becoming the mother of kings.

I received a letter from Mrs. ——, who, by some strange report, supposes me living at Geneva, instead of Rome.

"I will not let you have your heart taken away from making the *agrémens* of society, by Madame de Stael, or any other bookmonger, whom you are worth fifty of. By the way, *I* think that celebrated lady very worldly, in *deeds* if not in *words.*"

* This is an assumed fact; but it is assumed by a person who was inimical to her Royal Highness.

More extracts from Letters.

" The assizes here are not quite over; yet I cannot say they have produced any very gay amusements, except the playhouse being open. When I wrote to you last, I was in the agonies of doubt whether to visit or not to visit Miss Smith; not so much from any illiberal scruples concerning her profession, as from an indolence which makes me hate the formality of making a new acquaintance;—though I rather like to see strangers; but then it must be unpremeditatedly. However, in this case, if I may be allowed the expression, a certain feeling of benevolence overcame my torpors, and I visited her. When I tell you that she has dined twice with me, and that I disposed of three dozen tickets for her benefit, you may conclude I have found her by no means a disagreeable acquaintance; which is the fact, as she is quite a gentlewoman, in private company, both in manners, dress, and personal appearance. She is an actress of great merit, particularly in tragedy; and her recitation of " Collins's Ode to the Passions" is most exquisite. Mr. Crampton, whom I believe I mentioned to you before, as being called the Apollo, seems a great admirer of her's, and I should not be surprised if he married her. So much for

the subject of the drama, of which I am afraid I have told you more than you will care to hear.

"I went last week on an excursion to the Cove of Cork, which is one of the lions of this part of the country. The scenery on each side of the river for about five miles is close and woody, till within sight of the harbour, when consequently the vicinity of the ocean changes the scene both by land and sea. The former is bolder and more bleak; the latter is *animated* by myriads of ships of all descriptions, riding on its surface. This harbour is large enough to contain the whole British navy. It is gemmed with several little islands, which are fortified for its defence—Camden Fort, Carlisle Fort, and Spike Island. On the last named we landed, to view the fortifications and barracks carrying on for defending the mouth of the harbour, which were begun four years since; and although they are not half finished, they have already cost government the sum of forty-five thousand pounds annually. It seems a singular thing to praise and admire a stone wall; but I can figure nothing more perfect of the kind than the workmanship of that round Spike Island. It gives one an idea of the works of the Romans or Egyptians. There are six hundred men now at work daily. I never

saw so busy a scene, and all one mass of bare bleak land in the middle of the ocean; proving (if proof were wanted) that nothing is made in vain.

"The Lord Lieutenant, and his lady are expected here, which of course will occasion a great commotion. I am told she is very fond of her regal dignity, and tenacious of her honours.

"I also went another day to see a beautiful parsonage of a Mr. and Mrs. B——. He is son to the Archbishop ——. He looks like a lad of twenty, and has six children. But in general they marry very early here; and in the lower ranks there is no such thing as procuring an unmarried servant of either sex. But alas! this does not make them more moral; for having five or six children born to them, they disperse them amongst their friends, and then the man goes one way, and the wife another.

"—— is here, and talks a great deal to me about the Princess of Wales. He said the other day that no act of her life ever put him into such a rage at her, as when the report reached England of her brother, the Duke of Brunswick's death. She went on, he said, as if nothing had happened, and had company the day after the event was generally believed to have taken place. She had received no official notice, it was true. Still one

should have supposed she would have been in a state of suspense almost more painful than after having received the certain intelligence of his being no more.

"I hear William B——l has given her Royal Highness his resignation. She is at Como, I was told just now, and quite deserted by all her English attendants. Faulty and foolish as that poor woman is, there is something horrible in her being so totally abandoned by the whole world, and forced to seek comfort and amusement in society which is degrading, and will ruin her, sooner or later, in every sense of the word. A person staying at Como writes to me that they were very sorry for their *voisinage*, as well as for the gossip that is already raised in that small district, and the anecdotes they hear from their landlord. The courier was bred and brought up there, and lived as valet de chambre with a comtessa close by Como; and all the people knew him in that capacity; and now he visits them in a carriage and four! and his sister has succeeded Lady C—— C——l! What a pitiable arrangement! The Milanois made a great inquiry about the *name* of this woman, and the Princess tells everybody she has been recommended to her by a

policeman,* who is a most respectable person, and that everything he recommended to the Princess was proper. The prefect at Como asked *the policeman* if this was true, and he said he had never recommended anybody to her Royal Highness. So all Milan and Como are in wonder, and talk of nothing else. The Oldi is nobody, even by marriage, and before that she was a servant's sister of the lowest order. The report is, that this vile courier compels the Princess to live here in the midst of all his relations, that he may show off what a great man he is. Can you imagine anybody not out of Bedlam being so blind to their future interests? Even allowing there is nothing wrong in the intimacy, how this story will tell against her! and how impossible it is that a matter of this sort can be concealed! The foreigners are all so affronted at the person honoured and put above them, that they talk more than we British should do had she taken an English menial into her service, and elevated him above his proper sphere.

"I hear Lady —— is going to be divorced for

* Meaning the Marchese Ghisilien, who was at the head of the police, a respectable man, and who certainly embraced the comte, according to the manner of the country, after an absence, as though he considered him a gentleman.

——; but the infamy of —— House and her husband will save him from having to pay damages; and they say that there will be most disgraceful disclosures proved.

"The T—— B——s have been living, I hear, a good deal with the Princess of Wales, and there is a report that she has taken a house at Venice for the next winter.

"Notwithstanding all that is alleged against this unhappy Princess, I cannot help feeling sorry for her, and she is, in despite of abuse, an interesting person. I always wonder why her brother remained passive in her defence, and why so near a relation did not demand the reasons of her being so insulted and so maligned. Who could so properly have avenged her rights as the Duke of Brunswick? Alas! the age of chivalry is long since gone by; those in place and power will not risk the loss of those advantages by raising their voices in the cause of the oppressed; and the voices of those who have neither would be raised in vain.

"If we ever meet, my dear friend, in this world, I would ask you some questions on this subject, respecting assertions which, from my ignorance, I did not dare to combat. Lord Forbes is still absent, and General Heron remains here. He is gentlemanlike, and very useful in frank-

ing; and is a smart little man, who seems to hold number one, and his teeth so well set, in proper respect.

"Farewell for the present, and believe me, &c."

November 7th.—I had the pleasure of receiving a brief, but very welcome letter from the Princess Charlotte, in which she says, "The only person now remaining with my mother, and who, I trust, will take courage and continue with her, is Dr. Holland, who, I believe, from everything I have heard of him, is a most respectable and respected character. I have it not in my power at present to repay any services shown the Princess of Wales; but if I ever have, those who remain stedfast to her shall not be forgotten by me; though I fear sensible people like him never depend much on any promises from any one, still less from a royal person; so I refrain from making professions of gratitude, but I do not feel them the less towards all those who show her kindness.

"I have not heard from my mother for a long time. If you can give me any intelligence of her, I should be much obliged to you to do so. I am daily expecting to be confined, so you may imagine I am not very comfortable. If ever you think of me, dear ———, do not imagine that I

am only a princess, but remember me, with Leopold's kind compliments, as your sincere friend,

" CHARLOTTE Pss. of S. Coburg."

The Lord Advocate left off supporting the falling ministry, I heard the other day, (with whose fall he will lose his lord advocateship, three thousand a-year,) to attend his wife's confinement. She would not lie in of her ninth child without him! She is pretty, and clever, and agreeable. He is ugly, and reckoned a screw; but I think him agreeable; and he has proved he liked her better than money.

In a letter from ——, I am told, Mrs. A——e is popular, which I did not expect she would be, though I think her charming; and nobody laughs at Mr. P——'s adoration of her but the wicked S——. It is evident to all the world, the former is in love with that lady; but as for her loving him, it is, I should think, quite out of the question. I suppose his head and heart are made of the same materials as other men's. The first must suggest to him that three thousand a-year and so agreeable a companion would be very desirable objects;—the last may suffer from disappointment in the pursuit.

" Hardly anybody," says my correspondent, " who walks two or three miles from town fails

to meet them. Some people have amused themselves walking behind them in a lane One individual declares Mrs. —— complained of being cold, then took off her glove, and—gave her hand, which he held between his for a mile. I cannot help thinking that was mighty ludicrous; yet, they are quite in the right if they like it; and if the professor does not break his heart, no harm will come of it. After all, it is very pleasant to please; and those only who have no. loves, rail at those who have."

I was in low spirits all the day, though I had no new or particular cause for the depression. But it is often thus—past griefs cast a dark shadow over many years, long after their actual occurrence. I happened by chance, when in this mood, to open the "Lady of the Lake," and I thought, as I read it, so long as there were such sublime poems in the world to elevate and abstract the mind, that I never could be quite unhappy in any situation. There are so many interests and pleasures independent of the world! Everybody must be disappointed that the heroine's lover is nothing, and derives no interest from any circumstances except in being the object of her love; and I was sorry Fitz-James kills Roderick. Fitz-James, perhaps, could not help it, but Walter Scott could. It gives an uneasy sensation.

All the world seem to be eloping. Lady —— whom I called upon, informed me Mr. G——e has eloped with a Mrs. D——, and Mr. J——y is always living at H——d House. What a strange thing power is! How it domineers over every human being! Lady H—— is not liked by one person out of ten, yet she commands attention, from terror of her despotic will.

In a letter from England, a person says, "The only person of note I have seen lately is Mr. ——, Lady M——'s husband. I was prejudiced against him, as I hate men who marry ladies of disreputable character, especially other men's partners. Besides, he told her daughter, Lady M——, that she did nothing more than other people, only she was found out. Now I dislike the immorality of the sentiment, and nearly as much the *bad taste* of declaring it; therefore I could not bear Mr.——. But when he came here, I wondered no longer at any one being charmed with him; his appearance is so agreeable, his manners so insinuating; he is quite a second Belial.

"I hear Mrs. A——was enchanted with ——. I wish she would come back, and puff her off. Puffing does an insignificant person so much service in this world; so few people take the liberty of judging for themselves. I wish Mrs.

A —— would puff —— to Lord W. S——r, who, I think, is just the husband made on purpose for ——. He is learned and handsome, and *her* grace would compensate for the mantle of awkwardness that enfolds him. But I fear he is not a marrying man.

"Lady R—— and Sir H. M—— are gone abroad; and Lord R—— lays his damages at thirty thousand pounds. Sir H—— has spent all his fortune already; so I should think the lady will be very sorry for what she has done, as romance in poverty soon wearies, and wears out.

"A Mrs. D——l went to Bath lately for her health, and ran away with her physician, a Dr. D——; but she protests it was *en tout bien et tout honneur*, and that he had only accompanied her on a jaunt for her health.

"Our affairs seem going on badly in America. Lord Beverley's son was saved, though his ship was blown up. Sir George Murray is made commander-in-chief there.

"—— is beginning to grow gay; but I think gaiety is a fatiguing thing; it wears out the spirits; and unless one is in love, or goes forth to gratify one's vanity in being admired, there is no fun in large parties.

"Do you know the Chief Baron? What a de-

lightful person he is! and what a bright ray of sunshine he throws round him! Never was any one so popular.

"Southey's long epic poem, called "Roderick the Last of the Goths," is the new work. Every one is busy reading it, or sleeping over it.

"Sir H. Davy is going to publish a volume of poetry. I saw one of the poems; it is very abstruse, and metaphysical, on the nature and essence of man, beginning with him as a suckling at the living rill, and going on till death infuses the natural parts into the dew and the firmament. Yet it does not cover a sheet of paper all this process!

"I have become acquainted with a Mr. Cumberland, who must be agreeable, for he has an hereditary right to it. I have been reading his father's life. It explains the story of a paper in the Observer, written by him, that always interested me much, of his going to see a friend's place after his death, with the circumstance of his decease. It was the late Lord Sackville.

"I was sorry to receive a grumbling letter from Miss ———, who threatens to leave the poor Princess of Wales. Now though, for any one else, such a service would not be desirable, for her, who is alone in the world, and has no other source of interest, I think it must be pleasant to reflect she

was doing the Princess some good by remaining in her household. But reasoning with her is useless. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joys. Yet, I think we may have some influence on our own feelings, if we resolutely exert our reason.

"I heard from ———, that he got a blank in the lottery; and he has little hopes of court preferment. Poor soul! what odd foundations he builds his hopes on! I would as soon expect to make a fortune by weaving stockings, as either by the lottery or the favour of princes. He was to meet the prince at Lady Hampden's the night he wrote.

> "Full little knowest thou, who hast not tried,
> What hell it is in hoping long to bide."

Perhaps you may sometime or other endeavour to turn the Princess's favour towards him; though, to be sure, as the proverb says, 'between two stools,' &c.

"You ask me if it is not a hard fate to be an old maid. In my individual person, I do not wish to be married, because I think I am *too old*. The only husband I should like, would be an agreeable man of fifty, with six or eight children, the eldest about ten or eleven years

old. I would like them very much and be very merry with and good-humoured to them, so that there would be a chance of their liking me; and if one is kind to children, and gives them a good example, I think they always turn out well; and if they were fools or knaves, why it would not be my fault, and I should not care so much as if they were my own flesh and blood.

"I saw a man I fell in love with the other day; he is a bachelor, as he told me; a Sir George Paul. He is handsome, and has *l'air noble*. He is a kind of successor to Mr. Howard, and goes about into prisons, doing good.

"I am going to copy two beautiful pictures, a Venus and a Danae; the latter is the finest thing I ever saw. I intend to give it to Lady W——y, to whom I solemnly promised a painting two years ago, and I always fulfil my promises sooner or later: 'tis a point of conscience. Now tell me, do you think it would be better to copy the head only of the pictures? Venus's face is very handsome, but the flesh not so good as Danae's. The former is putting on a piece of dress which I never knew Venus wore.

"There is an old man of seventy-three, who has a lovely place in this neighbourhood. He quarrelled with an old sister he had; and my nephew, Mr. J——, who is his friend, said, if I

would give him twenty pounds, he would give me five hundred, if I had not an offer from him. Not meaning to marry him, and thinking myself so irresistible he could not fail to propose had he an opportunity, I lost five hundred pounds; for ten days after, he married a woman no older than I am, and who is reputed to be very handsome and agreeable. I have often observed nothing makes a woman so courted as marrying an old dotard, or driveller of any kind. It is a foil to her; though it only shows she is a stone of no price, to be *so set*.

"I hear Lady E——th B——m is reckoned the most beautiful girl in London; and so ends my stock of gossip, which I dare not read over, lest I should be disgusted with all the nonsense I have written. However, I hope you will forgive it. —— &c."

My correspondent need not make any apology for her letters, for they are always entertaining, though I allow them to be often imprudent. No correspondence that is amusing is ever a safe medium of transmitting intelligence.

In another letter from Lady ——, who is at Paris, she writes:

"I have been here two months; and no person who has, like myself, been confined for

many months to one secluded spot, can imagine the strange excitement produced by removing to so opposite a scene as this capital. I have felt hitherto incapable of any employments, so much have I been taken up with sight-seeing; yet although I have been amused, I doubt if I have been as happy as I was in my own land, and amongst my own people. Yet I have had every comfort and kindness bestowed upon me since I left England. Lady Hampden is the kindest person in the world, and very agreeable; and not her least recommendations are her riches, which are so enormous that she is enabled to be generous; for which she has all the power as well as the inclination. I lived a sort of court life,—at least was always at the Tuilleries. Madame de Goutant (perhaps you know her) is a clever agreeable person. We dined there every day if we pleased. But we had never above six or seven people at dinner; sometimes a trio only, of Lady Hampden, herself, and I. But at eight o'clock her *monde* began to pour in, and remained till near twelve. A variety of persons of all nations are acquainted with her; that is to say, the *best* of the strangers who visit Paris. I became acquainted at her house with Soult, the Duke of Dalmatia. He is the cleverest looking man I ever saw, and has

a very fine head. He showed us his pictures, and a glorious collection they are. I never in my life saw pictures which went to my heart like them. I am quite certain the Maréchal would have let me copy any I had chosen; but, unfortunately, I only made his acquaintance a short time before our departure; for I think Frenchmen are much more liberal in that way than English, to make up for their deficiencies in other good qualities.

"I was at one very great assembly at the Tuilleries, where all the French noblesse were. I had great pleasure in playing with the royal children. As for the Duc de Bordeaux, if he had not been a future king, (that is to say, if they do not assassinate him like his father,) I should not have cared at all for him; but mademoiselle, his sister, I should have been especially fond of, even if she had not had the misfortune of being royal. I used to tell them stories; and she, being a very intelligent child, and never having heard them before, liked hearing them exceedingly. Mademoiselle is a very pretty child, as fair as fair can be. I admired the buildings at Paris,—the Louvre and Tuilleries, the Place Louis Quinze—all that part of Paris which is built along the river, &c., with the utmost enthusiasm. I had great pleasure in walking about

by myself, for I found when I was in Lady Hampden's magnificent equipage, the price of every article was doubled; and I was exceedingly struck with some of the shop girls, and thought them the most elegant and graceful creatures I ever beheld. Indeed, I think there is a grace in the manners of the lower orders of women in Paris, I did not find in the higher. On the whole, they are a lively agreeable people, and kind-hearted; but there is a want of truth and moral integrity about them which, when you find it out, is very disgusting; also a want of sense and reflection; and their religion is of a very demoralising nature; but of course there are exceptions to all rules.

"I saw your old acquaintance, Mr. N– – h, there. I always thought him very agreeable, and he is so still. He lives at Paris for the purpose, I believe, of indulging his taste for gambling. Adieu, yours, &c."

Sir ——— called on me. He talked for a long time of the Princess of Wales; and he told me how she had once annoyed him by making him borrow for her Royal Highness several beautiful and costly Spanish dresses, which she had seen the Duchess De H———s wear, and which

she admired greatly. "The latter," said Sir ——, "was a slim tall woman, exceedingly thin and *elancé* in her figure, consequently her dresses could not at all fit the shape of the Princess. But she was determined to put them on, and in doing so, tore and destroyed the clothes, which were very expensive; and the poor Duchess was exceedingly mortified at their being spoilt. Sir —— told me that when he saw the Princess soon after Lady —— having left her, she was loud in the expression of her indignation against that lady, but still more against the English nation in general, and their excessive selfishness on all occasions. Her Royal Highness said that they never did anything for anybody but when it suited their interests, and that they thought they were to gain profit by it, of some kind or other. Many Englishwomen at Milan, she told Sir ——, had refused to supply Lady ——'s place, even for a week or two, and therefore she was obliged to take a person of whom she knew nothing. This assertion, observed Sir ——, "was so much dwelt upon, that the night I heard it I was almost seized with compassion. Lady W. Bentinck was the only exception who was named. All I could do for her, poor woman! was to make W—— B——l offer to go to Venice, which he did, but no

further; upon which she almost knelt to thank him, and said he was the most amiable person in the world. This occurred just as the Princess was going to dinner, and she asked him to come the next day to talk over the arrangements. He is afraid all his relations will be angry with him for having offered to attend her, for they are all the devoted slaves of the Regent. When she said she wanted a lady, he replied, 'I wish I could put on petticoats, and attend you, madam, in that capacity!" She answered, 'I wish to God you could!' yet she never proposed his becoming her chamberlain. Poor William expected, at least, to have had a place in her carriage; but when he went next day to receive his orders, he was told he must find his own way. The Princess went with the Italian woman she had hired, and the rest of her suite followed by her maids in the coach; so William much repented his offer, as he did not enjoy the thoughts of spending his money on that journey; and next day the Princess behaved very oddly, paid him no attention, and did not even wish him good night: in short, treated him quite as one of the servants of her household; which, as he did not consider himself such, made him bitterly repent of what he had done. As to the lady whom her Royal Highness has got about

her, she cannot be very illustrious, or well educated, for she speaks no language except her own, and that vulgarly; while the Princess talks of her, and of everything that comes into her head, in French, of which this dame d'honneur does not seem to understand a single word. "I think," added Sir ———, "that the dumb woman," as the Princess herself styles this Countess Oldi, "must *sham*, in order to be saved from the trouble of replying, as well as to find out everything that may be going on. In appearance I hear she is quizzical, and that William and all the servants laugh at her. In short, William was very sorry in having got into such company. I hear that Miss ———, out of pure good-nature, offered her own services, and sent up her name to her Royal Highness; when the Princess, in the presence of ———, who was with her at the time, indignantly tore the card in pieces, and said there was no answer. What infatuation! The very fact of a respectable Englishwoman having tendered her services, was a piece of good fortune, which, at that juncture, the unhappy Princess ought to have acknowledged with gratitude. When he heard there was a *dame dans la voiture*, he could not imagine what guilty object it was, till Miss C——— informed him afterwards it was herself. ——— desired Mr. ——— to find out what her

offence had been The only cause she could think of for the Princess's strange conduct was her being an ally of Lady C. C———, against whom her Royal Highness is furious just now, on account of her having left her service. Miss M——— declares she will have some apology made her, before she ever enters the Princess's presence again. Miss M——— will go, however, to her when she arrives at Como, for the sake of society; but will not attend the Princess on her travels if she sends for her for that purpose—not at least till she has explained her conduct towards her."

"What a curious woman the Princess is!" said Sir ——, "it is quite melancholy to see the foolish game she is playing for her own interest."

The favoured person who, I am told, now dines at table, is styled *Count*, is said to be of an ancient decayed family, and is seen driving *in* the carriage with her at Como. These accounts may be lies—at least exaggerations; and I trust they are such. The Princess, when Miss M——e wrote to me, was going to give a great *fête* at her new abode, and intends to christen it Villa d'Este; and the tickets of invitation, which Miss M———e saw printing, are signed "Caroline d'Este." I really think she must be mad, and I should like to see her for an instant, to assure

myself she is the same woman whom we remember — so agreeable and so well behaved, but a few years back at Kensington.

In speaking of Mr. Whitbread, Sir —— told me he was quite an altered person for some time previous to his death. He told Sir ——, in the beginning of May, that he felt something ailing him, and that if it was, as he supposed, to end in apoplexy, he only hoped that it would kill him at once, and that he should not outlive his reason. For the last three weeks of his life he never slept for a single hour together. His death was a great loss to the Princess of Wales's cause. "Not that I think," observed Sir ——, "he was interested so much in her individually, as he was in supporting the opposition. However, be his motive what it might, he would have served, and perhaps saved her from coming to destruction. Therefore I was truly sorry at the event; besides that he was a most amiable man in private life."

Sir ——, who saw Lord E——n after his visit to Elba, told him many things which, he said, awoke an interest in his feelings towards the exiled Bonaparte; and Sir —— is of opinion that the English behaved shabbily at Naples to Murat. "What is the use of treating people ill in their adversity? I cannot bear it," he observed.

Lord G. is very extraordinary in his flirtations, dress, and love-making, just now at Florence, and he is quite the ridicule of the place. I am informed Lord C——n, Lord W——n's son, married in Edinburgh lately a Scotch heiress, a Miss M——e, of K——e. I never heard of her before. The story goes that W—— S——t gave her away. This appears a *mésalliance* for a future Marquis. After the wedding W—— S——t set out immediately for Brussels, as he is engaged to write a poem on the battle of Waterloo. Miss W——e made up her marriage on the road home,—not at Nice. I think she requires a great deal of dress and candle-light to set her off, and wonder at a man falling in love with her in a packet-boat.

On my return home, I found several letters from England; among them a long melancholy one from ——, giving me a detailed account of Lady B——y's death. The writer says, "I should be the most ungrateful of human beings, my dear ——, if I were insensible to your kindness and affection, and did not feel sincerely obliged by the sympathy of your letter, which I have not been able to thank you for sooner. There are some misfortunes it is impossible to prepare the mind for; and the one I am now suffering under is of that class. A few days be-

fore the death of my dear friend she was considerably better, and I ventured to write a consolatory account to Lady E——, which she received a few hours after the event was over. The sufferings of that beloved angel were great, and it was fortunate they were not protracted. At the moment of her decease she was not aware she was dying; so she was spared some pangs of separation. A life of the most unexampled goodness had thoroughly prepared her for the awful moment. It was a gradual decline, brought on by constant anxiety for the fate of Lord B——ys and her separation from him, and the constant tantalising state of hope and disappointment concerning his release, that she lived in for five years past, when the management of his affairs, and her duties to her children, brought her to this country. That monster Bonaparte has her life as much to answer for as those of any of the victims he has sacrificed. No lady was ever more adored by all who knew her, and nobody will ever be more lamented. The wretchedness of all her servants and dependents is a thing you can have no idea of. All her children must long and severely feel her loss; for never was a more affectionate parent. Her brother and sisters worshipped her; indeed it

was impossible not to do so. To most people it would appear ridiculous if I were to put my loss in comparison with theirs; but she was the idol I had set up for myself to worship, and every plan of my life, every castle in the air I ever formed, she was interwoven with it. I did not live with her; our destinies might be separated at any moment; but the hope of meeting her, and talking over all that occurred in our parted time, would have enabled me to support the temporary separation. Now all this is over, and I feel myself a wretched being—a burden to myself and others. She was certainly a most perfect creature. Never, in my long and intimate acquaintance with her, did I see a look, or a word, or an idea, I could have wished different. Her manners were enchanting; which I often wondered at, for they were perfectly natural, and impossible to be imitated. My feeling about her might, perhaps, be *infatuation;* but I thought her person as beautiful as her mind, and her countenance, from the variety of expression, the most fascinating I ever beheld. On Sunday last, just before it was dark, I went to —— Square, and went alone into her apartment. I had never seen a corpse before; but I felt certain that any remains of one I had loved as I

did her could at no moment inspire me with horror or terror. She had been so much altered by the dreadful degree of emaciation the last time I saw her, that it was only the sound of her voice brought her to my recollection; so I did not expect to have her former self at all recalled to me: therefore, my astonishment was great when her face was uncovered, and I saw her to my eyes restored to her former looks; and never did I admire her beauty so much, even when covered with diamonds and dressed for a ball. By looking at her *in profile*, (in which view she was beautiful,) her excessive emaciation was not discoverable; and the yellowness of disease had, by candle-light, only the effect of giving her countenance the glow of life. The worn look of care and pain was quite gone, and not a wrinkle or mark was on her fair countenance. I cannot describe to you the enchantment that came over me, and I sat watching beside that dear one all night, with my eyes fixed on her countenance—so exactly as I have seen her on a sofa asleep, and every moment almost imagining she would open her eyes, and say something kind to me. Never in my happiest moments did a period appear so short. Every time I heard the watchman I regretted another hour was past. I am a foolish coward, and have sat up often, or laid

awake in the stillness of the night, and fancied all sorts of terrors. But *then* murderers might have entered the room ;—I should have looked on that placid, unmoved, heavenly countenance, and not have even started. Never shall I forget that night—never pass such another. Even in death she possessed the power she had over me during her life, of making me forget every care and annoyance, in the joy of being near her. When I left the sad scene, I could not look at her decidedly for the last time, and promised myself the melancholy pleasure of returning once more to gaze at her beloved remains. But Lord L——, her son, would not allow any one to see her again. I hope and believe I shall never forget her; but that her image will remain engraven on my mind as it is at present. The recollection of her kindness will form now my chief happiness; rendering me superior to disappointments, and to the want of it in others. She was too perfect for me ever to hope to meet her in another world, or that there I could expect to be remembered by her. I was too insignificant ever to have any other merit in her eyes but that of adoring her; and *that* she never knew, for I was a little afraid of her. I thought her so superior to every human being, that I was rather shy with her. How one regrets past enjoyments when they are over for

ever, and thinks one could have made more of them!

> 'I prized every hour that went by
> Beyond all that pleased me before,
> But now they are past, and I sigh,
> And grieve that I prized them no more.'

What a long letter I have written! but you, I know, will not laugh at this *exposé* of my feelings. Do not mention what I have written. Some people would think my passing that night as I have related, more wonderful than swimming across the Channel, or encountering a tribe of banditti. So pray mention it to no one; as I hate, on such a subject particularly, to be an object of speculation. If you should think it was an odd fancy to sit beside Lady B——y's corpse, I can only say it soothed my grief to do so. Mr. B—— said he would not have allowed Mrs. B—— to see that beloved sister when she was no more, for—what compensation do you think he named?—not even for one thousand pounds! Although speaking on so sad a subject, the nature of the man betraying itself, even at such a time, and on such an occasion, almost made me smile. But I know he meant no disrespect; for he revered and honoured her as sincerely as any of her family; but

money is, in his opinion, the greatest temptation that can be held out to a man.

"Lady L——e told me I must have *strong nerves* to remain beside a dead person alone. How little nerves have to do with it! I was raised above nerves—above this mortal clay—and was, whilst in her presence, half in heaven with her," &c.

I am truly sorry for the poor person who wrote the above letter; well knowing how she depended on Lady B—— for every happiness she enjoyed. Yet I must say I deprecate the system of one woman attaching herself in so romantic a manner to another of her own sex, for it always produces disappointment; as generally one of the friends marries, and has other interests which lessen, if they do not altogether divide, their maiden friendship.

Every woman should make it her business, as a duty she owes herself, to find a husband; for no other interest in life is ever stable, abiding, or sufficient to the happiness of a woman. I never yet knew or heard of female friendships answering completely to both parties, or enduring throughout life; and in my reply to this melancholy effusion, I have endeavoured to turn the mind of the writer to the consideration of seeking some legitimate source of interest in life.

But advice is a cheap drug, and a despised one.

December 9th.—A lapse occurs in my journal, which has been occasioned by a severe illness, from which I have scarcely yet recovered; and now I have no memorandum to make, except the melancholy intelligence of poor Princess Charlotte's death, which gave me unfeigned sorrow of an individual and selfish nature, as well as regret for the irreparable loss her country has sustained in the death of that kind-hearted princess. Every nation has appeared to sympathise with Britain, and to dread that this national calamity is the forerunner of many future woes. There is now no object of great interest to the English people, no one great rallying point, round which all parties are ready to join, and willing to make their opinions unite in concord. A greater public calamity could not have occurred to us; nor could it have happened at a more unfortunate moment. The instant I heard the sad news, I thought of the poor Princess of Wales, and felt grieved from my heart at this blow to her every chance of happiness and support. It was more as the future queen's mother that she had a strong claim on the English people, than from her own

position; and her daughter would, I feel convinced, have supported her to the uttermost; for not only would the good motive of affection for the Princess of Wales have actuated her in doing so, but certainly also the Prince Regent had rendered himself an object of dislike to his daughter, and she would, from the haughty nature of her disposition, have felt satisfaction in upholding the person whom he persecuted and disliked. The Princess of Wales may well now feel careless of life; and her conduct, poor woman! as far as this world is concerned, will not further influence her fate; for be it circumspect or the reverse, she is of no consequence. She has no *bribe* to offer; and there are few who would undertake to wage war in her cause against her husband, who is all-powerful. I feel certain she will now become quite reckless in her behaviour, and I almost dread some tragical end for this unfortunate Princess.

I wrote to her, and offered her Royal Highness the assurance of my sincere sympathy in this her greatest affliction. When sorrow visits our fellow-beings—even those most obnoxious to us, or the most guilty—the treachery, or unkindness, or neglect of their fellow-creatures should be

stayed. The vengeance of man must give way to that of the Almighty, and the mean revenge of human beings sinks into contempt when such judgments are sent from on high.

I have used the word judgments, which I repent of; for no one has any right to decide what are judgments, and what are not. And after all, let all that the world has accused the Princess of Wales of be true, this affliction may not be intended to chastise her; so I retract the sense in which I made use of the word.

Letters reach me every day, filled with nothing but accounts of, and lamentations about, this melancholy event. To-day I received an answer from the Princess of Wales. I am certain it was written with the deepest feeling, knowing, as I do, the meaning of her expressions. Others might have written more, and felt less, than she did in writing the following note.

"Villa Caprile,
"the 3rd of December, 1817.

"I have not only to lament an ever-beloved child, but one most warmly attached friend, and the only one I have had in England! But she is only gone before ——

"I have her not *losset*—and I now trust we

shall soon meet in a much better world than the present one.

"For ever your truly sincere friend,

"C. P."

I could have wept over this strangely-worded but heartfelt expression of the poor mother's grief, and I am anxious to receive tidings that she has not committed any rash act of despair—at which I should not be surprised; for the Princess is a woman of such violent feelings, and her situation is indeed now so desolate, that it would not be astonishing if, with her disposition, she were unable to endure this overwhelming calamity.

In a letter from Florence, Lady —— says: "Your melancholy letter reached me yesterday, and with it various others, giving the same lamentable intelligence. Such a blow England has scarcely ever received. The nation may well droop its head. God knows if it will ever raise it again! I felt this awful death in a most heartfelt manner, and with something of intimate and tender sorrow, which Princess Charlotte's uniform kindness to me necessarily inspired. It will be a long time ere I recover from the shock, and I can never forget the deep impression it has made upon my mind. There are some

things we cannot forget. The great change this tremendous dispensation will make in Britain, is one that involves such a complicated train of events, and is so gloomily portentous, that one shudders at the consequences. But this is not a subject to enter upon fully by letter. You know my feelings, and I know your manner of thinking. Of course there is an end to all our participation in the *fêtes* given at this court on the marriage of the Grand Duke's son. On account of not being very well, I had not gone on Thursday night to a ball given by the nobles, and I feel rather glad I did not; for although these things, in fact, make no real difference in our *feelings*, it might have been imagined I had already heard the tidings, since it was whispered yesterday, that the event of the Princess's death was known before to some who chose to divert themselves. Perhaps this is not so; and it matters little whether ill-natured busy-bodies are at work to spite their neighbour or not just now, in such trivial matters, when a whole kingdom is plunged into mourning."

"In a letter from England, I am told the Regent is but little affected. I do not believe he loved the departed Princess as he ought to have done; but I never can think a father can feel otherwise than as I feel, when a young and innocent child

is taken away from him; and I make no doubt all petty wrongs and ancient feelings of animosity are forgotten now by him when mourning for his daughter.—Believe me, &c.

"P. S. Amongst the innumerable verses written on this melancholy occasion, it strikes me that those I send you are the most remarkable, as being supposed to be addressed by the dying mother to her deceased child."

IMAGINARY ADDRESS OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO HER INFANT.

Farewell to thee, child—silent fruit of my anguish,
Bright hope ere thy birth—now my sorrow when past:
May angels receive thee, and waft, as I languish,
The kisses for thee on my pillow impress'd.

I must weep for thee, Babe—nor shall my single sorrow
In fast-falling currents thy obsequies lave,
For o'er thy hapless fate, ere the night of to-morrow,
The sorrow of millions shall stream on thy grave.

Had a mother's exulting alone been inwoven
In thy destiny grand, then my sorrows were mute;
But the root of the cedar majestic is cloven,
And nations confounded shall mourn for the fruit.

I saw the long vista of bliss and of glory,
An empire convuls'd by thy virtue upheld!
But a horror prophetic now darkens the story,
Awful clouds stop the *light—or too much is reveal'd.*

Resign'd for myself—was I selfish, still grateful
In a lot for which thousands ambitious have sigh'd;
But to me the dominion of worlds would be hateful
Had I selfishly lov'd, or if selfishly died.

But be still my lament—lovely Babe, soon I join thee,
The big-swelling bosom shall heave o'er us both;
Death has barbed his dart a few hours to purloin thee,
And, in leaving me last, has exhausted his wrath.

Then be merciful, Death, from my anguish release me,
For fresh joys O exchange my heart-rending farewell;
So my Infant extends his fond arms to receive me,
Whilst his smiles from my bosom all darkness dispel.

I come to thee, Child, now in glory resplendent,
Which leaves not a grief for thy destiny lost.
O aid and receive me, ye angels attendant,
O shorten my pangs as ye beckon my ghost.

November 10th, 1817.—To the original of these verses was appended the following letter:

"My dear ——; I have done myself the pleasure of inclosing the lines you appeared to approve. I was not allowed the liberty of giving a copy, but my acquaintance with the author's mind is such that I felt no hesitation in offering them, being assured he would have been highly gratified by your acceptance of them. They will not bear the severe eye of criticism, but to a feeling heart they must be touching. I conceive they may be improved by compression, but they

were written on the spur of the moment, so I send them as I received them, &c."

I went to Lady ——'s the day that the news reached Rome, and I found there congregated all the English residing at this place, who had come to tell and to hear whatever they had heard from England on the sad occasion. Some maintained that the Regent had not evinced any grief. Impossible! But one circumstance I believe to be true, from the quarter from which it came; it is, that no official notice of the event was forwarded to the Princess of Wales, and that she learnt it through the medium of a common newspaper! Truly one's heart revolts at the idea of a mother being so treated—not to mention a princess; for in such a case as this, all remembrance of the observances of etiquette sink into insignificance, compared with the want of common humanity of feeling, shown in this respect for so near a relative of the departed Princess. But this act of cruel negligence accords with the treatment almost invariably shown towards the Princess of Wales: for certainly, however much she may have been in the wrong, the Prince is fully as much to blame as she is; and however greatly the Princess of Wales deserves censure, she deserves fully as much pity. She has a great claim on the English nation's kindness and

forbearance, and I only wish to heaven she had never forsaken the shelter of that protection.

But partially as this cause has been spoken and written of in the present day by eye-witnesses, future historians will be more partial still; and in future ages the faults and follies of the Prince and the Princess of Wales will be exaggerated or diminished, until there will be no truth told of either party. All history is false, and it is difficult to avoid its being so; for even those who dwell perpetually at courts are deceived. No one who has not lived in such a sphere can have an idea of the duplicity and double dealings which are carried on by all countries and all parties.

To return to the actual news of the day: there are whispered (and I think totally false) rumours afloat, of the late Princess Charlotte having been neglected during her confinement; and all sorts of marvellous stories are spread, which I wonder at any person of common sense listening to for a moment. It is strange how eagerly people always receive marvellous histories on any subject. But in such a case as this they should not be allowed to disseminate such idle gossip, which, if the lowest orders of people were to become acquainted with, might be a pretext for them to cause some serious disturbance. Another, and, I fear, a more true report is afloat, namely,

that the Princess of Wales is watched by mean and paid hirelings, who will not scruple to tell lies, so long as they receive a sufficient price to tempt them to sell this poor woman. I do not know one of her Royal Highness's attendants, even by name; so I have ventured again to trouble her with a letter of inquiry about her health, which I have requested her to employ any person to answer she thinks fit to appoint, as I am truly anxious to hear she has not suffered in health from her late bereavement. I should hope and believe this inquiry will not offend, as it is truly and kindly meant. But she is a strange person, and in general, on other occasions of supposed sorrow to her, she has been offended at expressions of condolence; not liking it to be imagined that any grief could affect her strength, either of body or mind. I have always regarded that feeling as a foolish boast, and on the present occasion I think even she will not be ashamed to confess that she is in deep affliction.

The Regent did not attend his daughter's funeral. I am told it was not etiquette for him to do so; but I own my feelings would have inclined me, on so uncommon an occasion of public sorrow, as well as from the private affliction of a parent at the loss of a child, to waive the usages of ceremony, and to have seen her laid in the grave.

Her husband is very miserable, and I believe his grief to be sincere, as much for his young and pretty bride, as for the loss of his future queen. It always struck me that Princess Charlotte's personal advantages were not so highly esteemed as they deserved to be; for certainly her figure and deportment were truly beautiful; her limbs all faultless, and her general appearance very dignified and royal looking. But everything and every person that concerned the Princess of Wales seems destined to have been despised, and to meet with an unkindly fate. In her own person (I speak of the time of her youth) her face and figure were both very pleasing, her features delicate and regular, and it was strange they did not then, at least, win the admiration of the Prince; for he was a great judge of female charms. Truly, when one reflects on the manner in which she was treated from the first moment of her arrival in England, one feels inclined to be very lenient to all her subsequent faults and follies. If we only consider her as a young, pretty, and slighted bride in private life, we must pity her, when she found herself so contemptuously treated by her lord. *That* was the portion of her life in which the Princess of Wales was a real heroine, and that bitter portion of her existence alone gives her a

strong right to national sympathy, and ought to preserve for her in future generations a kindly feeling of compassion, and I feel sure it will do so.

December 10th.—I received the following strange reply to-day from the Princess of Wales.

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear——, your kind inquiries after my health, which has suffered as little as I could expect from my late misfortune. I cannot at dis moment inform you where I shall go to; my plan depends on letters from England, about dat vile money, who do always annoy me. As to my household, I hear people are meddling wid it, and saying it is improper. In de first place what would they have me do? All de fine English folk leave me. I not send them away, though, by-the-bye, some of dem not behave as civil as I could like. No matter—I wud have had patience wid them, but dey choose to go, so I not prevent them; but I must have some one to attend me, and I make my choice of some very agreeable persons, in every way fit to be my attendants; though de jealous English beggars, such as Miss ——, and one or two more of our acquaintance, dear, wud have liked to have had the situation which La Comtesse Oldi now fills, to her and my great

satisfaction. Her brother also is a very intelligent and gentlemanlike person. Dey are of a decayed nobleman's family, much better born and bred than William B——l. But I know people are very ill-natured, and choose to abuse me for the choice I have made in my household. No matter, I not care—from henceforth I will do just as I please, that I will. Since de English neither give me de great honour of being a Princesse de Galle, I will be Caroline—a happy merry soul; but, *simplement*, what do you tink, my dear ——? just before I and Lady —— parted, I hope never to meet again, I gave her a very pretty cast of an antique. I should have been proud of it in my room. Well, a day or two after she broke it, *purposely* I know, and had de impudence to come and say to me, 'Oh! ma'am, dat figure your Royal Highness bought for a bronze is only plaster;' to which I reply, 'I knew that, Lady ——, very well, when I gave it to you. Dat is so like de English people; dey always ask, when one make them a *souvenir*, how much is cost? how much is worth? You are a true English, my dear Lady ——, there can be no mistake.'

"She laughed, but I saw she looked ashamed of herself. I cannot say I regret any one of my old household. I have been disappointed in dem

all, and am much happier now I have no longer *des espions* about me, such as Lady A. H., watching me into every place where it is possible for a human being to set foot. I must conclude, my dear ——, wishing you well, and remain ever your sincere friend, "C. P."

"P. S. When you have any amusing news from England, I should like to hear it if you will favour me wid some."

Truly, did I not know the Princess of Wales, I should be tempted to believe this letter was a *forgery*. It is such a strange manner of writing, immediately after her poor daughter's decease; which (not to mention the affection I believe she entertained for the Princess Charlotte as her child,) selfish interest must have made her know was the greatest loss she can have sustained, and one she never can recover. Others, not acquainted with the Princess, on reading the foregoing letter, would judge her as an unfeeling and light-minded person. But I know that often, when she affects the greatest jocularity and indifference to affliction, her heart is not the less sore; and it is only a wish to forget her misery that makes her talk and write in such a strain as the foregoing. It is impossible not to laugh at her encomiums on her present household, and

her observations on her former one. Yet at the same time I feel sincere regret for her wilful blindness to her impending ruin, and the infatuation she has taken for such disreputable people as the foreigners she has now in her service. But it would be worse than useless for me to incur her displeasure by attempting to give her any advice. So God keep her, and preserve her from coming to any fearful end! is all that her best friends can say.

I received a letter from Lady ——, who is at Como just now, and mentions the Princess. "The locale," my correspondent says, "of this place is exquisitely beautiful; but the walks are confined, and I think one becomes tired of perpetually being on the water, which is the chief amusement. Lady G. Heathcote passed by the other day on her way to England; but only for a short visit. Her beauty is almost at an end. 'Woe is me! how soon bright things come to confusion!

"The weather at Como changes every hour; and yesterday we were visited by a most violent thunder-storm, after which it rained in such torrents which served as a specimen of the deluge. I happened to be on the lake at the time, and notwithstanding the boatman's assurance of "*non c'é pericolo, non abbia paura*"—I was considerably

frightened. I believe myself a heroine, too, and if I had been in a Thames wherry, with English boatmen, I should not have been afraid. However, I was *quitte pour la peur*, and they tell me there are never any accidents on the lake, which I try to believe.

"I went the other day to Pliniani, the house your favourite, Pliny the Younger, lived in—not exactly the house, but the spot, and which you may read the description of in his epistle. It is very beautiful, but I think the lake and its banks *la tristesse meme*. Lady S——, strange to say, likes the life she is leading, playing with flowers in the garden, and schooling and scolding her children. I am not amused, but I am not *bored*. The Comte and Comtesse, to whom the house we inhabit belong, live in the gardener's house, on the top of a rock. She is a Parisian by birth, and we are rather growing friends. They are great grandees by their own account; but he lost all his fortune by the failure of a bank. The Comte talks without ceasing, and knows everything. They were great friends of Prince Eugene's and the ancient régime. The Comtesse has travelled all over the world, and is also communicative and amusing. She has a *library* of novels—literally; so that I wonder she has not, by filling her head with such a mass of

trash, committed half a dozen murders, and run away from her husband at least as many times, to make herself a heroine;—and, what is more, she cannot be *scrupulous* in the selection of these novels, from the specimen of some she has lent me. Yet none of this idle reading seems to have injured her mind or manners; she speaks French beautifully, has very good manners, and is, I am told, very amiable.

I related to you the trouble I had taken in going over the Palazzo Litta, and visiting the Duchessa, out of a sentiment connected with former days. Well, I found the Countess Litta was an intimate friend of this Comtesse, our landlady; so I made many inquiries about my friend, Madame de Litta, whose name was Emilie. But Comtesse ——'s friend was called Barbe de Litta: so there we came to an explanation;—*my* Madame de Litta, who had the most beautiful eyes in the world, and was in love a hundred years ago very foolishly with all the young Englishmen, was La Marchesa Emilie de Litta, wife to a brother of the present Duke, and has been dead eight years, and her husband likewise. All that is left of her is a son, whom I passed in a room at the palazzo. I wish I had looked at him. He is heir to the present Duke, who has no children. My poor friend, Emilie, was never allowed to live in the palace

I went to see, as the Duke did not approve of the acts of folly she was constantly committing. She was also *belle sœur* to the man you saw, who was chamberlain to the Archduke. Here is a distinct account of the family, and must end our anxieties about them.

"I have not heard a word from Milan, or from the idle M———s, since I left them. He and his love, Lady E——th, wait the return of W———. There are things much talked of here—I mean by my foreign allies—much more than they *could be* anywhere else, because the person who excites all this indignation is a native of this place, and has always lived in *situations* on this lake, &c. The change of his circumstances is much remarked. I am totally ignorant and disbelieving; but can you conceive anything so foolish as for the Princess to settle here? I cannot write all I hear; people tell me letters are not safe, and are opened at the police offices; but I cannot believe it.

"Since writing the preceding part of this letter, I have seen the Princess of Wales. To my infinite surprise, her Royal Highness wrote, and desired me to wait upon her yesterday, which I did accordingly, and found her looking very well, but dressed in the *oddest mourning* I ever saw; a white gown, with bright lilac ribbons in a black crape cap! She was gracious in her

manner to me, and spoke friendly of Lady ——, which I was glad to hear, as by all accounts she was much displeased with her for leaving her service. But if she was angry, her wrath is at an end. I have often observed with admiration that the Princess never *retains* any revenge or unkind feelings long, even towards those who most deeply wrong her. She soon forgives what she considers slights or treachery towards her; which is a noble trait, and a rare one, and which ought always to be mentioned to her honour. She invited me to dinner to-day; and when I have been, I will tell you *all* I have seen, feeling certain you will not betray me."

"I dined accordingly last evening with Her Royal Highness. The *Comtesse Oldi* sat at table, but her brother *did not*. The Princess talked sensibly, and cautiously I should say, and appeared in very calm spirits. I watched the attendants closely, and could not discover any want of proper respect in their manners, &c., towards her. Perhaps they were on their guard before a stranger; but certainly, as far as I could see, they were as well-behaved as possible. The Comtesse Oldi seems a stupid silent woman. Her appearance is not particular in any way. The Princess's apartments are comfortable, and altogether I was agreeably disappointed; for I

own, from all I had heard, I expected to find things very different from what I did. The Princess avoided speaking of England or the English people, and only once alluded to the Princess Charlotte's death, by pointing to the *lilac* bows of her gown, and saying, 'What an ugly thing mourning is!' I could scarcely help laughing, and asking whether that colour was considered as such. But I thought it best not to make any *impertinent* remarks; and my visit passed off pleasantly and quietly, but certainly not so amusingly as I have generally found the time to do in her Royal Highness's society. I hope the respectable appearance of her house and mode of life is uniformly such as I witnessed; and I am tempted to believe shameful and ill-natured lies are invented against her. Yet, I will own, I can scarcely think she is always satisfied to lead so monotonous a life as it would appear she does. She showed me her villa, and appeared proud of its beauty and comfort, which is certainly very great. The only circumstance which took from my pleasure in this dinner, was the fear that all the decorum I witnessed might not be habitual, but only put on for the occasion. However, I have no right to suppose so, and would fain not; so I beg of you to give me up as authority; and having been an eye-witness, I am ready to testify

that I saw nothing that was not strictly proper in the Princess's household when I visited her Royal Highness. Adieu for to-day. Believe me," &c.

I took this letter to Lady ———, and read her the part concerning the Princess; but she is not favourably inclined to her, and she only said, "Ah, she is sly enough. She was capable of sending for your friend, and showing off propriety before her, in order that she might talk of it to others."

I did not attempt to defend the Princess to Lady ———, for she is a bigoted person, and partial to the Prince, so I knew it was useless to do so.

In talking of Lord ——, Lady —— told me some curious circumstances about his wife, Lady A. C———. In the first instance, Lord ——— would not even marry her until she was ennobled; and he went to the King, and obtained for her a title, after which he made her his wife. For a time, they lived well together; but she soon fell in love with Sir J. C———y, and made known her resolution to Lord ———, her husband, to run off with her lover. The former behaved most nobly to her, and said if she would promise never to see Sir J. C—— again,

he would forgive her what she had done, and save her from public disgrace. But this offer she refused. She told Lord ——— that she had wronged him to the utmost—that she loved Sir ——— passionately, and that she *would* elope with him. Lord ——— then replied, "So be it;" and he promised to arrange matters for her departure. But this also she rejected, and sent to the neighbouring village to order post-horses; and so, in a common hack chaise, she left her great and splendid home, for the love of a man who did not repay her sufficiently for the sacrifice. Lord ——— was much distressed; but he was not a person to make himself long miserable about anything; and, after obtaining a divorce, he married again. "Some years ago," said Lady ———, "I was at a ball at ———; I had been dancing, and sat down beside a lady whom I considered a stranger to me, when suddenly she accosted me. I remembered the sound of her voice instantly, and accosted her by her former name of Lady ———, but corrected myself quickly, and said, 'O Lady ———, I am very happy to meet you again.' We conversed together for some time; and she invited me to go and see her, which I did. At our next interview, she told me how her life had been passed since we last met. 'I have suffered much,'

said she; 'but the worst is past now.' And she related to me how she could not resist an impulse she had when one evening passing near ——— to look in at the window of the house, and see her children and Lord ———, who were assembled there. It was a sad strange pleasure, but it *was* a pleasure. I gathered from what my poor friend, Lady ——— said, that the sacrifice she had made to attain happiness had failed; for the object of her love was not all that she had hoped to find him. I soon left ———," continued Lady ———, "and I never saw her again, or heard of her till after her death, when I learnt that she had requested her first husband, Lord ———, to go and see her; and she took leave of him for the last time." It must have been a most painful interview, I should suppose, and I almost wonder at any person imposing such a trial upon themselves; but it proved that she returned to her first attachment, and, that,—though not the most faithful husband in the world, was a better and a kinder man than the object of her unhappy passion.

Lord ——— was a strange being. The only piece of sentiment I ever knew him possessed of was evinced in the following anecdote, which a friend of his told me. There was a tree at

his place, ———, to which was attached some remembrances of a mistress whom he had loved; and when she died, Lord ——— caused it to be cut down, and the branches and trunk burnt.'

On my return home I found a letter from Sir William Gell; his letters are always welcome.

"My dear ——, I still make inquiries about your man, though I know that all I shall get by it will be your abomination, if anything happens to you on your journey. Here follows what I copy from the Duchess of Devonshire, to whom I sent for M. La Croix's character:—'I always heard Monsieur de Livarot speak with great regard of La Croix, who lived with him for six years.'

"I can inform you he is a powdered, respectable, French-looking, middle-aged man, and says he knows all about not letting you be cheated. He has been in England twenty years, lived with the Marquis de Livarot, who died one day, and '*do speak now leetel English for de make de understand—no much.*' I retire rather in disgust, recommending you, who don't want advice, to let me give you a letter to my friend ——.

"Since the removal of all our worthy friends from the court of *Queen Mab*, I hear very little royal news; and what is wafted to my ear by the

rude breath of scandal does not please me much. I am told ' *we* ' are very happy, living at Como, in one ' most beautifullest' *little house* ' that ever was seen, enjoying the society of a select few.' The happy man increases in favour daily, and Mrs. Thompson declares she is in paradise. I am happy she is pleased ; but I live in fear of hearing of the fall of Eve ; and then the Regent will, with his sword, chase her for ever from English ground. At present ' we ' completely despise England, and hate all its inhabitants; but we are apt to change our opinions, and I fancy when good King George the Third walks off, ' we ' shall choose to go and show ourselves *as* ' Queen ;' and then if our well-beloved husband can raise any objections to our doing so, the will will not be wanting—so we had better take care—which, by all accounts, we are not doing just now.

" Oh ! how happy a certain personage would be with the heiress apparent dead, and Mrs. Thompson's head chopped off for high treason ! There would not be so happy a mortal on the face of the earth. I also heard ' we ' are engaged in painting *His* picture. Now as you may not be aware who the *His* is, be it known to all here present, it is the *Counte Alexander Hector Von Dev Oth,* a prince in disguise ; and his sister, the

Comtesse Austerlitz, is a Venus, and a Madame de Sevigné; so that 'our' letters are all written for us in the most perfect style; and 'a Catalani,' and every thing else is that perfect, except 'Joan of Arc,' which title is still held sacred to Lady Anne Hamilton. The Count is an Apollo—a *Julius Cæsar*—Adonis—a Grammont—and what not. I wish you and I could find such charming folks to live with. It is very strange that people of such taste and discernment have never been able to discover such paragons of perfection. We are most unfortunate.

"When '*we*' were at C——, a person who had a side-saddle sent Mrs. Thompson one to ride upon; but we preferred cross-leg fashion, and wore hessian boots and a sabre! What would I not have given to see the show! We always miss what is best worth seeing in this life.

"My dear ——, if ever you and I meet again this side the Styx, you will be astonished and delighted with the improvement in my beauty. Gad! I grow handsomer every day, and each fit of the gout adds new grace and agility to my limbs; and my locks are profuse, and of a most glittering hue; they outshine the finest set of diamonds you ever saw. No matter, I am always faithfully yours to command under all changes of fortune, time, and any other transmi-

gration, known, or unknown. So no more at present from your devoted

" ANACHARSIS.

" Pray remember me to the eldest daughter and heiress of Phidias."

December 11th. — I received a letter from ——, who is still in Ireland. He says, " I went the other day to see the famous Lake of Killarney. I slept at Mill Street, a poor little hamlet. The inn was so full, I was put into a parlour with an Irish *gintleman*, who had all the easy assurance of his countrymen. What amused me, was his ignorance of the roads and places round which he had apparently been born and bred, and his perfect knowledge and lively account of the minutest gesture of the last *criminal* who was hung at Tralee. So much did he talk on the subject, that I suspected him of being the hangman of the place. On approaching Killarney, the mountains assume a very magnificent aspect; their tops are more pointed, their sides more rugged, and, on the whole, they are more picturesque, than Scottish mountains. An ancient Castle of the O'Donoghues (Kings of Ireland) stands in gloomy solitary grandeur at the base of the first chain. The little town of Killarney is neat and pretty, and one of the approaches

through Lord Kenmure's park is very pleasing. Marble of a coarse kind is so plentiful, that the flags of the pavement are of a grayish kind—coarse, but still it is marble. As usual the day was rainy. It is said no party of pleasure was ever made to go to Killarney, that it did not rain. However, I still persisted in seeing the object of my excursion. I paid a visit to Rock Forest, Sir James C——'s place, where there is a spacious house, and the inhabitants the worthiest of human beings. Sir James distributes the milk of human kindness to the whole parish. Their eldest daughter was on the eve of marriage with an amiable young man, Mr. La T——, of good family and fortune. The next day I proceeded on my expedition. We passed 'Spencer's Classic Vale,' and saw part of his family estate, which looked forlorn and neglected. I stopped at Clifford Cottage, a lovely spot, belonging toa Mr. Martin, a clever but whimsical man, who has erected a mausoleum in his shrubbery for *his own heart* after his decease, surrounded by yews and cypresses. It stands on a pedestal, with Latin inscriptions, surmounting which is the *urn*, which is to receive the embalmed deposit; and a curse is entailed on the profane hand that dares to remove it. 'My heart rests here,' is the only one of the inscriptions I recol-

lect. In other respects Mr. Martin is a sensible man, and an elegant scholar; but this eccentric fancy causes him to be laughed at all over the county. —I stopped also at C—— House, a fine seat of Lord Innismore, but possessed by his son and his family. The Hon. Mr. Hare, and Mrs. Hare, an interesting and lady-like looking woman, received me with polite kindness from Lord ——'s introduction; and I had the pleasure of seeing a collection of pictures, reckoned the finest in Ireland.—Arrived at last at my destination, I can only say that I was *not* disappointed in the beauty of the famous lake, which I expected to have been; for when one has heard so much in favour of a place or person, we are apt to feel disappointed in our expectations when beholding the reality.—The visit of the viceroy is the event to which all the people are looking forward with impatience; but I own I do not. *He*, it is said, drinks *oceans* of wine, and *she* is fond of regal pomp. All is in preparation for their arrival, and I am invited to dine on the 18th at the bishop's, and on the 19th on board the admiral's ship; so that both sea and land are in a commotion. I shall certainly not go to the sea party. Ceremony is bad enough on land, but on board of ship it must be ten times worse. Besides, the chance of being *sick* in the royal

presence is an awful thought. I must release you from this dull letter, and assure you that I am yours," &c.

Sir —— called upon me, and we had a long conversation on a variety of subjects. He has heard from England that the Regent is not very partial to Prince Leopold; and that now the Princess is dead, he does not scruple to evince his contempt for him. "The Regent is in high spirits," said Sir ——, "as we expected he would be. He can now with truth say,

'I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;'

which suits his taste precisely."

I asked Sir —— what he thought of Prince Leopold. He said, "I consider him a dull harmless kind of person, who would have made a very peaceable king-consort, and suited his wife, who would not have endured any assumption of power in her husband, or interference with her sovereign will. No one could have been so well calculated to submit to that situation as a petty German prince, who felt that he had no right to give himself airs. But the Princess would never have submitted to any interference on his part, or even control. The last time I was at Claremont," continued Sir ——, "I remember a trifling circum-

stance which showed me how the land lay in that quarter. The Prince advised Princess Charlotte to retire, as it was growing late ; but she did not choose to do so, and remained talking to several persons in the circle; so that the prince was obliged to sit down again, and await her pleasure."

I received a letter to-day from Miss ——, in which there are some passages of such melancholy beauty, that I transcribe them into my diary. " I quite agree with you in thinking it a heavy sorrow when a wife and mother parts from her own and her children's protector. I never think of conjugal duties and happiness without recollecting some lines (an epitaph) in Croydon churchyard. They please me so much, I must give them to you, as far as my memory serves me. They are as follows :—

> ' They were so one, it never could be said
> Which of them rul'd, and which of them obey'd:
> He rul'd, because her wish was to obey,
> And she, by obeying, rul'd as well as he.
> There ne'er was known betwixt them a dispute,
> Save which the other's will should execute.'

" I am sure you will *smile* at us *old maids* writing so much of *conjugal* happiness ; but once in my life it was a sweet subject; and my favourite poet (Milton) made me think it still more beautiful. In truth, dear ——, I believe, in *early* life

it is woman's end and aim, and perhaps does not cease to be so until sorrowful disappointment tells her that the fondly-cherished hope, nursed for years, may in an instant be blighted, and the confiding heart thrown back on itself to feel all its bitterness. But on what forbidden ground is my pen wandering?"

Another letter of a very different class arrived later in the day, to dissipate the melancholy impression which poor Miss ——'s letter made on my mind. The following I received was from the Princess of Wales.

"My dear ——, the portfolio of Sir —— will be delivered safely into your hands next week, through the medium of Lord Glenbervie. He is since yesterday with us. On Sunday I set out for an excursion about the country. If I have any adventures of murder, robbery, or violence, to meet with, you shall be the first informed of it. Willy is, thank God, quite recovered.

"I never doubted, dear ——, that, wherever you are, you have the capacity of making yourself comfortable, and others about you the same. But I will be frank wid you. I detest Rome. It is the burial place of departed grandeur; it is like one vast sepulchre; and though there are few alive I like to live wid, I prefer them to being wid de dead. There is no amusement to be had

at Rome. It is very well to see it once, like a raree show; but never twice. Oh! it made me so melancholy! I shall die of de blue devils, as you English call it. It is certainly de dullest place ever was made. Excuse me for saying all dese evil things when you are at Rome. I am truly glad to hear of you happy anywhere. I never hear anything from Mr. Arbuthnot, or any English person; they have all cut me; so be it. I say, Amen.

"The only news I am able to inform you of is, that Princess —— has been graced with a present from the Duke of ——, which consists in an eagle, which is the entertainment of the whole palace; and no doubt a beautiful poem, equal to that of Verd Verd will be published. I was much amused at being told my Lord Essex vas going to bring my cause before de House of Lords, to be seconded by my Lord Oxford!! What a fine hodge-podge dese two would make of my affairs! and what an idea of anybody's that either of dem would burn their fingers for me! As to Lord O——, he has been very treacherous to me;—no matter. My dear ——, I have broken my chains, and I will not be a state prisoner again in a hurry if I can help it, but wander about, and divert myself—now here—now there. I wish my letter could offer you some

amusement; but I am completely dullified—silly as the geese who defended the Capitol with their intolerable talk; though they had some merit, which I am afraid I am not entitled to, by defending and being upon guard on any subject or object. I must conclude with this wise speech, as dinner is on table.

"Yours sincerely attached,

"C. P."

I went to Lady —— in the evening, who had got up some private theatrical representations, which are certainly always amusing, even if the actors are very second rate, because there is so much contention and rivalry amongst the performers, and all their different natures come out in the choice they make of their parts; and altogether it produces a great deal of fun and merriment. I cannot say the ladies and gentlemen who performed "The Rivals" were first-rate actors and actresses; but the principal amusement was, that Lady —— was so much more applauded than Lady ——, that the latter was considerably annoyed, and cried with vexation. The affair was dull enough; and I left the theatre as soon as I could without rudeness.

December 12th.—I called upon Lady ——,

who had heard, in letters from England, that the old Queen is exceedingly unwell ; but her death would make so little change, and affect so few people in any way, that the intelligence does not create much alarm. Certainly, *as a queen*, there is no fault to be found with the consort of the good King George the Third. Her court is (and justly so) famous for its propriety ; and her manners are a model of royal grace and dignity ; yet I should not say she is beloved, though she has been Queen for more than a half a century, or that her death would be much regretted. Her conduct to the Princess of Wales has certainly always been very cold, to say the least of it. She never was partial to the Princess, and has a blind idolatry to the Regent, which has made her always concur in his views regarding his wife.

In speaking of the D——, Lady —— said, she believed it was only Sir J—— who had ever offered to wrong the Princess of Wales, and that his wife was frightened into doing so ; but that she had of herself no evil intentions respecting her royal mistress. Lady —— once heard that, many years ago, Lady D—— was sent for by the Prince Regent to Carlton House, and when shown into his presence, and that of several of his favourite attendants, &c., she was commanded, under pain of his Royal Highness's everlasting displeasure,

to say if she had indeed made known circumstances about the Princess of Wales, which Sir J. D——, her husband, had repeated to the Duke of ——.

Lady ——, who does not at all incline to favour the Princess, said she thought the Queen's conduct towards her unwarrantable; for that, until she was publicly disgraced, she had no right to exclude her daughter-in-law from her public drawing-rooms, and she wondered that no friend of the Princess's took the matter up at that time, and brought it before public notice, as an unprecedented act of despotic and unjust tyranny on the part of the old Queen.

I received a short note from the Princess of Wales, sent by a person whom she introduced to me—a German flute-player. The letter of introduction was certainly a very novel one. It was as follows:—

"Dear ——, the bearer of this epistle is Monsieur R——, a fiddle-player, or a pipe-player,—I don't know which you would call him in English —no matter; he was recommended to me by a cousin of mine, whom I wish had been in de Red Sea when he sent dis man to my retreat here, which I would like to keep unmolested from tiresome people. But I find dat impossible; so I must submit like a martyr on de steak, to being

annoyed all my life long, and live in hopes of a reward for my patience and my virtue in anoder world, which cannot be worse than de present. Monsieur R—— teazed me to present him to you; so I beg to waste your anger upon him, and not on me. His appearance will make you laugh till you die—that, at least, he has the power to do; *au reste*, he is the dullest man God ever did born, and I recommend you to have nothing to do wid him; he is a grand bore.

"Why do you not come to Como? I voud make you welcome at my anchorite's dinner every day, if you voud eat my humble fare. Neither de Comtesse Oldi nor myself are epicures; and very often we cook our own dinner! What vould de English people say if dey heard dat! Oh fie! Princess of Wales. The old *begune* Queen Charlotte is on her last legs, I hear. *Mais ça ne me fait ni froid ni chaud* now; there was a time when such intelligence might have gladdened me; but now noting in the world do I care for, save to pass de time as quickly as I can: and death may hurry on as fast as he pleases—I am ready to die. But I weary you, my dear ——; *ayez de l'indulgence pour moi* and my grumbling, and believe dat

"I am ever yours,

"C. P."

I dined with Sir ——. In speaking of Mrs. Fitzherbert, he told me that she had a stronger hold over the Regent than any of the other objects of his admiration, and that he always paid her the respect which her conduct commanded. "She was," said Sir ——, "the most faultless and honourable mistress that ever a prince had the good fortune to be attached to; and certainly his behaviour to her is one of the most unaimable traits of his character. I remember, in the early days of their courtship, when I used to meet them every night at Sir ——'s at supper. The Prince never forgot to go through the form of saying to Mrs. F. with a most respectful bow, 'Madam, may I be allowed the honour of seeing you home in my carriage.' It must be confessed," added Sir R——, "that it was impossible to be in his Royal Highness's society, and not be captivated by the extreme fascination of his manners, which he inherits from his mother, the Queen; for his father has every virtue which can adorn a private character, as well as make a king respectable, but he does not excel in courtly grace or refinement."

Sir —— agreed with me in thinking that Mrs. F.'s beauty was never of a high order, and he said he was surprised at so good a judge of female charms being captivated by her.

"What state secrets and court stories she might unfold!" he added; "but she never will."

Sir —— said, that he knew it to be a fact, that on the evening previous to the Princess of Wales's departure from England, the Regent had a party, and made merry on the joyful occasion. I even heard that he proposed a toast, "To the Princess of Wales d——n, and may she never return to England." It seems scarcely possible that any one could have allowed their tongues to utter such a horrible imprecation. But I can believe the Regent did, so great was his aversion to his wife. Besides, he was not probably very well aware what he was saying at that moment.

Sir —— complained of the Princess of Wales's custom of imposing her protégés upon others, and in particular, that H. R. H. wearied him about subscribing to S——'s concerts, till at last he told her he would not do so any more. On one occasion he said to the Princess:—"S——'s concerts are well known, ma'am, and at one time every one subscribed to them, and many I have been at myself; but they became the worst in London in point of performers, and then the company was so disreputable, it was quite a disgrace to go there. He allowed every description of person to subscribe to them. I am no ways

nice, madam; but if I might be allowed to give my opinion, I should say your R. H. would do well not to patronise those concerts any more. At all events I never will do so, and I will not attempt to coax anybody out of their five guineas for Mr. S——."

I inquired how the Princess received this blunt avowal of his opinion. Sir —— replied, "With great good humour. I for one never remember to have seen the Princess of Wales angry. Certainly it does seem very strange that the Prince could not bear to live with her; she would have been so easily managed by a little kindness."

Late in the evening, Sir —— and myself looked in for a few moments at Torlonia's assembly, where the only novelty I discovered was Madame Nicolay, the Russian envoy's wife, who is not much worth seeing. The only news that I heard was, that Mr. —— was in great trouble about some disturbance which had broken out on his estates in Ireland. He told me that he was certain that more than three-fourths of the people in Ireland are Roman Catholics, and said, "Perhaps I am not competent to judge, and that it is presumptuous in me to speak at all on the subject; but as far as I can form an opinion from

having lived in the country almost all my life, I fear that if the Catholic question were to be carried, Ireland would very soon be lost to Great Britain, and nothing but the Catholics being *kept under* saves it. I hope I am neither bigoted nor intolerant; but those who have so strongly advocated this measure, have either been guided by party spirit, or that philanthropic and amiable though mistaken idea of liberty which has, by not being deeply studied, created so much evil."

Mr. —— also told me that a great proportion of his tenants are Quakers, and not the most peaceably inclined set of people. I asked him about their customs, and he gave me an account of a Quaker's wedding: "It is a mighty *humdrum* business. The meeting-house is always crowded, all the FRIENDS being assembled whenever one of their sect marries. There is no pulpit, but where it is usually situated stands a small table, with a green cloth and an inkstand. The bride sits between the bridegroom and her mother, with her face so concealed that it cannot be seen during the ceremony. She usually wears a pale gray gown, a cap, and a white shawl, with a large veil thrown over her head and face. After sitting *mute* for three quarters of an hour, one of the "friends" is generally moved by the Spirit, and ejaculates accordingly. The couple then take

one another by the hand, and sign a paper, after which one of the congregation says a prayer, and the ceremony is concluded. The Quakers in my neighbourhood," he added, "are all very rich and powerful; but a sad radical set in their political opinions."

After this conversation with Mr. ——, I soon left the assembly.

December 15th.—I received letters from England, and one from my friend ——, the most amusing of correspondents. Dated thus: "93, —— street, Athens, Siberia. Drawing towards the close of the year, thank Heaven!"

"It was my duty, dear ——, to answer your obliging letter much sooner, but I was very unwell when I had the honour of receiving it. I will not trouble you with a chorus of sighs and groans, much duller than that in Greek tragedies (which people of taste cry up because they cannot construe it). In a word, I am now better; and, ill or well, always your most humble servant. But why, in the names of Asmodeus and Adamant, is your friend —— going to meddle with the heart? Is she going to make a chronicle of all the hearts she has conquered? In that case she must employ the American child, the wonderful summer-up, that I did *not* go to see some

years ago. She should hate that odious word heart. Two of her ancestors lost their heads formerly, and gained nothing in return but glory. Now I am old enough, shame upon me! to think that a living ass is much better than a dead lion. I will go on with my confessions. Here cometh something that I fear is not orthodox; but pray betray me not to ——, and the Christian (anti) Instructor. You must know that I have, ever since I knew the world, been firmly persuaded that our first parents, whether black or white, with tails or without, (Lord Monboddo held the tail system, and several other things which the Rabbis dispute about,) were certainly created without *hearts*. There can be no happiness with a heart. The heart is the seat of love, friendship, and compassion; consequently of that hell, jealousy, distrust, and pity, even for devils. My notion is, that our parents acquired hearts from eating that crab of an apple. Perhaps they swallowed the pips, (hence black hearts,) and so the mischief grew. I am vexed whenever I think on it only. For a great many years I have never had the bad luck to meet with anybody that had a heart; which proves the common assertion, that we improve daily; and I wish the elect joy. However, I have questioned some anatomists, and they tell me that in their subjects they always

find a sort of heart, frequently ossified, and frequently very small. I scarcely believe them. Burnet says, that the Duke of Lauderdale's heart was found at his death to be about the bigness of a walnut; which I firmly credit; but not that Hackston's trembled on the knife after it was cut from his bosom. Anatomists hold such a thing impossible. Of one thing we may all be certain, for Holy Writ hath it so—"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Fie on Lady —— for attempting to write on such an improper subject! Pray advise her to give up the attempt to make anything decent out of such materials.

We have nothing here but bad weather, and worse company; not improved by the late importation, now settled at —— house. Those fools and monsters go out with guns and shoot every bird they can. They bagged a peacock the other day, and carried it in triumph to ——, with the tail sticking out. Almost every morning they hunt a tame rabbit to death in the —— gardens. This sport reminds one of Domitian and his flies.

Whatever her plan may be, tell Lady —— to look into "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," which contains many curious hints about hearts. It is a copious mine for almost everything. I have read, or heard somewhere, that in the Hun-

terian Museum there is preserved a lady's heart, exactly resembling a roll of point lace! Doubtless the owner felt for nothing else. How has it chanced that the passion for point lace, monkeys, ratafia, and the spleen, has died with our grandmothers? In a work I lately read, I was informed that a stone was found in the heart of young Lord Balcarres. It was lucky the lad died young.

The gossips here are making a great fuss about the Princess Charlotte's heart, and are most curious to know what was found therein. Foolish people! they might be satisfied that of all the worthless hearts, a royal heart is the worst. But of this they are incredulous, and I will not attempt to make them believe that there is nothing worth finding in the poor Princess's heart. There is one person's heart of which I would give a good deal to have the dissecting: it is the Princess of Wales's. That certainly must be a curious receptacle of heterogeneous matter, very full of combustible qualities, I should think, from all accounts that reach us Athenians, though we have a great respect for her Royal Highness. Why has she never disturbed our peaceful city by doing us the honour of coming thither? I think she would find it an agreeable *séjour*. We were threatened, you know, with a visit when she was to be sent to Holyrood

Abbey. We are in a sad state of torpor and dulness, and I, for one, should be vastly delighted at her arrival. I am quite ready to be at her Royal Highness's command; for I think she is excellent fun, and should much relish eating "mutton chops and toast and cheese" in her royal presence.

Dear ——, excuse this useless stuff, and believe me, &c."

I met Sir —— when I was out walking, and he joined me, and I had some interesting conversation with him on the subject of America. He was acquainted with Washington, and another American patriot, Arthur Lee, of whom he spoke in high terms. "He was," said he, "of a respectable family in Virginia. A man of uncommon activity of body and mind; very honest, and truly attached to the interests and happiness of America in general, as well as of his native province.

"Arthur Lee told me an anecdote of Benjamin Franklin, which is very characteristic of the man. When he was to be presented to the French king by Vergennes, the count sent a perruquier to the American, for the purpose of fitting him with a wig fashioned for the day. The peruque was brought to Franklin an hour before the time fixed for his presentation. The philosopher

attempted to put it on. Alas! it would not go on his head. "Sir," said Franklin, "your perruque is unfortunately too small for my head." —"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur," replied the perruquier, "your head, sir, is vastly too large, and quite beyond the fashion of the court." Franklin appeared, therefore, at court with his bald pate and shaggy gray hairs. It might truly be said, that *there was not such another head at Versailles.*

"Franklin," continued Sir ——, "though generous, was a great economist. He never indulged himself in any trifling expenses, nor had any unnecessary establishment in his family. Books and scientific instruments were his only superfluities. By these means, with clean hands, and without either covetousness or sordid ambition, he bequeathed a handsome fortune to his heirs, and some laudable legacies to his country. Franklin, Washington, and Rittenhouse, are perhaps as fine a constellation as any that has appeared at one time in any country," observed Sir ——. "At the peace, and acknowledgment of American independence by Great Britain, Doctor Witherspoon of the College of New Jersey came over to solicit subscriptions for his community, and he foolishly committed both himself and his country by begging from the haughty and ty-

rannical islanders a reparation for their destruction of the monuments of science.

"I saw the old gentleman frequently at London in the beginning of the year 1782, and entreated him to desist from his foolish undertaking. He had engaged, it seems, in America, in speculations that were not very consistent with either his cloth or his tranquillity. Among these, one was in the iron-works of a projector, who had engaged many persons in Britain, of covetous dispositions, which induced him to aim at the interest of *Buckingham House*, where the worthy lady at the head of the table was believed to have hedgers for her behoof in the scheme. I was shocked," continued Sir ——, "when I learnt this, and found myself thereafter but little disposed to venerate the clerical member of the Congress, though I somewhat doubted the authenticity of the information.

"Of Franklin," continued Sir ——, "it might with truth be said, that he was simple, honest, and unaffected in all his ways. The genius of a republic formed by himself infused itself into all his dealings. Long may his spirit invigorate the children of the forest, and teach them to found public virtue on the basis of domestic morality; and may they continue to remember also who desired that the foundations of American policy

might be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality; and that the pre-eminence of free government might be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of the citizens, and command the respect of the world. Such were the injunctions laid upon them by their great and good champion Washington."

I listened with attention to this, and a great deal more that Sir —— said on the subject; but I confess that I did not feel so deep an interest in American prosperity as in that of Europe. There are no ancient recollections attached to the former; everything is in its infancy; a new world calls for new feelings, and in an old breast it is not easy to kindle much warmth for ages yet unborn. Like the wailing or the smiling of a babe, however interesting to its kindred and parents, there is nothing beyond its mere humanity to excite much interest in the minds of strangers. Associations with the past generally make a place, a people, or an individual more an object of endearment than any mere promise for futurity can possibly excite. These are the venerable links which bind us fast with the children of the soil; and, looking back upon the past, we partake doubly of the present, and are insensibly led on to hope for the future.

Sir —— told me a piece of modern gossip, which is, that the Duke of —— sent Miss S—— a *carte blanche* to fill up with whatever terms she chose to ask, if she would but consent to receive his professions of admiration; upon which the story goes that the lady had the good sense and courage to write only one little word on the paper, viz. "Duchess," and returned it to the bearer, to convey to the nobleman. From that day forth, it is said, she has never heard any more tidings of the Duke of ——.

If this be true, it is a curious anecdote, and goes far towards proving the truth of the other *on dits* respecting the same illustrious personage. But in truth *on dits* are often like the sayings and doings of some malicious fairy, and should no more be credited than such idle tales.

I received a letter from Miss F. by a *private* hand: how I object to such modes of conveyance! I had much rather pay postage for letters from those I like to correspond with, than receive an epistle written a century before it comes to hand, as was the case with the following:

"Dear ——, next to seeing the summer's sun, and smelling the summer's rose, nothing could have been more refreshing to my sick spirit than the

sight of your vivifying characters. I confess I often lament, but indeed I never dare to *repine* at your silence, but, on the contrary, wonder and admire your goodness in ever thinking of me at all. This has been a very cruel winter to me; but I flatter myself the worst is now over, and that I may live to fight the same battle over again; for life, with me, will always be a warfare, *bodily* as well as *spiritual;* perhaps the more of the one the less of the other; at least it is a comfortable doctrine to believe, that the sickness of the body often conduces to the health of the soul; and I confess myself to be such an old-fashioned Christian as to have faith in such things. I am now better hearted. —— comes and amuses me very often, and crams me with news and with novels, and tells me what is doing in this round world, which otherwise might be standing stock-still for me. And now, having said so much upon so insignificant a subject as self, let me turn to a far more interesting theme. Your descriptions of your travels do indeed set my feet moving, and my heart longing to see all you have seen; and this desire has been increased by reading the 'Corsair' lately; it is indeed exquisite, the most perfect, I think, of all Byron's performances. What a divine picture of death is that of the description of Gulnare!

I am now labouring very hard at 'Patronage,' which, I must honestly confess, is the greatest lump of cold lead I ever attempted to swallow. Truth, nature, life, and sense, there is, I dare say, in abundance, but I cannot discover a particle of imagination, taste, wit, or sensibility; and, without these latter qualities, I never could feel much pleasure in any book. In a novel especially, such materials are expected, and, if not found, it is exceedingly disappointing to be made to pick a dry bone, when one thinks one is going to enjoy a piece of honeycomb. It is for this reason that I almost always prefer a romance to a novel. We see quite enough of real life, without sitting down to the perusal of a dull account of the commonplace course and events of existence. The writer who imitates life like a Dutch painter, who chooses for his subject turnips, fraus and tables, is only the copyist of inferior objects; whereas the mind that can create a sweet and beautiful though visionary romance, soars above such vulgar topics, and leads the mind of readers to elevated thoughts. Besides, it is so agreeable to live for a little while in the enchanted regions of romance; and since works of fiction are means (at least 'tis their legitimate aim) to amuse, not to instruct, I think those which do not aspire to be

useful, fulfil their calling better than those which set forth rules of morality, and pretend to be censors on the public mind and conduct.

" Forgive this long essay, dear ——, on novels and romances.

" You were so kind as to say you would introduce me to Mrs. Apreece; and, independent of everything else, I should have had great pleasure in meeting with a person you liked. But, in the first place, I feel 'tis only your extreme goodness that could have made you propose it; in the second, it could only be for your sake that Mrs. Apreece would submit to the penance of visiting me; so I think I had better remain in my native obscurity, and not attempt to have the advantage of knowing this lady, of whom report speaks so highly. I am a wonderfully stupid person, having very little desire ever to see the most celebrated individuals. Ill health, I suppose, contributes to the apathy of my feelings; and altogether I very much resemble a *dormouse* in my habits and temperament. So, if you please, dear ——, unless you wish to introduce me to Mrs. A. in the character of *Mrs. M'Clarty*, I think I had better forego the honour.

" With regard to my own performances, I must confess I have heard so much of the ways of booksellers and publishers lately, that I find a

nameless author has no chance of making anything of the business, and am quite dispirited from continuing to finish my story, and very much doubt if it will see the light of day. What a loss to the world will be the suppression of this child of genius! Besides the cold water thrown on my *estro* by these cruel personages, the forefinger of my right hand (that most precious bit of an authoress's body) fell sick, and you may judge of my alarm when the surgeon pronounced it to have been poisoned: he in the ignorance of his mind supposed by some venomous particle it had imbibed when working in the garden; but, for my part, I have no doubt but it was a plot devised by all the great novelists of the age, who, having heard what great things it was about, had in the envy of their hearts laid their plan for its destruction. However, their malice has been defeated, as, after being lanced and flayed alive, it is now put into a black silk bag, and treated with all the tenderness due to its misfortunes. But, joking apart, should my book be ever published, how shall I get a copy sent to you? and, dear ——, will you *never*, *never* say to anybody that it is mine, and commit this epistle to the flames, and not leave it lying about? I am become a person of such consequence in my own eyes now, that I imagine the whole world is think-

ing about me and my books. I turn red like a lobster every time a novel is spoken of, and whenever the word authoress is mentioned, I am obliged to have recourse to my smelling-bottle. I mean to send a narrative of my sufferings to D'Israeli, for the next edition of 'Calamities of Authors.'

"My chief happiness is enjoying the privilege of seeing a good deal of the Great Unknown, Sir Walter Scott. He is so kind and condescending that he deigns to let me and my *trash* take shelter under the protection of his mighty branches, and I have the gratification of being often in that great and good man's society. A few evenings ago he gave me some couplets he wrote for our friend Lady ——, which I transcribe for your perusal, feeling certain that the slightest production of his muse must give every sensible and feeling mind infinite pleasure. The great simplicity of character, and unaffected affability of this astonishing man's manners, add infinite charms to his disposition; and he is as delightful as a private individual in society as he is supremely so in his works. The society here, nevertheless, is a good deal broken up; many of your old acquaintances have forsaken our city for the great Southern Babylon, and some are dead, and others grown poor or old; in short, such

changes have occurred as generally fall to the lot of humanity. And now, dear ——, I will not longer tax your patience by adding more to this voluminous letter, except the assurance that I shall never cease to be your faithfully and obliged

"S. F."

THE MINSTREL'S PIPE, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF COLONEL ——— GIVING HIM A PITCH PIPE.

When Freedom's war-horn bade our land
Her voluntary lances raise,
The Minstrel joined the patriot band,
To view the deeds he loved to praise.

But ill exchanged his studious fire
For winter chills and warlike labour;
And ill exchanged his ancient lyre
For crested casque and glimmeringsabre .

To banish from his threatened march
The toils and terrors of the hour,
Thou gavest (considerably arch)
A charmed pipe of magic power.

Not the frail pipe of simple oat
That loves the shepherd's lore to tell,
Nor the war-pipe, whose marshal note
Bids warmth in Highland bosoms swell;

But that within whose bosom burn
The odours of the eastern clime,
Of power to bid past scenes return,
And speed the wings of lingering time.

Content and quiet hope are nigh,
When its bland vapours curl in air,
And reasonings deep and musings high;
And many a kindly thought is there.

And dreams of many a happy day
Shall charm the Minstrel's soul the while,
When the blithe hours dance light away
At *Friendship's* laugh and *Beauty's* smile.

Enough—ay and more—for I feel at such time
Things not to be uttered in prose or in rhyme,
Yet to light your meer-*schaum* may these verses aspire,
Being pregnant with genuine poetical fire.
This conceited assertion, though bold, yet most true is,
If you will not believe me, pray ask Mr. Lewis.

On the tail of each line as his poetical eyes squint,
He will tell you at once if a false rhyme he spies in't.

In one point they defy his exertions so clever,
A false *rhyme* he may spy, a false *sentiment* never.
Halt, La—or you'll say, with a good-humoured damn,
That you *smoke* in my verses Damascus all sham;
Or tell your fair dame, while you show her such stuff,
You have lost a good *pipe*, and have got but a *puff*.
Then I'll stop in good time, lest my credit I blot,
While I live, I remain hers and yours—Walter Scott.

P.S. I cannot attend you this evening—that's flat,
For a thousand strong reasons which will not shew pat.
If instead you'll accept us to-morrow at dinner,
(I can't find a rhime to't, unless it be sinner,)
At expense of your beef and your ale I will show it,
The bluff trooper's hunger and thirst of the poet,
And then in the evening together we'll scramble,
To storm the fair mansion of friend Mrs. ———.

Once again I subscribe myself yours,
W. S.

These *vers de société* may not indeed add much to the lustre or the fame of the great Walter Scott; but they prove (if indeed any proof were wanting) that the friend and companion of the

social board was not lost in the blaze of the genius that brightened the world. The kindly heart and simple mind, which were ever ready to share and to increase the pleasure of others, are stamped on this lighter effusion and unbending of a playful hour, and are valuable as giving a portraiture of his private life and intimate associates. Neither is the letter, which favours me with these verses, less remarkable than the verses themselves. The writer is gifted with talents that might shine in the highest spheres, and that has thrown out effulgent brightness, as it were, in despite of itself; but a rare and touching humility shrinks from all human praise, and with perfect sincerity avoids that celebrity which others would gladly obtain, and which is so justly her due.

December 16th.—I dined at the Duchess of ——'s, where nothing was talked of but the wonderful wealth that has been bequeathed to Watson Taylor. By the death of his wife's brother, Sir Simon Taylor, he has come into a fortune of upwards of £80,000 a year. Of this, £500,000 is in the funds of this country for the purchase of an estate; and he has besides estates in Jamaica, which net from seventy to eighty thousand per annum. A rich uncle of Mrs. Watson died two

years ago, and left this immense property to his nephew, Sir Simon, and his heirs; and if he should die without children, he made his eldest niece, Mrs. Watson, next heir. Sir Simon was a young man, and likely to marry; so that the Watsons' chance seemed a poor one. About two months ago he died, and the Watsons have come into the whole of his immense possessions, and are said to be the richest commoners in England, as there are no hereditary expenses or outgoings entailed on them. Sir Simon, in the two years he possessed the estates, had amassed in savings £160,000, which he left to his youngest sister. They were all children of Sir John Taylor, an old baronet, whose brother, Simon Taylor, retired to Jamaica, to an estate he had there, and passed a long life in accumulation, the fruits of which are now showered on the Watsons. They have taken the name of Watson Taylor; have refused a baronetcy, and, I believe, many higher honours. They talk of purchasing Houghton, a magnificent seat of Lord Cholmondeley's, formerly Sir Robert Walpole's, which, it is said, is the finest house in England, and is altogether a princely domain, surpassing Blenheim in all respects. It was at one time thought of for the Duke of Wellington. The objection for him was its not being in a hunting county.

What a wonderful change of fortune for these persons!—from only having had an income of two or three thousand a year, with tastes far beyond such limits, to almost boundless and unequalled riches! It is said they are full of projects of splendour and enjoyment.

Sir Henry Lushington is appointed consul at Naples; which affords him and his family the utmost satisfaction.

December 12th.—I was much gratified by receiving the following letter from Sir Walter Scott:—

"Will you, my dear ——, allow an old, and, I hope, not an unremembered friend, the privilege of intruding upon you, by letter, in a cause which, I know, will somewhat interest you, who unite so remarkably the power of procuring much with the wish to assist distress. I allude to my old friend, and your acquaintance, the Ettrick Shepherd (for I will not mention him by the unpoetical name of Mr. James Hogg) who is now, as you will perceive by the enclosure, venturing upon the public with a collection of ballads. Some of them, if I (myself a ballad-monger) may be permitted to judge, have a very uncommon share of poetical merit; and the author of these beautiful pieces, some of which I used to repeat

to you at the delightful attic evenings of —— street, is now actually an hired servant. I have been exerting all the little influence I possess to fill up such a subscription as may enable him to stock a small farm from the profits; and I have been very successful here. I believe I may claim something of a promise from —— and you to assist me in this matter; and as I know your influence in every society which has the honour to possess your countenance, I hope you will get me a few names for this miserable son of the Muses.

"I will not attempt to tell you the blank your absence has made among your friends here. Pray remember me most kindly to ——, and tell him I have not smoked a single cigar since I saw him. I am sure it will give you all pleasure to learn that Mrs. Scott and my little people are well, and that the world is smiling on us through the clouds. I have got an excellent situation; it is, however, for the present, but a kind of Irish sinecure; being all work and no pay. But I have the word of my predecessor, a very worthy gentleman, that he will not live unreasonably long, and on his death I succeed to a thousand a year; and meanwhile have the world, as they say, for the winning.

"I find Lord —— is in town, so I will endeavour to procure a frank from him for this epistle;

for it would be too bad to receive begging letters and pay postage too.

"I am, with great respect and regard, your most devoted and faithful humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

I cannot say how much this letter pleased me, inasmuch as it proved that though the writer is now a great and celebrated personage, he still retains a grateful remembrance of one who knew him before he was known to fame. I shall do my utmost to get subscribers to the Shepherd's work, and I set forth immediately to Sir Humphrey Davy, who, I know, would gladly assist me in so interesting a pursuit.

I did so, and the visit was productive to me of a great treasure; for seeing some verses lying on the table, I asked permission to read them, upon which I obtained a copy of the following lines, which are, apart from their own merit, invaluable as coming from so great a man.

LINES BY SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

TO THE GLOW-WORM.

Thou little gem of purest hue,
Who from thy throne o'erspread with dew
Shed'st lustre o'er the brightest green
That ever clothed a woodland scene;
I hail thy mild and tranquil light,
Thou lovely living lamp of night.

Thy bed is in the deepest shade,
By bracken or by violets made;
For thee the sweetest minstrel sings
That haunts the vernal grove;
O'er thee the woodlark spreads his wings
And sounds his notes of love.

Companion of the lights of heaven,
Thine is the softest breeze of even;
For thee the balmy woodbine lives,
The meadow grass its fragrance gives,
And thou canst make thy tranquil hour
In summer's fairest, sweetest bower.
The hour of love is all thy own;
Thy light shines forth for one alone,
Shedding no transitory gleams,
No rays to kindle and destroy,
Peaceful, innocuous still it beams,
The light of life, of love, of joy.

H. D.

ANOTHER, BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

TO LADY ———.

Take from this hand a worthless lay,
The offspring of an idle day,
An angler's simple song, who dreams
In cities still of woods and streams;
And may it a memorial be
Of kind and worthy thoughts of thee.

He now Schehallen's form can greet;
Tay loudly murmurs at his feet;
The wild rose scents the summer air,
And from the birchen covert near
The blackbird's sweetest song is sent,
Speaking of love, nature, content.

A hallowed mountain nymph to name
In such a spot becomes her fame;
For Nature's unpolluted child,
She loves the woods and torrents wild,
Rocks, glens, the overhanging sky,
And nature's forms of majesty.
She courts, exalts her lovely mind,
By pastoral visions pure, refined,
Pursues untired her duties high,
And nobly conquers destiny.

H. D.

December 14.—I received the following letter from Sir William Gell:—

"I thank you, my dear ——, for yours of the

——, and scarcely dare attempt to answer so amusing an epistle, since I must fall so short of attaining to the excellence of your style, and am a complete bankrupt in news of every description. The extracts you sent me of 'the Thompson' correspondence are charming. I am happy to see 'we' have lost none of our powers of writing; '*dat*' would be a great pity; and trust some day that all those invaluable specimens of her epistolary genius will be gathered together, and printed, and set forth, as models for letter-writing to posterity.

"Have you heard that S——i, the great pli-losopher, has been making a fool of himself, and falling in love with Lady ——? Fancy S—— in love! Pretty Cupid! He wrote verses to her, and was *aux petits soins* all the time she was staying at ——.

"There was a *fête champêtre* at the Villa d'Este a short time ago, of which, I dare say, you have heard all the particulars. Mrs. Thompson must have looked divine as a *Druidical priestess*, which was the character 'we' assumed; and Le Comte Alexander Hector von der Otto figured charmingly as a god, to whom all the priests and priestesses did homage. Willikin was the victim offered to his druidical majesty. The Count Alexander generally wears the insignia of the most holy order of Saint Caroline, which consists

of a cross and a heart tied together with a true lover's knot, and the English royal motto encircling the badge: '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' How far these words are applicable to the case, I cannot say; far be it from me not to take them in the sense they are intended to convey.

"'We' go constantly on the lake in 'our' barge, and are serenaded, and are, as 'we' say, very happy; but of that I have my doubts. To be serious, I am truly sorry for Mrs. Thompson, whose 'kingdom is departed from her,' as surely as that I am at this moment agreeably occupied in writing to you. She has never heard once from Prince Leopold since her daughter's death. The manner in which she is treated is shameful; but, alas! they have so much to say against her in excuse for their detestable conduct, that one cannot cry them shame.

"Do you remember, dear ——, all the fine promises his Serene Highness made his bride to defend her mother? See how they are performed! There is a certain saying, of 'Put not your trust in princes,' &c., which is but too true in this instance.

"I hear you are all starving with cold at Rome, so that I dare not venture on a pilgrimage thither. I am at present (for me) a comely looking person—no crutches—no velvet dressing-

gown or ornamented cap, like Sir Brooke Boothby's; and being anxious to preserve my beauty, to say nothing of the *comfort* of being free of gout, I will not expose myself to the danger of going to a less genial atmosphere than that of this blessed city.

"The good King George the Third is really dying in earnest, I hear. A more honest soul never went to heaven than that of his Majesty. 'Tis said in a whisper, that already his successor has had plans made for the show of his royal coronation, which is to exceed in magnificence all spectacles of the kind ever seen. Perhaps this may be a lie; and do not give me up as your authority, when relating this piece of gossip; but have pity on your poor old friend, who is your faithful

"ADONIS ——.

"P. S.—Think you Mrs. Thompson will consent to being excluded from her place in the show '*as is to be?*' I should say certainly not, without a *tussle* for it at least. 'We' are too fond of gold lace and theatrical amusements to waive 'our' rights; besides, *sometimes* 'we' remember 'we' are royal, though we *often* forget it. What part could the Count Alexander Hector von der Otto take in the ceremony?—ay, there's

the rub; and I don't think 'we' should like to go without him. 'No more, in mercy no more,' you exclaim, and I crave pardon; and once more sign myself

"Your obedient
"ANACHARSIS."

I went in the evening to a dull assembly at Miss J——'s. There I saw Lady B——n, who proved to be the very same person I knew at B——, but so beautiful I scarcely should have recognised her; she has grown much fatter, and looked quite radiant with happiness and prosperity.

Previously to going to that party, I dined at Lady R——'s. There were Lord and Lady Dalkeith, and General F—— and some pleasant people present; yet it was not an amusing party. Lord —— and I talked over old times—Kensington Palace times, when we used to meet there frequently. He reverted to the evening on which Lord H. F—— paid the Princess of Wales a compliment, on the occasion of her complaining of the weight of some ornaments. "Her Royal Highness," said Lady R——, "observed to me, on returning from taking off the jewels, 'If I could make myself beautiful as a Venus, I own I wished to do so this night.' It was evident that Lord H. F—— was the favourite: 'Helas!

c'est bien triste de vivre, si le cœur n'a aucun objet qui l'interesse.'"

Lord R—— made some friendly remarks on this poor Princess; as also did Lady R——. The latter is perfectly a woman of fashion, and always agreeable; indeed, from many traits I have known of her, I am sure she is kind-hearted also. What a pity it is that principle does not give support to the amiable parts of such a character, and that we cannot entirely esteem that which we are inclined to love!

I heard a curious story related about a dream that Lady de Clifford dreamt concerning the Princess Charlotte, a short time before the death of the latter. Lady de Clifford thought she saw the Princess kneeling at the altar, and that some persons were vainly endeavouring to place the crown on her head; but when at length they succeeded in pressing it on, her face was covered with blood. Dreams are strange things, and I think nobody has ever yet accounted for them satisfactorily. I never could understand why the Princess of Wales disliked Lady de Clifford, for she was an excellent upright person, and very friendly towards the Princess. Certainly *the* person who influenced Princess Charlotte in being on her guard how far she defended her mother, was Miss E——.

London, June 17th, 1819.—A long lapse in my Diary; but it matters little, for I have had nothing to record of interest during the last few months. I find myself now once more immersed in the gaieties of a London season, in which I had thought I never should again participate. But my young orphan niece, a girl of great beauty, and not less amiable than beautiful, and very dear to me, is the object which induces me to seek such scenes. At first a few of my old acquaintance were amazed when they discerned my altered and aged face in the gay crowds. But now their wonder is at an end, and I pass unobserved, like the rest of the old and the *passées* that nightly haunt the scenes of mirth in the metropolis. There is no accounting for the fact; yet I must confess the old stagers, who have without intermission gone on living in constant dissipation, look less aged than those who have been absent for some years, on their return to the world. Not one of my cotemporaries appears to be half as old as I am; yet many of them have suffered sad and strange vicissitudes, and lost many friends, even like myself; nevertheless their countenances do not betray so much anguish as mine does. There is Lady St. Leger, and Mrs. Hillsborough, and a hundred other ladies past forty, by I will not say how many years, who look as if they

might be my daughters; their well-rouged cheeks are so smooth—their curls so raven—and their teeth so white. I will not look worse than they. I have a great mind to begin again wearing rouge, and get a new "front," and grow young. Yet I shrink from assuming youth now it is gone. I cannot buy a young heart, and fling away the old worn-out wearied one that beats feebly within my aged breast, and is such a faithful warder over the memory of the bright days of my real youth. Ah, no! fictitious youth is a clumsy piece of acting. I will not play the part. My pretty Sophy's partners will not admire her the less because her chaperon looks old:—so be it then.

Last night we went to Lady ——'s concert, and heard some fine finished singing; but there was nothing of pathos or of sentiment in the difficult and scientific pieces which were performed. The music, however, was good enough for all the attention that was paid to it by the company, who only meet (with few exceptions) to see and be seen, talk and be talked to, and care little in fact for the merits of the music they nominally assemble to listen to. The company was a great mixture of trumpery and finery, like a lady's maid's rubbish-box. I saw there Lady C——t, who looks all sweetness, though the world says it is only look.

Lovely she is without doubt; yet hers was a loveliness which never transported the beholder. Why is this so? The defect must lie within.

Mrs. R——y was there also. She is much the same that she was twenty or thirty years ago, only less fire in her eyes. Voilà ce que c'est que d'être *une belle laide*, et avoir de l'esprit! The mind does not deteriorate with time, but the reverse; and it sheds a grace over decaying or faded beauty, that leaves much less to regret. General Alava was there; the only man I should have liked to have been acquainted with; but he was engaged in conversation with Lady S. W——.

Poor Mrs. G. L——e, how she has changed! Her fair freshness gone, and all the ripeness of her youth prematurely withered! Still there is something fine in her full rich lip; and it is some praise to be beaten down with sorrow. I fear she has had her share.

We remained at Lady —— 's till two in the morning. I was pleased with the music, and amused with my own reflections, more than with any particular circumstance or person I saw—yet wearied with the heat, and happy in the thought that my happiness does not rest in such scenes.

June the 18th.—We dined at Miss ——'s. The

party consisted of Mr. North, the G——ds, and the De G——. It was a dull party. At midnight we found ourselves in Lord B——'s magnificent palazzo, a sort of house that certainly deserves the name, although, could I have possessed such an abode, the situation is not one I should have chosen—St. James's Square. I met hosts of former acquaintances;—amongst them Lord P——n, Lord H——e, the Duke of P——d, Lord L——e, Mr. G. C——, Prince L——d, Duke of G——r, &c., all vastly gracious and kind to me in their different ways. The Duke of P——d was sitting beside Lady ——, in his old lazy way, in an arm-chair. It brought back to my remembrance, many years ago, when he was at F——, and that her parents wanted him to marry her.

Lord Dudley walked about all night like a troubled ghost. He is so pale, and so mean and miserable looking, when he comes up, holding out a finger, that you almost expect it is for charity. Yet in that dirty head, and under that appearance, there is more—how much more, worth conversing with—than in the handsome gay Lothario, Lord W——, or many such; and who would be the latter, if they could exchange their lot for the former? No one, save, perhaps, the man himself; for I have observed, that whatever men

may say or pretend, they are more anxious to be reckoned handsome and pleasing than to obtain any other suffrage; at least, certain it is, that no other suffrage is completely gratifying to them, without some consciousness of personal charm.

Lady S——, who is in years still a young woman, looks prematurely old. Her dissatisfied temper has made great havoc with her beauty.

Mrs. B——k looked as well as any of the people of her age at the ball. She has those outlines, and that fine-shaped head, which time never wholly spoils. Mrs. W. L—— is changed indeed in manner and in appearance. W. L——, always fascinating, looking as though he had missed of life, but infinitely in better spirits, and more capable of enjoying what was going on, than when I last saw him. His daughter's beauty is far inferior to her mother's, and will fall like a blossom, and be no more remembered, for there is nothing in it but youth and freshness.

Lady G——r is by far the most distinguished young woman I have seen, and her manners are dignified. She appears to have much nature and sweetness. It is to be hoped that her husband will cherish these qualities, and not sully them all by too great an indulgence in the follies and dissipation of the world. I have heard only one

fatal thing against this fair promise of happiness which blooms around them: it is, that he is a sceptic! But report is not truth, and people are apt especially to say evil of those who are favoured by fortune in every way, as Lord G——r is.

June the 19th.—We went to Kensington Gardens. A gay multitude were assembled there; but I met few of my acquaintances. Lord Archibald Hamilton, Mrs. ——, Lady S. P——, Mr. P——, were the only persons I knew. I could not help thinking of the poor Queen, of all that she might have been, and all that she had not been. These remembrances led me far away from the actual scene. How true it is that we live chiefly in the past and the future!

In the evening I went to Miss B——,—a sort of female *cotérie*—Lady L. S——, Miss M——, Miss D——, Mrs. M——. Lady L. S——, has both sweetness and sense in her expression. These are the qualities that shed a grace on the human face, when youth and other graces are gone.

Miss —— received me somewhat coldly. Her greeting chilled me. I have a great tenacity of friendship, and am much bound by habit. I easily return to old feelings of kindness, however long a time intervenes between what was and is;

and I tried not to resent her cold welcome, but it was not the less keenly felt.

June the 20th.—I visited Lady L. S——t; she was very kind and very agreeable. How I lament not having cultivated her more! How I lament many things which are now unattainable!

We went in the evening to the opera. It was Meyerbeer's "Crociata in Egitto;" on the whole a heavy opera, but containing some delicious pieces of composition scattered through it. It is original and full of feeling; but occasionally the effort to be original is too visible, and there is an intricacy in the harmony that detracts from that natural expression which is the result of impassioned feeling. It fails most in its recitative; it shines most in the quartetts and quintetts. The single songs are poor and laboured, but there are two duets perfectly beautiful. The house was empty, and looked deserted.

June the 21st.—The mornings are spent in a busy haste about trifles; and altogether, to me personally, this mode of life is anything but agreeable. In the evening we went to Almacks'; the very dregs of dancing men and women. Mr. N—— is comically attentive to me: seeing that I am likely to live in the world, he is anxious to

be upon my raft, and to float into the same tide. But if he knew the world as well as I do, he would not feel this to be necessary; for a title in the near distance, and immense wealth in possession, are sure passports to the smiles of the world.

I saw no one, and heard nothing worth remembering. London folks are weary of gaieties, and they are drawing to a close. Would that their end were come!

June 22nd.—We went to the Duchess of B——'s ball, which was made up of all the greatest and most refined of society. Certainly, if one is to mix with the world, the highest class are those best worth associating with. The Duke of Clarence and Prince Leopold were present, and all those who despise these personages, and yet seek to meet them.

I had a long colloquy with Lord C——r, who I think is a charming person; but the world says his wife does not.

The Duke of Clarence was gracious to me, and reverted to old days. Although Prince Leopold is a much handsomer man, there is an openness in the countenance of our own royal family, which promises more truth of character. The Duke of Clarence is grown very like his father.

Lord L—— is as pleasant as he ever was. The rising generation are not transcendently handsome: but there is a vast portion of scattered beauty in the young female aristocracy of the present day. A daughter of Lady H——y has a distinguished air; and a daughter of the Duke of R——d is certainly very handsome; but for manner I admire far more one of the Ladies H——y, who has an elegance and a tranquillity, without *fadeur*, which is quite enchanting, and very rare.

June 23rd.—Dined at Lord Dudley's. A charming house and some good paintings. We arrived an hour before Lord Dudley made his appearance; but there was plenty of objects to delight and amuse. Lord and Lady A——n, Lord and Lady W——t, Mr. M——d, Mr. M——, the Archbishop of ——'s sons, Colonel G——, Mr. ——, &c. formed the party. Lord Dudley had on a new and rather extraordinary chocolate-coloured coat, but looked so clean and fresh, that I did not know him for the same person. His dinner was admirable in every department. Mr. —— is very ill. I think Lord Dudley has a look that way. When I asked him some question in regard to his going abroad, alluding to his own fortune and situation,

he said, "When a great trump card turns up at home, one has no right not to play one's hand." This was like a person thinking aloud. He evidently puts all due value on his station and fortune; but I think he is a kind person, with some genuine feelings of friendship and truth about him, which are as uncommon as they are valuable.

July 1st.—The same difficulty of writing every day, which has ever made me find it impossible to keep a regular journal, has occasioned this lapse. Once more I resume my diary.

Mr. A——r called on me. He is living at —— house, where, he said, Lady —— was very ill, and that the fear of death had taken hold of her, and she was in very low spirits. She began, he said, to think of that which, if she had thought of it before, she would not be so miserable now. This was one of the many confirmations which occur every day, to make one think seriously where to cast the anchor of trust. Such a speech, from such a person, of such a woman, preached with more force than a thousand homilies.

In the evening we went to the Haymarket Theatre, and saw a vulgar, stupid representation of what was intended to be a story in high life, where, among other gross mistakes of good breed-

ing, the lady heroine is made to kiss the innkeeper, and another lady to tell him all her plans and secrets! So much for the representation of fashionable life! This false, flat thing is taken from one of ——'s novels, wherein the manners of high life are totally misunderstood; and I have often remarked that the beauty or the defects of any work are made more prominent by translation of any sort, as the flavour of wine is best known by mingling it with water.

We escaped as soon as we could from the theatre, and on my return home I was glad to have the enjoyment of reading Schlegel's History of Literature. It is a fine work, built on a sure foundation; and though I do not always agree with his taste, his feelings and his principles are exactly what I believe it is right to square one's own by.

July 2nd.—Spent a quiet day at home. Read "The Story of a Life," by Sherer; a powerfully written book, with vivid description and truth of portraiture, both as to human character and to the effects of the scenery of nature. It has much interest, and a fine vein of religious morality distinguishes it from the common-place productions of literature.

The Duke of S—— visited me. His conversa-

tion is extremely agreeable and instructive; very different from the mere frippery of the world. His favourite hobby is a noble one—the formation of a good library; and his pursuit is that of doing good, and being at the head of all charitable institutions, as well as promoting science and the arts. The very pretence of these tastes, in a man of his rank, shows a certain greatness of aim; and now that the effervescence of youth is gone by, and that he does not, in the spirit of party zeal, render himself too common, he will certainly rise to a higher estimation than it has been supposed he would do. He spoke well, and lamented the subjugated state of Italy, its despotism, and its return to consequent bigotry; and declared that he could not live there, and would not return there on any account. "All my friends," he said, "are either dead or dispersed, and all those who remain are trampled upon, and debased by poverty and cruelty; and as I could not always have my hand in my pocket to relieve them, I should be wretched. Germany too," he continued, shrugging up his shoulders- "there is only one place in Germany I would go to—the Duke of ——'s dominions."

July 3rd.—I went to —— house; a formal, fearful piece of amusement. Lady —— on her throne

as usual: very gracious to me, but still "*gracious.*" I found no subject of conversation, and she was also, for her, unusually dull: so time went on heavily. R—— and M—— were there; but even they did not shine with their usual brilliancy. Mrs. R—— and Lady W. R—— were also present. I think marriage has done much good to the latter. She seems much softened, and is, as she ever was, very *distinguée*, and very agreeable. Her husband appears to be a shy, gentlemanly-looking person. I could not judge what else he was, and feared to talk with him. Some how or other I lost my own identity in that society, and yet it appeared to offer much entertainment. Lady —— kept me strictly under her wing, and tied me down as it were to her chair. She is now in bad health, and there is an excuse for her being placed above everybody else, and calling all the people by her, as though she had a crown and sceptre in either hand. But I am told she always did so. It must make a *gêne* in the society. But Lord —— is a delightful person, and much is borne to obtain his presence. Lady —— told me a curious story. She said the Duke of B—— had formed the greatest attachment for Lady ——, and one evening, after she had been cutting a few jokes at Lady ——'s expense, the Duke wrote her four

sides of paper, to say how much it grieved him to see that any member of his family thought slightingly of Lady ——, and he requested that she would never do so in future.

July 4th.—Visited Lady H——d, who was much more agreeable, and in a different manner, than I had any idea she could be. How slow we ought to be in forming opinions of the character or *agrémens* of others! for so many people are superior to what they seem on a slight acquaintance, and so many, on the contrary, are inferior to what they at first appear to be, that we should be careful not to judge of them in haste.

Miss K——t came in whilst I was at Lady H——'s. Her presence put me in mind of the poor Princess, and Princess Charlotte. I like Miss K——; that is to say, I honour and esteem her character. The old Queen certainly behaved very ill to her.

The Duke of Y——k has fallen desperately in love with the Duchess of R——d, and a few days since he walked her up and down Kensington Gardens till she was ready to faint from fatigue; so he ran off puffing and blowing as fast as he could, and brought a pony into the gardens, upon which he aired her up and down for

two hours longer. When the Regent heard of this, he is said to have chuckled with delight, exclaiming, "Y—— is in for it at last."

Visited also Lady W. G——. She is a person whom I like, I know not why; but she has a charm for me; and as there are certain metals drawn together by a mysterious law of nature, for which man can assign no cause, except that thus it is, so there are certain attractions in moral nature which produce the same effect.

Dined at Sir ——; Lady W. R——, Mrs.——, R——, Comte Lieven, Mrs. S. C——, Lord and Lady ——, &c. Lady D——, that extraordinary genius, who, as sculptor and poet, has borne such palmy wreaths from Fame, that few or none of her own sex can vie with her in these departments of genius.

It is not always that Lady D—— condescends to be the charming person she *can* be. Occasionally her manner is abrupt, especially towards those whom she regards not highly; but I have heard that in all the domestic scenes of life she constitutes the charm of existence: can a woman aspire to a more blessed honour than this?

Foscolo bore testimony to her correct translations of many of Petrarch's most *untranslatable* poems; and it is her peculiar merit to be diffident of her own powers, and modest in her estimation of them.

Another very rare and valuable point of character is, that whatever change takes place in the circumstances or situations of her friends, she never forsakes them. There is no higher eulogy can be bestowed than this; for it tells of that which outlives and outshines all praise—namely, worth and goodness.

Lady —— is changed certainly—morally improved; but evidently disappointed in marriage. However, as far as regards her husband, she appears happy. But she was a woman of great worldly ambition, and that passion has not been gratified; and she lacks that feminine tenderness which forms of itself an ambition apart, and enjoys a world of its own, over which it reigns, and which is superior, in the power of bestowing happiness, to all other ambition. This is not Lady ——'s nature; and yet, being virtuous, good, and sensible, she does not seek for excitement in a frivolous and dangerous pursuit of pleasure. But the life of life—the quicksilver of the thermometer—has sunk many degrees, and she has not yet found in her home that enjoyment which will make it rise to its former height. I should hope, however, that she may do this; for there is sufficient matter and sufficient good sense in her character to make her see the necessity, as well as delight, of not suffering the flowers of existence to decay for want of culture.

Lady F—— is a singular little person. At first she appeared to be all puff and frivolity of character; but this is not the case. She does not pursue her course without calculating upon the proceeds of her voyage. Whether her calculations come to any stable conclusion, *reste à sçavoir*.

Mr. C——g is a very pleasant man, though somewhat too measured; and he has a diplomatic tightness of lip which betrays his profession. Still the having a profession, when followed up successfully, is of incalculable advantage to every man. It gives a sort of lustre to the commonest minds; and to those of finer and firmer texture it imparts a double value.

The —— parties want the germ of vigour and amusement. I know not how it is, but, in spite of flowers and champagne, they do not pass off quickly or agreeably; yet they are composed, too, of what is highest in rank and renown. Comte L—— was there. He appears to me à good sort of man, but very dull. Who knows what else he may be under the cloak of his gray, silent humour?

July 5th.—At home all day. Read Goëthe's Life, and Tweddell's Remains. The latter is very invigorating, showing great animation of soul, joined to a high moral character. Goëthe's Life

does not make the reader love him—not as far as I have read at least.

We spent a quiet evening at home, and so passed to me this *holiday* from perpetual dissipation.

July 6th.—Went in the evening to Miss Lydia White's. She is one of those melancholy spectacles, in point of her bodily circumstances, which is at once so painful and so salutary to contemplate. Immovable from dropsy, with a swollen person and an emaciated face, she is placed on an inclined plane raised high upon a sofa, which put me in mind of the corpse of the late Queen of Spain at Rome, in the church of the Santa Maria Novella. But even under this calamity she has many blessings—a comfortable house, and the attentions of the world, which are pleasant even when they are mingled with the alloy of knowing that they are paid as a price to obtain selfish amusement and gratification. What more solid advantages she may enjoy I cannot say, because she is a stranger to me. There is something, also, pleasant in the reflection that the world, even the gay world, do not totally neglect those who are about to leave it. Oh yes, there is more of good mingled with the bad, even here below, than this world and its inhabitants are often given credit for.

Mr. and Mrs. F——, Lord and Lady Charle-

mont, Sir John Copley and his beautiful wife, so like one of Leonardo Da Vinci's pictures, Lady D——, &c., composed the coterie of the evening, which was peculiarly agreeable.

July 7th.—Spent the first part of this day in a disagreeable manner, trying to mediate between two person who are at variance. The result unsatisfactory. The details too long to put down on paper, so I omit them, and commence by speaking of a delightful dinner party at Miss Lydia White's. A scene of a very different kind to that in which I had spent the two foregoing evenings. Lady D——, Miss —— F——w, Mr. Moore, Sir K. K. P ——, Mr. Sharpe, Major Denham, and ourselves, constituted the party. Major Denham is a great traveller, who has been further into the interior of Africa than any previous traveller, and his descriptions of deserts, and skies, and camels, were very vivid, and carried me with him in idea on his pilgrimage. The tranquil patience of the camels—their quiet submission to the inevitable suffering of their lives—their obedience and humility—are exquisite pictures of the virtues of the brute creation, and are deserving of man's imitation. Major Denham's description also of the pitching of their tents, when the travellers halt for the night—the silent calm of the scene—the vast ocean of sand, in which

not even an insect dwells—the well by which they halt, and to which the travellers of the trackless desert look for life—the canopy of starry heavens spread out above all—combined, as Major Denham said, to form one of the most sublime pictures that could be imagined.

When Major Denham had concluded his interesting account of his travels, I turned to listen to Mr. Moore and Mr. Sharpe, who were talking of Sheridan and Curran, and mingling the sparkle and acumen of their own minds with the transcript they drew of others. This rendered their conversation highly interesting. Whilst hearing Major Denham describe the sublime scenes of nature in which he had been living, I felt a strong desire to visit those places; but when I heard the brilliant and intellectual conversation of Mr. Moore and Mr. Sharpe, I thought, who would not prefer to hear such a flow of intellect, rather than even the refreshing sound of waters in a desert? But the fact is, it is the variation of human life which gives it its highest zest; it is the alternation of rest and labour—of contemplation and action—and above all, is it not the contentment which arises from a well-regulated mind, that gilds every season and every scene with a feeling of self-satisfaction which is unknown where this does not reside?

In speaking of Sheridan, Mr. Moore observed,

that it was curious to see what pains he took to produce the wit which seemed to dart with such electric swiftness, whereas all he uttered was previously polished, filed, and purified. He mentioned having many pages illustrative of this fact to put into his life of Sheridan, which, he said, he thought was useful for all composers to see. "Yes," rejoined Mr. Sharpe, "I remember his father telling me that there was only one quality more extraordinary in his son than his application, and the pains he gave himself to bring whatever he undertook to perfection: it is," said he, "the pains he takes to hide it."

After dinner Moore sang. Many, many years have passed since I heard him. The notes of the bird are as sweet as ever—perhaps not quite so full—but the fire and the sweetness are not impaired. He stands alone in this accomplishment, or rather sits like some chorister of spring, on a flowery bush, gifted with perpetual youth of feeling and of fancy. His melancholy is never more than tender, let him strive to mourn how he may; and his mirth is never quite exempt from sentiment. When any other hand attempts to strike his lyre, it fails; when any other voice tries to sound his reed, it fails also. It is not singing; there is none of the skill of the mere mechanic in the art: it is poetry; the dis-

tinct enunciation, the expression, the nationality of his genius, which will ever remain an inimitable gift—when heard, delighted in, and never to be forgotten.

July 10th.—I drove to Lady D——'s. She is very fascinating, and I know not why. Surely if any one were to ask a gift of the fairies, it would be *fascination.*

Saw little Lady ——, in whom there would be no fault to be found, were this world all.

July 11th.—Dined at Lord L——'s. The same nearly as at Miss White's; but minus the traveller, and with the addition of the K[illegible]t of K. The latter gives me the idea of a person hiding a dark spirit under a sunny brow. But it is wrong to give way to such groundless impressions of character, and I check them; yet they will not sometimes be effaced. Notwithstanding a fine dinner, (not a good one,) a charming house, and a kindly host, the whole thing was not as it was at Miss White's, even though Moore sang.

I do not know what to think of Comte and Comtesse ——. He impresses me with being good—thoroughly good. She is *piquante,* in an odd *brusque* way. I think she has warm feelings too; but she has seen much of the world, and

probably distrusts it. There is sense and sweetness in her eyes; but I could not fathom her, and I do not know if it is worth while to do so with all new acquaintance. Yet the surface of things alone never satisfies me.

Moore sang "The parting of the Ships." One sees the waves dancing, and the distant sail; and then it nears, and then there is the greeting, and the short-lived joy of speaking to another floating world full of human creatures; and then the parting again, each to sail over the lonely ocean! How very true it is to nature! how thrilling to those who have witnessed the scene! The other song which he sang was "The Lovers and the Watchman;" the one recalling reality and woe — the other forgetting there are such things annexed to time, and even time itself, till day breaks, and the whole illusion vanishes!

These are the pictures of song—El Cantar che nel animà si sente.

I received a letter from Mr. S——.

"Dear ——; Though one of my eyes is swelled like a gooseberry after a rainy day, and consequently writing is very uncomfortable, yet I am resolved to obey your commands, though they

should convert me into a Cupid or a Belisarius. But I fear you will deem me a bird of ill omen, as to your first commission.

"You ask me in what estimation Lord —— stands in the world. Alas! I cannot say much for him, but refer you to the memorial Horace Walpole hath left of him. You make me blush when you are so condescending as to make me such flattering eulogiums on my epistolary genius. To speak with sincerity, I never piqued myself on that score; for I consider it so elevated a talent to have the genius of good letter-writing, that I have never attempted to gain the steep height of that fame. The next best style to an artificial quality of excellence in that line, I think, is to write naturally; and nature has always some merit, if she is suffered to have her free will. Affectation is never more tiresome and ridiculous than in a letter. Madame De Sevigné was the best letter-writer that ever existed. I would rank Swift and Lord Chesterfield next. Voltaire to me is charming; but then I suspect he studied his epistles, as Lord Orford certainly did, and so had little merit. Heloise wrote beautifully in the old time; but we are very poor, both in England and Scotland, as to such matters. Pray make for answer to your

fair friend, who seeks autographs, that I will do the little in my power to obey her commands; but that, I fear, will be very little.

"As to my own wretched stuff, I am sure, dear Lady —— was laughing at me, which is cruel enough. Tell her not to pour *ink* upon a drowned mouse. 'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,' as that poor old beau, Sir ——, so movingly quoted the other night in the House of Commons. Though my memory is greatly impaired by complaints of the stomach, which sometimes for months make me 'sleep as sound as a mouse in a cat's ear,' and have delivered me up to blue devils—fiends which never set claw in my mind when I had much better reasons for discomfort—I am not yet brought to that sad pass to have forgot Lady ——. Pray tell her that I often think, and always with wonder, of nature's prodigality towards her. Extraordinary beauty, a genius that would have made an ugly woman handsome, and an air and manner that would have captivated any heart! Indeed I have always thought of her with surprise, and, allow me to add, a little vanity too. Her goodness to me in former times is one of my recollective cordials. That remembrance can never be smothered by my horrid extinguisher, a flannel nightcap. Nay,

the restless claws which I mentioned above, can never efface it from my memory.

"But now to return to business. (How I hate the ugly word!) I think I once had the honour of sending you from Oxford some notices which I had collected concerning the family of —— —— principally, if I remember right, from Richard Baxter. One was of a lady (this was not from Richard, however, the good man who thought all poetry profane, save David's and the Song of Solomon) who wrote verses. Though I have always been an *engrained* Jacobite, I have always entertained a great admiration for ——. After reading many private as well as public documents of his age, I am persuaded that he and Lord Melville were the two only honest political characters in Scotland.

"In the Commissary Court Record there is an account of the death of Queen Mary's sickness, relation, Lady ——. She died of the falling and was buried in the royal vault at Holyrood House. Her will was disputed after her death, which led to the commissary proofs.

"N. B. She did not carry on the family, which I am glad of, though she was, *in one sense*, the King's daughter. Illegitimate children are never

to be borne in a pedigree. I may venture to say this now, as I shall never be in London any more, where it made one sick to see so many of King Charles the Second's *imputed* sins (he was not the *real* sinner in one half of them) taking place of their betters, with all the pomp and parade possible. Their real progenitors were players and rope-dancers.

"But, dear ——, I dare say you are wishing me a rope for all this dull useless stuff: so I will in discretion conclude. The modern Athens is much deserted. All the choice spirits who used to congregate here are dispersed or dead, or grown old and crabbed. In short, I have no society save that of a tortoise-shell cat, and a few musty papers. Yet I have not the courage to remove hence, or to find myself in the great Babylon of London, where I should find all changed, and I doubt if, with my old-fashioned ideas, I should approve of the '*improvements.*' No. I am content to let my breath slip away in this city. But I sincerely hope that you will, some day ere I die, make out once more a journey to Scotland. Entering fully into all your feelings respecting the modes of travelling, but hating danger, jolts, nay, motion as much as I do, I refine upon your ideas, and would choose to make my pilgrimages drawn by six black snails,

with long horns, in a padded boat, the bottom rubbed with butter, and on roads either of glass or of polished marble!

Adieu, my dear ——; my gooseberry warns me to have done; and so, with all the respect I feel for you, permit me to subscribe myself your old and attached," &c.

Monday, 16th January.—A fortnight, and no journal!—Yesterday one of those dense fogs that choke respiration and obscure intellect.

I saw Mr. L——. His account to me of his future wife was sufficiently eccentric, like himself. I do not think he is enamoured; but he is now to believe that he is doing a wise thing. He says his love is clever—decidedly quite matter of fact; but of course he thinks she has charms, and seems soberly settled on matrimonial arrangements of *convenance*.

I received an answer from Miss M—— to my application to her to accept the offer of becoming Lady C. L——'s companion, which I was not sorry she declined, as I do not think either would suit the other. Both have many good qualities, but of so totally different a character, that I do not think they would have amalgamated well together. Lady C. L—— is certainly, I should say, a little mad—not sufficiently so to require restraint per-

sonally; but certainly she ought to have a sensible person put about her, who could minister comfort to her poor mind, and prevent her indulging in the fits of melancholy which come over her at times. When she is free from these attacks, nobody can be more agreeable in society than Lady Caroline, and her conversation is both original and superior. She spoke to me the other day of Lord B——n, and endeavoured to make me believe she had never been in love with him. But seeing, I suppose, that I appeared incredulous, she only said, with a sigh, "He is certainly a most unfortunate person to have been married to Lady B——n." Then she added with great truth, "It was exceedingly unwise in her to marry him, after having refused him. That is an affront no man ever forgives a woman." I assented to this observation, and fully agree with Lady Caroline in thinking it was unwise of Lady B——n to act in the manner she did.

Lord D——y came to see me yesterday. He was in one of his most sane moods, and nobody is so delightful as himself when he is placid and collected. Lord D——y is also, like C——, I think, rather eccentric; but he is wonderfully clever, and his peculiarities only add to the interest he inspires. Lord D——y complained of the unsatisfactory footing on which London society is

carried on, and threatened to go abroad. I assured him, that although there was less form and reserve in foreign society, it lacked many of the *agrémens* and advantages that were to be found in an agreeable circle of English society. In the first place, there are so few persons of any great superiority of talent, in Italy at least;—the generality of the men are knaves, or mere followers of pleasure, and the women are as illiterate and still more foolish. It is the climate and the associations attached to the continent which are the chief attractions to a prolonged stay there. I said all this to Lord D——y, and added, that a person of his rank and consequence and power could command a much more agreeable society in London than in any place I had ever yet been at. He only replied, "Perhaps you are right," and then, taking up his hat, left the room without further ceremony.

I received a letter from Lady ——, who is still at Rome. She lately made an excursion to Pisa, where, she says, she found several of her country people, who were exceedingly agreeable. Amongst them she named "the Blantyres, Lord Frederick Montague, and the Misses Wilson, sisters to *the* Mr. Wilson of Edinburgh, who is making such a figure in the literary world there, and succeeding nearly as much as his predecessor, Dugald

Stewart in his profession. Lady Blantyre, being in delicate health, seldom goes out; but Lord Blantyre dines with me frequently. He is a pleasant, quiet, *soldier-like* man. He distinguished himself in Egypt, has lost his health in consequence, and is obliged to leave his own beautiful place on Clyde's side, to seek a milder climate. But descriptions of persons, unless they are of a peculiar and marked character, or figure on the great stage of the world, are very uninteresting, and I only mention his name by way of letting you know how my time has been spent, and with whom, since we parted. The natives at Pisa do very little for the *agrémens* of society. One lady, however, opens her house, who was, by the way, famous as having been the mistress of the Duke of ——; she accompanied him to England, I believe, in former days. Be that as it may, she is a *mighty good sort* of person at Pisa, according to Italian morals, and is the greatest lady in the place, with a large establishment. This Madame gave one magnificent ball, to which I went, and where I was gratified by the sight of several very pretty women; the first, I may almost say, I have seen in Italy. The gentlemen are all, without exception, hideous; like little black and yellow monkeys, dressed up after the French fashion, with their chains, rings, &c. The best looking

resemble couriers and brigands, but none, even of the noblest title, ever look like *gentlemen*.

EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER LETTER.

"I heard that the Princess of Wales wrote to England to say it was her intention to return there shortly. I cannot see what purpose she will now gain by so doing, since she committed the folly of leaving the country in her daughter's lifetime, when it would have been proper and advantageous for her to have remained. She will derive little benefit, I fear, from going back to England, now poor Princess Charlotte is dead. The few who liked the Princess of Wales for her own sake, independent of worldly considerations, are scattered about in different parts of the world, and I should be afraid her Royal Highness would find it difficult to collect any number of persons agreeable and eligible to form a society fit for her to associate with, since almost everybody is influenced by expediency; and alas! no one who is actuated by such motives would seek to attach themselves to this unfortunate and ill-advised woman."

I am sorry to say there is but too much truth in the foregoing remarks made by Lady —— with regard to the Princess; altogether it is a melancholy subject. I, for one, cannot foresee

the end of the dark fate that I fear awaits her Royal Highness.

I dined at Miss White's, and met there Lady ——, who was just returned from Cashiobury, looking very unwell, and talking in a very melancholy strain.

There is something saddening in beholding so much of the activity of life and its warm feelings wasted upon nothing; for by all I ever learnt or heard of Lady ——, her whole existence has been a mistake. She is certainly a person possessed of no common abilities, and of a kind heart. It is a pity to see her seeking from the world, and the gratification of its vanities, that happiness which it can under no circumstances ever confer, when it forms the only pursuit in life.

At dinner, the conversation (as it too frequently does) turned upon the Princess of Wales; and knowing my intimate acquaintance with Her Royal Highness, people often, I think with ill-bred curiosity, attack me, and seek to make me disclose all I know and think about her character, &c. Last night I cut the matter very short by saying, in reply to all interrogatories, that I knew nothing *against* the Princess, and that if I did, I certainly never would disclose it. Some of the party asked me if her dress was not very injudicious, and many other similar questions, which it was

difficult to answer. But at last, finding I was unwilling to give them any information, they started fresh game, and the poor hunted hare was suffered to escape. The dinner was less agreeable than it usually is at Miss White's, and the evening was dull; everybody appeared to think so. Yet Mr. Moore, and Conversation Sharpe, and Sir H. ——, and other learned and pleasant people, were present; but they were not in their agreeable moods; and so, even with such ingredients to form a charming party, it failed of being such.

Tuesday, January 17th.—I received a letter from ——, in which she says—"I have been in a great deal of *extra* bustle, and have had no control over my own time. We have had a court-martial to encounter, and every person has been busy trying to make their houses pleasant to fifteen general officers, (some of them heroes,) besides all the young witnesses summoned on either side, and the —— themselves. Dinners and parties have been endless, and —— has been turned into a scene of dissipation; at least if daily engagements can be so called. The good society here is not numerous; so that the same individuals became almost a necessary ingredient at each party. I love the alternations of

active employment and rest too well to be gratified by such a total *bouleversement* of my usual habits; but there was no choice on this occasion, and I must say the parties were very pleasant, and the usual society of the place brightened beyond description by the intermixture of so many agreeable strangers. Amongst the gentlemen were Sir Samuel Achmuty, Sir Edward Paget, and General Harris—all heroes. We had, besides, some pleasant personages in Lord Charles Fitzroy, Lord Ludlow, General Montresor, and General Grey; and a very amiable president of the court in Sir A. Clarke. Indeed all the members were more or less agreeable. The guards also of the prisoner, Lord James Murray, Colonel Ponsonby, (a very unaffected young man, and very unlike his sister,) were by no means disagreeable; and Sir A. Barnard, as a witness, together with Generals Donkin, Clinton, Smith, &c., severally contributed to the general *agrément.* The —— themselves are also very pleasant members of society. She is a fine handsome woman, very tall, and on a large scale of beauty; yet she is soft and feminine in manners, and seems to possess an exquisite serenity of temper. She was a daughter of the late ——, and is niece to the present Lord ——.

"The rich N——s and G——s kept open

house for these brilliant strangers. Sir —— had too much business to enter into the gaieties; but Lady —— mixed in all the parties. I have forgotten to mention a General and Mrs. Whittingham. He is a distinguished officer in Spain, and summoned by Sir ——; his wife is a native Spaniard, whom he fell in love with and married. She does not speak English, and only very bad French; but with Lady —— and Sir ——'s aides-de-camp D——r and C——e, she was able to converse in her own language, as they speak Spanish fluently. Mrs. W. is called the Spanish beauty, and is certainly very pretty; dark and bright little eyes like diamonds, with teeth like pearls; but since her confinement she has lost her figure, which was once, I am told, as pretty as her face. It is now very thick, and, as she is extremely short, the effect is clumsy; but her animation, vivacity, and good humour, with her brilliant eyes, render her still a very striking little person. My time has not only been lost by these dissipations, but by my attendance in the court. I went one day out of curiosity, and became so deeply interested that I could not resist attending the whole trial. I think it was impossible to hear the proceedings and the facts, and witness the different manners and tempers of Sir —— and his prosecutor, Admiral ——,

without being warmly anxious in favour of Sir ——. We are now awaiting the award of the sentence with great impatience. The General passed it on Tuesday; but it is not yet made public. I feel there cannot be a doubt that it will be an honourable acquittal, and I sincerely trust we shall not be disappointed. The Generals went on Tuesday. There still remains Sir E. Paget, who was very anxious to get away, to join his bride elect, Lady Harriet Legge. Colonel D—— is a brother of the Comtesse St. A——. He gives a very favourable account of the Comte, and of her happiness. In the settlement of her fortune he has behaved most liberally, is devoted to her, and has the sweetest temper possible. They are going to return to England, to which country he professes to be strongly attached. Lord George Seymour has lately been spending a few days here with Dr. N——. By the way, speaking of him, what think you of that strange business which removed him from the tutorship of the Princess Charlotte? He is a man of superior attainments; indeed, I may say, of wonderful acquirements, and I believe good-hearted; but he has a strange inconsistency of manner, that checks the progress of intimacy, and prevents the full comprehension of his character. Facts, however, speak strongly in his favour. He was the

best of sons, and also an excellent brother. He was, poor man, jilted by two women; and this has soured his mind towards the whole sex; that is to say, as to opinion and contempt of the female understanding; but it has not made him less an admirer of beauty, or less zealous in seeking its smiles; so he is a flirt amongst the misses, but not, I think, a favourite amongst the matrons, whose *amour propre* he continually offends. And now it is time I conclude this long gossiping letter, which I shall do by assuring you that I am yours," &c.

In the evening I went to the Misses ——, where I met the usual set that assemble at their house. I cannot say I found there the entertainment which is proverbially ascribed to that society. But this I attribute to not being sufficiently intimate with the persons who form it. And as a specimen of the best English company, a stranger could not be taken to a more distinguished assemblage of all that is most worth seeing in London than is to be found their house. They have effected that pleasant mixture of literati with the gay and great, which is so seldom achieved.

The only person I saw there, whom it gave me pleasure to talk to, was Lady ——. She is singular; but so full of *verve* and enthusiasm—so

different, in short, from the characters one generally meets with, that she formed a pleasing variety in the human species. I do not think she was in her proper sphere at the Misses ——. They do not understand her, and she does not understand them. Lady —— is always kind to me, and it must be confessed that any person or thing which is out of the jog-trot of life gives a fillip to existence. The square-and-rule people one constantly meets with, are very uninteresting. To my surprise, I learnt that Miss C—— V—— has married a Comte A——o. He is a general in the army, and well spoken of; and I am told she is very happy, but has become a complete Italian, and declares that she never wishes to see England again. This information amused me. What odd events take place in life!

Tuesday, the 20th of January.—I dined at Lady C. L——s. She had collected a strange party of artists and literati, and one or two fine folks, who were very ill assorted with the rest of the company, and appeared neither to give nor receive pleasure from the society among whom they were mingled. Sir. T. Lawrence, next whom I sat at dinner, is as courtly as ever. His conversation is agreeable, but I never feel as if he was saying

what he really thought. He made some reference to the Princess of Wales, and inquired if I had heard lately from her Royal Highness. I replied that I had not; and, to say the truth, I did not feel much induced to talk to him upon the subject; for I do not think he behaved well to her. After having, at one time of his life, paid her the greatest court, (so much so even as to have given rise to various ill-natured reports at the period of the first secret investigation about the Princess's conduct,) he completely cut her Royal Highness.

Besides Sir T., there were also present of this profession Mrs. M., the miniature painter, a modest, pleasing person; like the pictures she executes, soft and sweet. Then there was another eccentric little artist, by name Blake; not a regular professional painter, but one of those persons who follow the art for its own sweet sake, and derive their happiness from its pursuit. He appeared to me full of beautiful imaginations and genius; but how far the execution of his designs is equal to the conceptions of his mental vision, I know not, never having seen them. *Main d'œuvre* is frequently wanting where the mind is most powerful. Mr. Blake appears unlearned in all that concerns this world, and, from what he said, I should fear he was one of those whose feelings are far superior to his situation in life. He looks

care-worn and subdued; but his countenance radiated as he spoke of his favourite pursuit, and he appeared gratified by talking to a person who comprehended his feelings. I can easily imagine that he seldom meets with any one who enters into his views; for they are peculiar, and exalted above the common level of received opinions. I could not help contrasting this humble artist with the great and powerful Sir Thomas Lawrence, and thinking that the one was fully if not more worthy of the distinction and the fame to which the other has attained, but from which *he* is far removed. Mr. Blake, however, though he may have as much right, from talent and merit, to the advantages of which Sir Thomas is possessed, evidently lacks that worldly wisdom and that grace of manner which make a man gain an eminence in his profession, and succeed in society. Every word he uttered spoke the perfect simplicity of his mind, and his total ignorance of all worldly matters. He told me that Lady C—— L—— had been very kind to him. "Ah!" said he, "there is a deal of kindness in that lady." I agreed with him, and though it was impossible not to laugh at the strange manner in which she had arranged this party, I could not help admiring the goodness of heart and discrimination of talent which had made her patronise this unknown artist. Sir

T. Lawrence looked at me several times whilst I was talking with Mr. B., and I saw his lips curl with a sneer, as if he despised me for conversing with so insignificant a person.* It was very evident Sir Thomas did not like the company he found himself in, though he was too well-bred and too prudent to hazard a remark upon the subject.

The literati were also of various degrees of eminence, beginning with Lord B——, and ending with ——. The grandees were Lord L——, who appreciates talent, and therefore was not so ill assorted with the party as was Mrs. G—— and Lady C——, (who did nothing but yawn the whole evening,) and Mrs. A——, who all looked with evident contempt upon the surrounding company. I was much amused by observing this curious assemblage of *blues* and *pinks*, and still more so withLady C—— L——'s remarks, which she whispered every now and then into my ear. Her criticisms were frequently very clever, and many of them very true, but so imprudent, it was difficult to understand how anybody in their senses could hazard such opinions aloud, or relate such

* There is surely some mistake in this supposition, for Sir T. Lawrence was, afterwards at least, one of Mr. Blake's great patrons and admirers.

stories. Her novel of Glenarvon showed much genius, but of an erratic kind; and false statements are so mingled with true in its pages, that the next generation will not be able to separate them; otherwise, if it were worth any person's while *now* to write explanatory notes on that work, it might go down to posterity as hints for memoirs of her times. Some of the poetry scattered throughout the volumes is very mellifluous, and was set to music by more than one composer.*

I was sorry to learn from Mr. —— that Mrs. B—— is very unwell. He spoke with great affection of her, and observed, with truth, that never was there such a triumph of mind over a plain exterior as in her. The charms of her conversation are appreciated by all, and she is beloved wherever she goes. Lady ——, who was sitting between us at the time Mr. —— spoke, suddenly observed, *à-propos des bottes*, as though she were thinking aloud, "I wonder Mr. A—— did not marry her." I replied, I was not surprised that he

* This lady's death was very striking. She lamented all her follies and errors, declared that she was glad to die while she was in such a happy frame of mind, and feared, if she recovered, she might again lapse into error. She professed, and with great apparent sincerity, a perfect reliance on the mercy of Heaven, and so departed—more to be admired perhaps in her last hours than at any previous time of her life.

did not; for that, although it would have been a great match for him, the disapprobation he would have incurred from all her family, would have counterbalanced the advantage, and that I thought he had shown infinite sense and good principle in not taking advantage of her youthful preference by availing himself of it. I never knew but one unequal marriage turn out happily; and then, perhaps, it owed its success to the short life of the lady, who died before the husband had time to find out his mistake. Lord Dudley came in at the end of the evening, looking more absent even than usual; he hardly spoke to any one, but went backwards and forwards through the rooms, muttering to himself. Altogether, I never was at a more curious assemblage of persons than this party combined.

Wednesday, 21st of Jan.—I went to see Lord S——'s collection of pictures. It is a well-chosen and magnificent gallery. To my surprise I met Miss H——n there, and that meeting distracted my attention completely from the pictures; for we conversed of old times at Kensington, and had mutually so much to ask and to say about the Princess, that I had no curiosity for anything else. She informed me that she had heard lately from a person, who told her that it was her Royal

Highness's intention to come to England very shortly. Miss H—— agreed with me in thinking it was too late for her to return, aud that the time was for ever past when she could hope to be of any consequence in this country, or to enjoy any happiness. "True," Miss H—— replied, "but you know the Princess as well as I do, and when she is determined upon any plan, nothing can prevent her fulfilling her resolves." Miss H—— spoke with infinite kindness of the Princess, and much regretted all the foolish things she had said or done, giving her full credit for all the noble qualities she possessed. "No one," she continued, "ever had such an opportunity for the display of almost every virtue as the Princess of Wales, and no woman would have been so great a heroine, either in public or private life, as she *might* have made herself, had she acted with prudence; but, alas! that opportunity of distinguishing herself no longer exists, and I fear her end will be one of insignificance and unhappiness at best." Miss H —— added, that she had heard a report that the Princess had written to Mr. Canning, announcing her return to England, and asking his advice on several points. "Now," observed Miss H——, "there was a time when I believe he was inclined to be her Royal Highness's friend; but I suspect he will

not now espouse her cause so warmly as he once did." I asked Miss H—— if she believed the story of the Princess having gone many years ago to his house, complaining of fatigue; that she remained there, and was confined, and that Mr. Canning kept the secret for her. Miss H—— replied, that she did not; that in the first place she was convinced the Princess never had been guilty of any of the crimes laid to her charge, and also that Mr. C. was too honourable as well as too prudent a man to meddle in such matters. I asked Miss H—— if, in the event of the Princess's return to England, she would again enter her service, and she replied, that if asked by her Royal Highness to do so, perhaps she might be tempted, by the attachment she felt towards her, to consent; but that if she consulted her own feelings, she did not wish to do so, as the fatigue and anxiety were too much for her health.

I was sorry to learn that Miss H—— was to leave town on the following day, so that I could not again have the pleasure of seeing her. Miss H—— reverted with regret to the Princess having dismissed Siccard from her household, saying that he was so excellent and trustworthy a domestic, that it was of infinite injury to her Royal Highness to have lost his services.

At length we parted, both agreeing that nothing could be said that was agreeable upon this melancholy subject, and that it was impossible for any one to conjecture how this strange eventful history might conclude. Miss H——n, with unaffected and sincere earnestness, said, "I pray for the Princess constantly."

Thursday, 22nd of January.—I went to a ball at D——e house. Most of the Royal Dukes were present, and all the fine world of London; yet I did not think it was as gay as it ought to have been, considering the advantages of fine rooms, brilliant lights, and good company. The host himself is as gracious and urbane as ever; but he is much aged in his appearance—prematurely so—and his bland countenance is changed to a dissatisfied expression. It was curious to observe the court that most of the greatest and fairest ladies paid this illustrious bachelor. I wonder they are not all tired of wooing so stern an idol; but I suppose they never will cease this adulation until he selects some fortunate person to share his great fortune and rank. Lady H——'s daughter was the object of his patronage and favour last evening, and in consequence everybody paid her attention. She is young and showy-looking, but not captivating, in my opinion.

I heard a curious story from that gossip, Mr. S——, relative to the C—— family. It is said that their late son married in S——d, and had a child, who is consequently the rightful heir to their titles and estates; but that Lady C wishes her second son to inherit these, and therefore has bribed the relations of the infant to conceal his birth. Mr. S—— added, "Dr. S——, the tutor to the late Lord ,—— was sent to transact the arrangement with the foreigners." It was, as he observed, a singular office for him to undertake; but rumour further adds, that he has been promised a bishopric, and doubtless, Lady C——'s influence will achieve whatever she wishes.

Friday, 25th.—I received a letter from Sir W. Gell, in which he says—

"I was delighted to receive yours of the ——, for I thought you had quite forgotten that such a being as your slave existed. All you tell me of England, and London society confirms me in my belief that Naples is the only place in this round world worth living in. At least, one can keep oneself warm, and take one's tea, without having scandal told about it. I had the honour of receiving an autograph letter from the "*Princess of Galle,*" introducing a singer, by name *Squallini* or *Scallini,* or some such outlandish

cognomen, and assuring me that I should find 'in dis gentleman everyting to approve and admire, and dat he is just de sort of person worthy of my acquaintance.' Dis royal epistle '*introductory*' concluded by assuring me that 'We' were extremely blessed, and that I might rely upon 'Our' good will and countenance—that's a great *ting* for you, William Gell—raise your head thereupon.' Fortunately, this said Comte *Scallini* was summoned hence next day, after having presented his letter at my door, by the indisposition of his *padre* at Venice; so for the present I am spared the pleasure of his acquaintance. For the last three weeks my feet and ankles have kept me at home; but I am beginning to shake myself like the flies, and to resuscitate, these last few warm days. Pray repeat your kindness in writing sometimes to the unfortunate 'convict,' who has been sentenced to transportation by the east winds of England, and the keener humour of some of his friends. Farewell, my dear ——, and believe me, most truly and sincerely,

"Your humble servant and tame dog,

"ANACHARSIS."

Friday, the 25th of February.—Mr. M——r called upon me, and informed me that the Princess of Wales had sent for Lady A. H——n to join

her abroad. I can scarcely credit the report, for I well know her Royal Highness has an objection to the meddling spirit of that person. Mr. M—— observed, that he considered Lady A—— was a well-intentioned woman, but certainly not a very wise one. "Her conduct," said he, "in the affair of the News newspaper was very droll. Do you remember what a confused answer she made, and how she permitted Lady Perceval to make use of her name? What a kettle of fish those women cooked up between them! The Princess's enemies," added Mr. M——, "believed all the parts that could hurt her; and the excuse which was circulated, of the editor of the newspaper being mad, was a very lame one, and did not deceive many people. Altogether it was a badly managed piece of business." In reply to my saying that I thought Lady C——y had behaved unkindly to the Princess, and Lord C—— also, he told me that he knew beyond a doubt that the R——t had bribed them highly, and that Lady C——y, being a weak woman, was compelled to obey her husband's wishes; but that he did not consider she was a bad-hearted person, and that she had expressed herself frequently in very favourable terms of the Princess.

In speaking of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. M—— observed, that although he differed with

him entirely in his political views, his speeches were noble in sentiment and powerful in expression. "I have never," said he, "met with any one whose genius was more Shakspearian, and which occasionally delighted me more by the resemblance it bore to that master spirit. In private life he is not always agreeable, that is to say, he frequently appeared to me to be in a dream; but nevertheless he was *très recherché* amongst the ladies, and at the period when I saw most of him at Kensington Palace, his name was constantly associated with that of some fair lady.

On my inquiring after Lord H——y F——d, and alluding to scenes connected with Kensington Palace, in which he played so conspicuous a part, Mr. M—— said, "Ah! it was a great pity he did not endeavour to continue the Princess's friend; she had such confidence in his opinion, that he might have given her good advice, and been of infinite service to her Royal Highness; but his lady wife interfered, and prevented his continuing to be intimate with the Princess, and then, perhaps, Lord H——y himself took fright, and was glad to retire before he burnt his fingers by taking any part in her Royal Highness's affairs. But it was a cruel disappointment to her when she received a letter from him, stating that, from motives of friendship towards her, he con-

ceived it his duty to relinquish the honour of being so frequently in her Royal Highness's private society. "Lady ——," continued Mr. M——, "was the person deputed to deliver this letter, and she told me that she never shall forget the astonishment and agitation the Princess betrayed on reading its contents. Lady —— said she felt much grieved for her, poor soul, and almost inclined to be angry with Lord H——y for having written such a letter. The Princess observed that it was a most "cold-blooded worldly epistle," and looked very indignant for a few moments; but she soon melted into tender regret, and besought Lady —— to write and implore Lord H——y to retract his determination, and to continue to come to Kensington, and remain her friend. It was, Lady —— said, the most difficult and painful letter that she was ever called upon to write; but the Princess so earnestly entreated her to do so, observing that Lady —— had great influence over Lord H——y, that the latter had not the heart to refuse. However, Lady —— said she supposed it had fallen into the hands of Lady De R——s, for that from that time forth she had evinced a marked dislike towards her. It was from the moment that Lord H——y F——d neglected her, that the poor Princess became reckless and imprudent in all that regarded her

own interests. You know Lady —— used to revert to the time when his influence was paramount, as to "the reign of the good King Henry." Would that it had continued!" added Mr. M——; "Lord Henry was such an agreeable and gentlemanlike person, and he never for one moment forgot the respect due to her Royal Highness, or presumed upon her partiality for himself. Frequently Lady —— told me, when she was in waiting, and accompanied the Princess to Blackheath, they met Lord H——y F——d walking as if by accident on the road, and when the Princess stopped and invited him to enter the carriage, and accompany her and Lady —— to Blackheath, he always made many apologies for being *en déshabille*, and would, with true courtier-like respect, make such speeches as 'You are too good, madam—I am quite distressed to be in such an unfit dress to appear before your Royal Highness;" upon which the Princess would laugh and say, "Ah, yes, my dear Lord Henry, we know you are all over shock—but never mind, let us make happy whilst we can!'"

Mrs. M—— informed me that Lady C——m is now the reigning favourite of the R——t. Lady H——'s influence is quite at an end. "Indeed," said he, "I do not think it was ever very great. She was a person of too much *re-*

tenue to please him for any length of time; and, on her part, I believe, the only reason that made her listen to the Prince's homage was vanity. She is a woman of boundless ambition; but, *au reste*, full of noble qualities; she is generous, and of a most affectionate heart; but I do not suppose the Regent ever possessed any power over her feelings. To give you an idea of her character, she is passionately fond of dress, and when she went abroad she took ——, the great *modiste*, in her suite, that she might superintend her toilette; so that nothing could be detected wanting in her wardrobe, even by the most fastidious Frenchwoman. This is her foible, and it is but a very trivial one, compared to her many merits. "Decidedly," continued Mr. M——, "Mrs. Fitzherbert has been hitherto the lady who possessed the greatest influence over the Prince, and it is to her that his conduct was most dishonourable. Such implicit confidence and blind credulity did she place in him, that when O. B—— (now Lord B——d) went to inform Mrs. F——t of the Prince's marriage, she would not believe it, until he swore that he had been himself present at the ceremony; and when he did so, she fainted away."

I asked Mr. M—— if he supposed that the Prince had, after his marriage, ever renewed his intimacy with Mrs. F——t. "Oh! no," said

he; "whatever he might have felt inclined to do, Mrs. F——t would have scorned such a reconciliation. Indeed, I know she once said to a person with whom she was speaking in confidence, 'No; the chain once broken, can never be linked together again.'"

Mr. M—— laughed at Lord Y——'s marriage with Miss F——i, and said, "To be sure never has there been anybody who had so many fathers—Mr. Selwyn, and Lord Queensberry, and the Prince, all anxious to have the honour of being related to her."

Mr. M—— wiled away several hours with me, and made the time pass very amusingly by his gossip; but in the long-run I should think he would be a wearisome companion, for he never speaks of anything but people, and has no idea beyond being a good newsmonger. As such he is unequalled.

I had the gratification of receiving the following letter from Mr. S——.*

* The modern Walpole; indeed, think he may be said to surpass that distinguished person in the art of epistolary composition. To me, Mr. S——'s style is far more agreeable, and the knowledge that his clever and amusing letters are written without any study or correction, enhances their merit in a great degree. The following letter is perhaps one of the best specimens of his unique talent.

"Friday, 19th February.—Dear ——, I should have thanked you for the honour of your most obliging letter long ago, had I been able to write with any pleasure to myself, (to others, alas! I can give none;) but I have had the strangest juvenile simple sort of disease imaginable, which hath crippled my hands in such a woful manner, that still to bend my fingers for any length of time gives me the utmost uneasiness. Do not imagine that I am talking of what King James called too great a luxury for us subjects—our national cremona. In truth, there was neither pride nor pleasure to qualify the pain of my distemper, which was that nursery sort of evil, chilblains. But no boxer's gloves, or bear's paws, can give you any notion of my hands, which are still in such a condition, that to describe it would excite full as much disgust as compassion. I will, therefore, spare your sal volatile, and proceed to the contents of your very kind letter. As to curious MSS., there is no such thing here; no varieties, but dull charters of religious houses, and canting lives of Presbyterian ministers. Whatever the Bannatyne Club has printed, might as well have been left to the rats and mice, which have done more good in their generation than they have any credit for; and this club has had the overhauling of everything here.

There are no poems but some Latin verses written by young lawyers; and as to letters, I do think the wise people of Scotland never wrote any, saving about money, and the secure hiring of servants. Letters bring Lady M. W. M. into my head, which I now do not confess in public ever to have read, for they are deemed so naughty by all the world, that one must keep up one's reputation for modesty, and try to blush whenever they are mentioned. Seriously, dear ——, I never was more surprised with any publication in my life. It was, perhaps, no wonder that the editor, my Lord of W——, cheated by the charms of his subject, might lose his head, and in the last volume kick up his heels at Horace Walpole and Dr. Cole, and print the letters about Reevemonde, &c. But how the discreet Lady Louisa S——t could sanction this, I cannot guess. These pious grandchildren have proved all to be true that was before doubtful, and certainly my Lady Mary comes out a most accomplished person. Yet, from my relationship to the M—— family, I could add one or two more touches to the picture—but it is needless; however, this may amuse you, that I have been assured, from the best authority, she never was handsome:—a little woman, marked with the small-pox, and so prodigiously daubed

over with white and red, that she used to go into the warm bath and scrape off the paint like lime from a wall. It is admirable how one may obtain a reputation for wit, beauty, worth, or any other good thing, by the magic of a name! And in truth never was there a more striking instance of the truth of this assertion than in my Lady Mary W. Montague. All the fame she really merited to have accorded her was that of being a shrewd woman of the world, with a quick eye, and a cross tongue, that was perpetually wagging against her neighbour. It would appear to me that she was but a sorry wife to her gudeman, and a very indifferent friend: and as to her talents, to judge by the style of her writings, any well-bred lady of the present day could produce a much better collection, if she were to gather the notes and letters that have passed between herself and her cotemporaries. Lady M*ary*, fortunately for her, lived in strange places, saw strange people, and had every means afforded her that could enable a mind of any discernment to keep an interesting diary, and render her amusing to her country people, who had not the same advantages.

"There are three means by which everything can be acquired in this world.

"The first is opportunity;

"The second is opportunity;

"The third is likewise opportunity.

"Lady Mary had these, and turned them to the fullest account. Of her genius I will not say how little I esteem it, lest you should be partial to her ladyship: and, O heavens! if you are, I shall already have offended you beyond measure by my impertinent criticisms. I crave pardon, and think I am most likely to obtain it by ending this *babillage*, and assuring you, dear ——, how sincerely I am your faithful servant," &c.

Saturday, the 27th.—I dined at Miss Lydia White's. The dinner party was small, consisting only of Mr. S——e, and Sir —— C——y, and his beautiful wife. The latter, however, did not choose to converse. I am told she never does, except to gentlemen, think it worth while to exert herself to please by talking; and, in truth, her face is winning enough, it is so lovely to look upon, without the exercise of any other fascination. It is said she is clever and amusing when she becomes less reserved. Lady C——y's hand is of the most faultlessly perfect form I ever beheld, but her manners are not so pleasing as her personal appearance; they are *brusque* and haughty in general; yet occasionally, as if to make you feel she has the power to

charm, when she pleases to exert her spells, she assumes a softer demeanour, and then her power is complete. Her husband's manners are supercilious. Miss W—— said to me, in speaking of Mr. H——, "He has only two subjects of conversation—politics and admiration of beauty; so that his powers are very limited: and unless the former of these topics happens to form the subject of discussion at a dinner-party, he has little to say for himself in private society, clever as he is in public life."

Miss White sat with the ladies in the dining-room till everybody was nearly asleep. I never saw any one follow this system of remaining so long at table, except the Princess of Wales. It is high treason to say so; yet Miss White's house, which is reckoned so famous for its agreeable reunions, does not frequently afford me the amusement it is supposed to give all those who have the good fortune to obtain an *entrée* therein. At the dinner table sometimes the wits and mighty spirits collected round it display their conversational talents; but the evenings are often very dull, and I have been present at many a party, composed of insignificant persons, who have sung and danced, and diversified their amusements, which have been much more gay and enlivening than the learned and classic meetings held at Lydia White's.

I was introduced to a Mr. S——d, a clever, satirical person, one of the Duke of D——'s protegés. How angry he would be if he knew I had called him such! He is a gentleman who thinks he is all-powerful; with his own lance of wit, and his arrows barbed with satire, he imagines he keeps all the world in awe of him; and he does, I dare say, make many tremble. I do not think such a power can be pleasant to the possessor; but Mr. S——d appears perfectly well satisfied with his reputation for being a censor on men and manners. He was very gracious to me, but I felt, all the time that he was saying civil things to my face, that most likely the moment my back was turned he would not spare me any more than others. When Miss White introduced him to me, it was with the following whispered remark—"He dissects everybody, my dear ——, tears them limb from limb, and is the most sarcastic person in the world; but he is notwithstanding so clever and kind-hearted, that every one who knows him well, likes him exceedingly."

"I tremble, dear Miss White," I replied, "for I am a timid person, and dread having my flesh peeled off by his sarcasm."

"Nonsense," said she. "Do not pretend to say *you* are thin-skinned. Come here, Mr.

S——;" and she beckoned to the *'aufu* man, and introduced us to one another.

In general, or at least very frequently, those who are endowed with a spirit of sarcasm, endeavour, on a first acquaintance, to conceal their propensity, lest they should alarm their new friends; and they try to make their way, by assuming a kindliness of nature not their own, so as to make the stranger suppose the world has wronged them, by giving them the character of being satirical on their neighbours. But I discovered no such attempt in Mr. S——; the first smile, with which he prefaced the first words he addressed to me, betrayed the characteristic feature of his disposition; and the show of irony with which he observed, "Our hostess is a truly delightful person," as his eye glanced with disgust toward the unsightly object of his comments, betrayed the variance of his words from his inward thoughts. I answered with truth, that I thought Miss White was, indeed, an agreeable and an estimable person, and that she had great merit in the patience and good temper which she displayed under her trials. Again Mr. S—— sneered, as he replied, "Yes; but I wish she could have some better arrangement made for her personal appearance. She always puts me in mind of a mummy, or a dead body washed on

shore, and swollen with the effects of having been for a length of time in the water." I could not answer this cross speech, and thought those who partake of her good dinners and her hospitality should refrain from such unkind remarks on her personal calamity. I endeavoured to extract some information from this wasp, on other persons and subjects, and named the Princesse L——n as a subject for him to play upon. I did not feel the least repugnance or scruple in presenting her as game for him to hunt; she is so cross and ill-natured herself, that she would be well matched with Mr. S——d. The latter was very eloquent on the theme I had given him, and he cut and slashed at the Princess in great style. In the course of his lecture on her E——y, he repeated some lines which were, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:—

ON MADAME DE L——.

"Un air d'ennui
Et de mépris;
D'une reine de théâtre
La dignité factice:
Des bouderies,
Des broderies,
Des garnitures pour quatre:
Voilà l'ambassadrice
A la façon de Barbarie."

I expressed my admiration of these lines with such earnestness that I appeared to have won

Mr. S——d's heart, and he began to grow quite confidential, as he told me how the same lady had treated one of the greatest ladies in England with such rudeness that the Englishwoman said she never would speak to the Princess again.* "At the same time," added Mr. S——d, "it is wonderful how, for the moment, this tawdry piece of impertinence rules the roast in London society, and all the fine ladies are at her feet, cringing to her as if she were a divinity. It is very amusing—nothing diverts me more than to observe Ladies —— and —— paying her the most servile court. They must all be great fools to be so taken in by a little insignificant looking foreigner; but so it is."

Mr. S——d talked of Lady C—— L——, and made a pun on her name, saying she was not as gentle as a L——, he believed; and from her he

* Probably this alludes to a well-known anecdote of the Princesse L——. One evening, after her Excellency had herself executed on the pianoforte a most brilliant and scientific piece of music, she pressed Lady G—— to play in her turn. The latter, whose musical powers were far superior in point of feeling and expression, though less *bruyante* than that of the Russian, complied with her request; but the Princess L—— paid no attention to the music, and impertinently turned away as if in scorn; yet her want of good breeding on this and many similar occasions was overlooked, and the Russian Princess continued to daunt the ladies of the English aristocracy; and finally, when recalled from the British court, all the *élite* of female society united in presenting her with a valuable tribute of their respect and remembrance.

alighted on Lady H——d, and left his sting on her; and he would have gone on, imparting his venom to every soul in London, I dare say, if I had not grown sleepy, and left the party.

Monday, the 28th.—I received some letters from Italy which gave me great regret, for they speak in such disparaging terms of the poor Princess of Wales. In one I am told, "I went the other day to Bossi's, with Mdme. De Stael, and I cannot tell you how I was shocked at seeing him. He is hardly able to walk, and wholly incapable of holding a pen or a pencil. He said to me, the first thing, 'Je me meurs, et c'est la Princesse de Galle qui m'a tué.' He then told us that she wanted him to paint her picture, and desired him to draw several figures in different attitudes, that she might choose. This he accordingly did. I saw the sketches, and they are most beautifully designed. The Princess shuffled them over like a pack of dirty cards, and pretended not to be pleased with any one of them. The weather was intensely cold; and as she would insist on coming to sit in his studio instead of accepting his offer to go to her house, he was obliged to have the room heated to an amazing degree, from its size and damp atmosphere, that she might not catch cold: so poor Bossi, who you know was already delicate, worked in that to him unwholesome temperature three or

even six hours a day, till at last it made him so ill that it reduced him to his present state. The Princess, he said, laughed when he complained of fatigue, and observed, 'I am not tired, Signor Bossi —'tis all nonsense; people do fancy dey cannot do half what they can do if they please.' Nevertheless, although she made him work thus expeditiously, and was in such a hurry to have the picture finished and sent home, she has never paid poor Bossi: so he is out of pocket as well as health by this transaction. I really think the Princess is gone mad. I received a summons, some days after my visit to Bossi, to visit her Royal Highness at Como, which I obeyed, I must own, rather reluctantly; and I regret to say my visit was as unsatisfactory as I had anticipated. The Princess looked ill, talked in a querulous and restless manner, of wild projects, of living for the rest of her life in the East, or in Greece. 'Greece, my dear,' said she, 'is a noble country; I could do good, and I think I shall set up my tent there for the rest of my days.' I asked her if she never meant to return to England; upon which she shook her head, and said, 'No, my dear, it *chassèd* me from its protection, and I will never do't de honour of setting my foot upon its ground: besides, my daughter is dead; why should I return to a land where I should be worse treated than a stranger?'

"I saw it was in vain to reason with her Royal

Highness. I was sorry not to have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Hownham, but he was out; and I was glad to escape from the royal habitation as soon as possible, for it distressed me to observe the familiarity of certain personages who are quite unfit, in every way, to form her Royal Highness's society. The poor Princess is grown quite thin, and looks very miserable. Hieronymus and Mr. Hownham must be much attached to her, to remain with such a person as this impertinent foreigner put in authority over them. I was told—but perhaps it is not true—that Willy used to refuse at first to sit in the room with the courier and his sister. The Princess informed me that she is going immediately to Sicily. Captain Pechell has refused to take Bergami on board his ship, so the Princess is trying to get another vessel. Poor Willy ran after me into the passage to beg I would bid him good-bye, and he was ready to cry as he said, 'I wish we were going back again to England.' I replied, 'I hope you will,' and went away as soon as I could, lest the Princess should imagine I was saying anything to the boy she would dislike him to hear. I am told this foreigner treats all the English attendants in her Royal Highness's service with the utmost impertinence and unkindness. Alas! I fear they will not continue to remain with her Royal Highness, if she does not dismiss this disreputable

servant. The Comtesse Oldi appears dull and stupid.

"I am sorry to send you such an unsatisfactory account of the Princess of Wales's establishment; but I know you are interested to learn the truth, and therefore I have described to you exactly the condition in which it appeared to me. I am far from supposing that this insolent upstart is on a more familiar footing with her Royal Highness than that of a spoilt menial; but that is quite sufficient groundwork for her enemies to build the most injurious fabrications upon; and I dread the consequences to her, poor woman! However, I feel certain that no advice that could be given her would she take; on the contrary, the more she was requested to dismiss the Italian from her household, the more decidedly she would refuse to do so. The idea that people persecute and wish to deprive him, or any one else, of a good situation, would make her more determined to support and protect him. The feeling is amiable, but in this instance quite misplaced, and evil must inevitably ensue of her wilfulness in retaining him in her service."

Another correspondent says upon this melancholy subject:—"The Princess of Wales offered me two hundred pounds to accompany her to Greece, but I have not courage. If Dr. H—— had gone, I should perhaps have felt bold enough;

but as it is, I so dread the future for her, that I shrink from being an eye-witness of, or participator in, all the misery that I fear awaits her. I think her Royal Highness's partiality for these vile Italian adventurers, the Comtesse Oldi and her brother, will at last cease. For their interest they will not do her any injury, so long as she continues to benefit them; but when they perceive that she is less favourably inclined towards them, they will carry off the jewels, plate, &c., that her Royal Highness has with her, and perhaps even go the length of poisoning her, that she may not denounce them. The Princess has now lost her last English attendant, who is gone home with ——, and her house is full of these Italian people's relations. They say the courier is to come out as chamberlain presently. He now signs himself *Ecudière*, and will dine at table soon. —— will tell you the lady is really his sister, and no more a countess than she is a pope. Oh! it is quite melancholy. I wish some person would write to her, and ask her Royal Highness if she is mad, or if she is aware what will be the consequence of permitting these disreputable people to continue as her attendants. What provoked me most, was her not putting on a rag of mourning, or taking the least notice of her poor brother's death. I do not understand the torpor which has apparently crept over her feelings

The M——s went to see her, and were unfeignedly sorry to find her looking ill, and evidently in low spirits. Poor Willy they are very fond of, and he complained bitterly of the foreigners, and said they treated him most unkindly. I could fill my letter with lamentations on this sad subject, but reserve all commentaries thereon for *vive voix*, when we meet, which, I hope, will not be at a very distant period," &c.

The foregoing letters pained me considerably. Nothing but a miracle can avert the destruction of the poor Princess; for Lady——, to whom I communicated these melancholy accounts, told me she heard there were persons actively employed in endeavouring to arrange a plot against the Princess, that would lead to her disgrace. The principal members of this body of people appointed to watch her are stationed at Milan at this very moment, and highly paid. I asked Lady —— if notice could not be given to the public in England that such proceedings were being carried on against her Royal Highness; and if a timely appeal to the justice of this country might not save her from the dire effects of a secret inquisition: to which she replied, that unfortunately, though she was well assured of the truth of this surmise, as it could not be proved, the matter could not be publicly spoken of. I gathered from all she said, that she considers the case hopeless,

and that evil must ensue of the Princess's imprudent conduct.

In the evening I learnt that the King is thought to be dying. It would seem as if all tended to hasten the end of this royal tragedy. When he dies, the Regent will be vested with unlimited power; and how fearfully will he not make the Princess feel his prerogative!"

Tuesday, the 29th.—I received another letter from Mr. S——. Formerly, when he lived in the world, it was less astonishing that he should find matter to draw out his shrewd and clever remarks; but now, when, as he himself says, he lives in complete retirement, and that he has only the imaginations of his own mind to furnish him with the brilliant ideas that flow from his pen, it is doubly surprising to read his amusing letters, every one of which seems to contain more *pith* than the preceding one.

"Modern Athens, Thursday.—Dear ——, I should much sooner have done myself the honour of answering your letter, had I known, till within these two days, whether I was standing on my head or my heels. I will not trouble you with long family details, but merely state, that though I offered to take all the old furniture of this house at the highest price, because I

would not also take the plate and linen, some of my relatives *routed me out*, the very mop-stick was carried off in triumph, to be sold at ——; and you, who have done me the honour to be in this house, and know the wilderness of rubbish which it contains, may easily imagine the scene. I verily believed that my two ancient cats would have gone distracted. They shot like flashes of lightning continually from the garret to the dining-room, and back again, uttering the most dismal cries, and attempted to take refuge under the drapery of the maid-servants, who had other fish to fry, and could afford them no consolation. Poll, too, joined his screams to the concert; but my tortoise would have outslept the storm, had I not been obliged to move his basket. When he did awake, however, he set us all an example of composure, behaving much more like a philosopher than myself, the maids, or the cats. I have got all I wanted back again out of the hands of the Philistines, but cannot reduce the chaos to any order. It is said that when Irish beggars, by any chance, are forced to take off their rags, they never can put them on again in the same comfortable fashion; and I fear this is my case. But too much said of my own affairs. You may be sure, dear ——, that it would be most gratifying to my pride to be of any use to your friend Lady

——, in any shape; but, alas! as to what you mention she desires, I can be of no earthly significance. Living as I have done for so many years, what could I see or know? When I took up my abode here, I ceased to exist but in the common sense, like a rat or a toad.

"The other day, when I had the painful task of numbering all my cousin's books, I chanced to take up Frankenstein, and a thought struck me, which I wish Lady —— would improve upon. I imagine a wife for the monster. Let some man of art, hearing of his crimes, compose a wife to punish him. I think he should travel far and near, collecting the particles of the dust of all the most celebrated beauties of antiquity—to Egypt, for instance, in search of the mummy of Cleopatra. I would have the ghosts of some of those ladies to oppose his efforts: surely a good deal might be made of this part. After he hath collected a sackful of beauty, he mixes up his dust with rose-water, &c., and shapes the doll, leaving out all heart, but filling her head with the brains of two foxes and an ape. Up she starts, as radiant as the morning, beautiful, but without one accomplishment, with no cleverness but cunning. The monster makes a fortune in India, and comes to London for a wife; he falls deeply in love with a doll, who loathes the sight

of him, but marries him with a good grace; they reside in London, and there madame begins to reward his merits; she gambles, &c. &c., he still loving her in spite of all her faults. In this place many amusing London scenes might be introduced, without any personalities, which are always detestable. I would throw the monster into jail for her debts, and make her elope to France with a young dragoon officer, sending the monster a lock of her own and her lap-dog's hair, by way of insult, in an ill-spelt letter. Hang the monster in a fit of jealous despair. Then, when the doll is walking with her lover, through one of the narrow ruinous streets of Paris, in the dusk of the evening, a low window-shutter suddenly opens, and the fearful head of an old man appears, who blows his breath upon her, and quickly closes the window. She sinks down at her companion's feet, a dry mass of dust and ashes! Pray, my dear ——, ask Lady —— to think on this my contrivance, and let me know your thoughts thereupon. Perhaps you may like to possess the *jeu d'esprit* I send herewith enclosed. It was written by Sir Walter Scott many years ago, when Miss Lewis was staying at Edinburgh with her friend Lady ——; and having made this offering, I shall conclude with assuring you that I am your faithful," &c.

" CRIMINAL LETTERS.

" *The King against Sophia Lewis.*

" George, &c.—Whereas robbery and murder are, in this and all civilised countries, crimes of a high nature and severely punishable, especially when aggravated by circumstances of atrocious cruelty, and perpetrated upon persons of distinguished merit and talents; yet nevertheless you, the said Sophia Lewis, are guilty actor or art and part of the aforesaid crimes; forasmuch as having associated yourself with the Right Honourable ————, commonly called Lady ————, professed tyrant and destroyer of the king's liege subjects, you did frequent divers assemblies, concerts, plays, sermons, &c. &c., and then and there disturb the king's peace and the quiet of his subjects, and withdrew their attention from their lawful business, amusement, and devotion, and by assailing them with certain weapons called charms, both open and concealed, contrary to the statutes provided against fascination and witchcraft; and in particular, upon the 30th day of January, 1801, or upon the day immediately preceding or following the same, or upon one or other of the days of the said month, or of the month immediately succeeding, you did violently

and repeatedly assault the person of the deceased John Leyden, late preacher of the gospel, with the purpose and intent of depriving him of his rest, peace of mind, and other valuables, of which you possessed yourself. And although the said John Leyden was divers times heard to exclaim in the most pitiful and miserable accents, and to complain of your cruelty, yet nevertheless you continued to torment him with divers weapons, called wit, beauty, accomplishments, &c. &c.; and particularly with a pair of keen and piercing eyes, and having penetrated to his very heart, you did most relentlessly extract the same from his body, (he crying pitifully all the while for mercy:) And the said John Leyden having survived the cruel operation, (being a man of great bodily strength and vigour,) did, in consequence thereof, become insane and a burden to himself and his friends, being capable of nothing but of uttering complaints of your cruelty, until his compassionate friends had thoughts of sending him to the hospital of *Coventry* for the recovery of his senses. Nevertheless you, Sophia Lewis, did renew your attack upon this melancholy object, and did carry him off in a postchaise to W——, (he being altogether unable to resist the violence of your attack,) and there, or at some other place to the public prosecutor unknown, did continue your assault

upon him, forcing him to dance while in this lamentable state—a cruelty which can only be paralleled among the savage Indians: In consequence of which repeated barbarity, the said John Leyden fainted, sank, and died away: At last, time and place aforesaid, the said John Leyden was barbarously robbed, tormented, and finally murdered as aforesaid, and you the said Sophia Lewis are guilty actor or art or part thereof. And there will be lodged in evidence against you divers poems, in the handwriting of the said John Leyden, all marking the progressive derangement of his understanding, and imputing the same to your ill usage; also a letter addressed to the public prosecutor, beginning with the words *Dear sir*, and ending with the words *turn over*, with a postscript in the hand of the unfortunate sufferer, in a language unknown. For all which crimes you have justly deserved to undergo the punishment of law, namely, to be attached by means of a ring to such person of merit, fortune, and accomplishments, as may be found worthy of being public executioner upon the present occasion. Given under our signet at Edin^{h}. this 2nd of February, 1802.

(Signed) " WALTER SCOTT,
" *Counsel for the King in this case.*"

March 1st.—I received several letters from abroad ; amongst them one from Sir Wm. Gell.

" Scene—a charming little room with the window open, looking out on the lovely bay. Orange-trees, myrtles, and flowers under my window. The sun shining as it can only shine at Naples.

" Present, an individual dressed in an orange and blue-coloured dressing-gown, a red velvet nightcap upon his head, his countenance nearly of the same hue as his gown, perhaps a little more resembling a citron colour; his feet rolled up in flannel, and deposited on a stool. He exclaims occasionally with much anger and vehemence, as a twinge of the gout makes itself severely felt.

" Now why, say you, put in such an ugly figure in the foreground, to destroy the beauty of the scene? Remove yonder monster out of my sight, you exclaim. But when I inform you, dear ——, that this same unsightly-looking personage is your faithful Adonis, I am certain all your disgust will turn to pity. Such, then, is my condition at this present moment when I have the pleasure of writing to you, and such it has been for this some time past, which must account for my not having sooner replied to your last kind letter. It would seem, by all the accounts you give, that London society is very brilliant at this epoch; yet

(though, perhaps, you will not believe the declaration, and will think it is because the grapes are sour that I say so.) I do not feel the smallest wish to be immersed in the whirlpool of your dissipations. A London life is pleasant enough from twenty to thirty, but not after that period—at least not the kind of life a poor single man is able to lead—hunting for dinners, and paying court to every stupid person who hangs out notice that they give 'good entertainment for man and woman;' which *good* entertainment, by the way, is very often exceedingly bad, both as to provender for body and mind. If I were as rich as the Duke of ——, and had such a palazzo as he possesses, wherein to receive those I liked, and no others, I could exist very well in London for a few of the summer months; but I never would spend a spring, autumn, or winter there, in those days when you citizens dwell in an atmosphere of fog and east winds, by which your faces are all transformed to a copper-coloured hue, with red noses, living like the inhabitants of the North Pole, by candle-light during the greater part of the four-and-twenty hours. It is marvellous how any person can prefer such a climate to that of this divine country; and it surprises me more particularly that you, a person of taste and discernment in most matters, should follow the

foolish multitude in this wilful love of home. It is a pretty notion in fairy tales, wherein mention is never made or alluded to of the above-mentioned fogs, east winds, and such-like vulgar realities ;—but to put the theory into practice is a great mistake. You ask me if I shall never return to England. *Never* is a great word, and I may be compelled some day ; but as long as I am a free agent, and that there is not a law passed to forbid all the variable changes of the British atmosphere, I shall avoid encountering an increase of suffering—which I should infallibly do, were I to expose myself to your northern climate : so I live in hopes that you, and a few others whom I care for, may come here, and thus I may enjoy your society without paying too great a price for that pleasure—which I should do, by exposing my wretched limbs to the cold blasts of England .

" I heard from the Princess of Wales a few days since, and had the honour of receiving a letter written by her own royal hand; but *so* written, I could only decipher half of its contents, and was satisfied to guess the rest. Mrs. Thompson appears dissatisfied with self and all the world besides, specially with the household ; from which, says she, ' *Dere* is not one to choose better than de oder; dey have all behaved in the most *cruellest* manner possible to me.' Of course your

humble servant is included in this anathema. No mention is made of the present court, by which I judge their reign is drawing to a conclusion. Heaven speed its termination, though mayhap it may be followed by a worse, and that Mrs. Thompson will only fall *out of the frying-pan into the fire.* I heard, by a sidewind report, that the plan fixed upon by Mr. Thompson for the maintenance of the peace and quiet of the Thompson kingdom, not to mention his own domestic felicity, was to propose to Mrs. Thompson, when the elder Thompson dies, and that he is succeeded by Thompson, junior, to accept a large income, and never to set foot on Thompson ground. I do not think Mrs. T. will submit to these conditions. There is a deal of spirit in the latter, which will revolt at such terms, and we shall see grand doings yet, I promise you. 'The Great Mogul' trembles in his slippers, I know, and is most anxious to retain Liverpool and Co. in office, because they have sworn to fight against Mrs. Thompson. They are a rascally set, and quite equal to obeying Mr. Thompson's most unreasonable commands. I hear Mrs. Thompson's health is not so good as it used to be. Willikin revolts frequently, and hates the Count Hector Von Der Ott, so that there are disturbances in "*Paradise,*" as Alcandrina denomi-

nates the Villa D'Este. I have sometimes wished I could disguise myself, and obtain an entrance into this Eden, to have the fun of seeing how these primeval personages pass their time.

"Who is the favourite in the harem of the Sultan just now? Is it, as we outlandish folks hear, my Lady of C—— that has had the honour of having the handkerchief thrown to her?

"We have few of our country people here at present, and unless I could pick and choose, so as to have those I prefer, I do not lament the absence of English folks. Lady D—— is one of the few residing with us Neapolitans. She is handsome—more I know not of her, save what rumour has been pleased to invent, viz. that she once had a black child, which being an inconvenient circumstance, the little nigger was changed, by some hocus-pocus, into a fair flaxen-headed infant. Remember, *I* have not coined this anecdote, and am only the speaking-trumpet of report; which it is very imprudent to be by the way, as the poor machine is frequently accused of being the composer of the news it repeats mechanically.

"At whose shrine doth Mr. W——d bend the knee? and does he dress more like a gentleman than in former times? It is said the Duke of G—— torments the Duchess, and makes her live up at the tip-top of the house, and treats her

cavalierly. Now, being but an off-sprout of royalty, such manners are not seemly; but I have always remarked that these half-and-half people of blood, noble or royal, are peculiarly grand, and give themselves twice as many airs as the original roots and direct branches of the tree.

"Poor Lewis! are you not sorry for the Monk? Some say he was poisoned by his slaves. No good ever yet came of doing good and generous actions. Rest assured, dear ——, it is quite a mistake to be kind and noble. 'Tis always your mean, selfish people, who fatten and thrive, and come to a good end. To think of the poor dear Monk's being thrown overboard and eaten by the fish! Truly it vexes me, and I am sure so it will you. To whom did he leave all his worldly goods? I suppose to his sister, Lady Lushington.

And now I must conclude, for my poor fingers ache, and I am sure you will be wearied with this long epistle; so I will only add that I am yours with great regard,

"GELLINO, *alias* ANACHARSIS, ADONIS,
&c. &c."

LETTER FROM MADAME D——F TO ——.

J'ai tant de plaisir à recevoir de vos nouvelles, chere ——, que je veux me le procurer, en dépit des cousins qui m'ont presque ôté le moyen de vous en remercier, en aliment mes mains par leur piqueur : elles sont si venimeuses, que je me sers avec difficulté de mes doigts. Jugez, d'après cet effort, si j'attache du prix à votre correspondence. Cependant, tout agréable pu'elle est pour moi, elle pourroit le dévenir encore davantage, si elle parvenoit à nous rapprocher pour l'hiver, quoique mes plans ne soient point arrêtés, et que j'en forme plusieurs qui devrois être sanctionnées par mon mari à son retour. Neanmoins j'aimerois connoître les vôtres, et savoir si vous dirigez vos pas sur la France, l'Italie, ou la Grèce. On dit que la Princesse de Galle y va : elle a écrit à Lord Exmoutte, pour lui demander un vaisseau sur lequel elle desireroit s'embarquer, encore une fois, pour revisiter les Isles Ioniènnes, d'où elle iroit passer l'hiver à Athènes, et le printemps à Constantinople. J'ai appris dernièrement des choses par rapport à cette pauvre Princesse, qui m'a fait bien du chagrin. Elle a *affronté* bien des gens ici ; tout ce qu'elle fait

paroit mal entendu; tout le contraire de ce qui me semble bien pour elle de faire. N'a-t'elle pas une amie au monde qui pourroit lui donner des bons conseils? Elle m'interessoit très fort; elle a parlé avec tant de sentiment, par rapport à la mort de sa fille Princesse Charlotte, qu'elle m'a vivement touché. Neanmoins ceux qui la connoissent intimement m'ont assuré que cette evenement ne lui a pas fait souffrir si amèrement, et il m'ont dit qu'elle a le cœur legère et l'esprit frivole. Est-il possible qu'elle m'ait trompé de cette façon à la croîre tout ce qu'il y a de plus aimable et sincère? Elle a beaucoup de charme dans ses manières, et il me paroit cruelle dans ces dames Angloises de l'avoir tous abandonnés. Mais on ne doit pas juger à la hâte de la conduite d'autrui, et il se peut que ces dames avoient des bonnes raisons pour quitter le service de son Altesse Royale. Comme Lady Charlotte Lindsay est petillante d'esprit! et sa bonhommie la rend une des plus attrayantes personnages que j'ai rencontrée pour longtemps. La Princesse paraissoit lui être bien attachée; elle doit être une grande perte pour elle. Je me suis trouvée à un diner hier, auquel j'aurois bien voulu vous voir, pour partager le plaisir qui m'a fait un improvisateur célèbre, arrivé de Rome dernièrement. Lady Dalrymple m'a fait faire la connoissance de

quelques dames de Gênes, entr'autres celle de Madame Pallavicini, chez qui j'ai été invitée pour entendre ce poète. Il a chanté d'abord la mort de Petrarch ; ensuite on lui a donné le sujet de Coriolane, et puis celui d'Héloise sur la tombe d'Abelard. Les Messieurs, fatiguées du tragique, et voulant égayer la Société par une poesie moins triste, ont demandé des vers sur la durée du bonheur conjugal. Donner un sujet pareil devant vingt femmes, etoit bien indiscret ; cependant Monsieur Fidanza s'en est tiré à merveille, commençant avec la description du *Honeymoon ;* mais, selon mes idées, ce n'étoit pas bien de lui avoir nommé un tel sujet, et son langage etoit trop Italienne pour plaire à des oreilles du Nord. La fin m'a moins scandalisée : j'y ai trouvée des belles pensées, et une tournure ingenieuse, fine, et delicate. Toute la soirée fut charmante, et n'a été empoisonnée pour moi, que par le regret de ne pouvoir partager avec vous cet amusement. Savez-vous que l'Aboukir a été obligé d'aller à Malte chercher votre ambassadeur, qui revenoit de Constantinople, et qui s'embarque sur ce vaisseau pour aller en Angleterre ? Lady Glenbervie a perdu cette bonne occasion de retourner dans ses foyers. J'en suis vraiment troublée pour elle. Bon jour, chère.—Avez-vous eu assez de mon bavardage ? J'oublioi de vous feliciter sur les bril-

lans succès de vos armées; l'immortel Wellington s'est acquis des droits à la reconnoissance de toute personne bien pensante."

I was very glad to receive the foregoing letter, for Madame D—— is a most amiable person, and I feel a great interest in her fate, which is not so happy a one as she deserves. Her husband makes no secret of his having another attachment to some lady in Russia, and he once told me that he was so miserable at being obliged to remain away from his country, that he walked only a certain distance every day for health, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.

I dined *tête-à-tête* with Lady C. L——: she is very amusing, but her mind is in a sad state of bewilderment, and I fear it is likely to grow worse instead of better. She ought to be placed under the care of some kind and judicious person, before she requires more restraint. She clings, poor soul, to any one who is gentle and affectionate towards her; and she has fastened upon me, which is troublesome, as she very frequently forces herself upon me when I have not time to devote to her. She writes poetry with great talent, and she entertained me all the evening we passed together, by reciting many of her compositions. She appears to have a strong affection for her husband,

but, as he is careless of her, her disposition, which is naturally *aimante*, leads her to attach herself to others. Amongst various verses, which she insisted on my accepting, she gave me the following lines, which she said she had written, as supposing them to be spoken by the Duchess of D——.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

Spring, Summer, and Autumn had once a dispute,
Which season among them was most in repute.
Spring bragg'd of her nightingales singing all night,
And her lambkins that skipt about soon as 'twas light.
Old Summer grew warm, and said 'twas enough—
That too often he'd heard such common-place stuff;
That to *him* the bright sun, all in splendour arising,
Was an object by few more sublime and surprising.
"All your pleasures," quoth Autumn, "are nothing to mine;
My fruits are ambrosia, and nectar my wine."
'Twas thus that these three were by turns holding forth,
When rough winds thus roar'd from the bleak frosty north:
"Not one of you thinks Winter merits reward,
Or that Winter amusements are worthy regard.
You, Spring, brag of nightingales giving delight,
Hav'n't I fiddlers, like them, that can warble all night?
You talk, too, of lambkins that prettily skip it;
Don't my misses at Almack's as merrily trip it?
Then, good Summer, your sun never shines but he scorches;
Tis not so with my chandeliers, flambeaux, and torches.
Nay, they're better than sunshine, as some sages say,
For they light us by night, as well as by day.

For you, Autumn, your time in high flavours you waste,
As if *you alone* monopolised taste.
Alas! in a riband of mine, or a feather,
There's more taste than in all your fine fruits put together.
Add to this, I've ridottos, plays, operas, drums,
And assemblies quite private, where all the world comes.
I've fine ladies, that bring me the bon-ton from France,
And gentlemen grown, that are learning to dance.
All time with the gay but the Winter is lost,
As a Dutchman is never alive but in frost.
Besides, my dear Seasons, I'd have you remember,
We've now got as far as the month of December.
That you, Spring and Summer, are both run away;
That you, Autumn, won't venture much longer to stay;
You can't then but own, if you hearken to reason,
No amusements *but mine* are at present in season."

Lady C. L—— told me she wrote the above on the occasion of the Duchess saying she never wished to see more of the country than was comprised in the Parks in London; that Chiswick even was too far removed from the metropolis; and that when people complained of the latter place being dull, she always replied, "London is good enough for me at all times."

March 2d.—To my great surprise, I received a letter from the Princess of Wales, giving me a commission to execute, which is to inform Lady ——, "Que j'ai donné l'ordre positive d'arranger mes affaires pecuniaires, et qu'elle trouvera sa pension chez Monsieur ——; et aussi assure

la au reste que je serai en tous temps son amie bien sincère."

"It is better thus, dear ——; I will not express to Lady —— any disappointment at her having forsaken me, though to you I will confess I was much hurt at her for so doing. N'importe! Ma vie s'écoule lentement mais surement, et il y aura fin un de ces jours." "Dear ——, I may hope for some happiness in another world, auquel je ne m'attends plus dans celui-ci.

"I was glad to hear from Mr. North that you were well. Pardon my troubling you with this letter, but I do not like myself to address Lady ——, as that would *renouveler* an intercourse which I do not wish for to happen.

"William, who knows I am writing to you, begs me to remember him to your recollection; he always speaks of you with the greatest regard, as being so kind to him at Kensington.

"Adieu, ma chère! croyez-moi toujours votre très sincère amie,

"C. P."

I was much touched by this letter; it was evidently written at a moment of great depression, and when the poor Princess felt to the uttermost the loneliness of her fate. She wrongs Lady ——, however, in condemning her for having

quitted her service: it was from no disrespect or want of attachment to her Royal Highness personally; but Lady —— had other and stronger claims upon her, which rendered it absolutely necessary for her to resign her situation in the Princess's household.

I communicated the foregoing letter to Lady ——, and advised her to lose no time in applying to Mr. —— for the payment of the salary due to her; since, if she delays to do so, the money the Princess had appointed for that purpose might be applied to the liquidation of some other debt, as I well know her Royal Highness is in the utmost distress respecting money matters. These horrible foreign servants have been cheating her in every way. I was told that several tradespeople at Milan had refused to send in goods on her account, if only ordered by the Comte Hector Von Der Ott, as Sir W. Gell calls him; and that, in consequence, the Princess had given an order for them to obey this person's commands to any amount. It is pitiable to think of her being in the hands of such dishonest servants; and were I not aware of the utter uselessness of giving her any counsel, I would, in my reply, venture to tell her Royal Highness the opinion generally entertained of her establishment; but it would produce no good effect. Perhaps she will at last become convinced of their rapacity; but then I

fear it may not be till it is too late. Therefore, although the poor King's death, it is apprehended, will make a great commotion, yet that event is the only one likely to induce the Princess to dismiss her present household, and return to England: for I think with Sir W. Gell that she has still sufficient energy left to make her endeavour to maintain her position in this country. I was told to-day, on good authority, that the Regent dreads her coming back to England, and is devising all sorts of manœuvres to prevent her doing so. People are becoming inquisitive about the Milan commission, and murmur very loudly against the continuation of these secret proceedings against her. I heard that Lord Y——h, the Prince's *dear friend*, let out all his master's intentions on this score, and declared that what the Regent wished was, to persuade the Princess to accept a large income, and to resign all pretension to queenly dignities, and to promise never to set her foot in any part of these dominions. This report tallies with what Sir W. Gell had heard; but then I was informed furthermore, that if she is restive, and determined to maintain her rights to the throne, the Prince will do all in his power to bring her to a trial. His ministers are much averse to this measure, it is said, knowing that it will be a most dangerous one to themselves, the Prince, and the country. But upon

my asking if it were possible that he had the means to attempt such a scheme, my informant shook his head and replied, "The Princess has been most imprudent since she left England, and she has now for some time past shut her doors against all the English who waited upon her. Of course this circumstanee will be laid hold of, and people will augur ill from this strict seclusion, and imagine the Princess does not choose any person to see the footing on which she lives with these Italian people. What reply could I make to such a remark? what reply could any of her friends make, except that it is a pity—that they are sorry—and that, as all those do who have lived intimately with the Princess of Wales, they must know that she often gave occasion for animadversion on her conduct by the imprudence of her manners and conversation, when she did not deserve censure of a deeper dye, and that I imagined the reason of her denying herself to English visiters arose from the prejudice which she had imbibed against their country people, and that she wished to avoid hearing them recalled to her recollection, as she conceived herself to have been ill treated by many of their nation. When I observed that the Princess had mentioned to me having seen Mr. N—— lately, my informant replied, "Oh! his presence will not do her much good—he is reckoned a very

gay man." "Mr. N—— gay?" I repeated with astonishment. "It is even so,'" was the reply; "extraordinary as it may appear, he is a great heart-slayer." He is certainly very agreeable in conversation, but most unprepossessing in his appearance; and so dirty in his toilette, that it is not to be believed any gentleman should be so careless in his dress. Only imagine what he is well known to have declared to several persons, that he "never travelled so comfortably as he did in going to Rome on one occasion, when he never stopped to change his habiliments during the whole journey." I could not help laughing at this anecdote; but my friend appeared to have a prejudice against Mr. N ——, so I do not give credence to his information on the subject.

'Lord Fife called on me. He is become much more agreeable than he used to be formerly; for he talks much more, and has not acquired any finery by having become a great man. He has a Spanish gentleman with him at present, who, he informed me, sings delightfully. Lord F. is supposed to be very extravagant, and it is said his great fortune will soon be exhausted.

Lady P—— is quite an *anti-princess*, and says she knows to a certainty of a daughter she had at Durham. She informed me that there is a book advertised, called "Perjury and something else refuted," by her Royal Highness the Princess

of Wales, at full length. I hope this also is an invention; for it is beneath her Majesty to publish a book about herself; and yet I am told nobody can dare to advertise a book in anybody's name without their permission. However, I intend to obtain this book, which I believe to be an imposition, and that I may contradict the blockheads who will believe any catchpenny, as if they supposed the Princess really wrote "The Spirit of the Book." The only reason I have for fearing this new production may be sanctioned by the Princess, or at least that she has permitted her name to appear as the author, is, that she has been tempted perhaps by the offer of money, which, as she is much annoyed on that score, may have led her to do this or many other foolish things.

I happened to open Madame De Staël's *Allemagne*, and passed the whole night in reading that delightful work over again. The great charm in all her writings is, that that they are her own thoughts, set down with all the force of home-felt truth; and any person who has had the gratification of living in intimacy with this celebrated woman, must be aware that in reading her works they are holding conversation, as it were, with herself. I heard the other day that she is about to marry her pretty daughter to the Duc de Broglie. It is an alliance which pleases her, I hear, in

every way; which I am very glad to learn. Mdlle. De Staël appeared to me exceedingly amiable and fascinating, but far inferior to her mother in point of intellect. She may not be the less a happy woman—nay, perhaps that inferiority may conduce to her happiness; and being the daughter of so clever a person is fame sufficient, without desiring to gain celebrity in her own person. It appeared to me that Mdlle. De Staël had more tenderness of disposition than her mother, but less ardour in her feelings—less enthusiasm; and therefore she is more likely to be a happy woman than Madame De Staël. But it always surprised me to see how the latter, who is so romantic in her nature, was anxious to make her daughter form an alliance of interest, without reference to the choice of her heart. It is curious to observe, how often those who are themselves the most unworldly and disinterested, seek to render others who are under their influence the very reverse. I suppose this proceeds from self-experience, which has taught them the insufficiency of youthful preference, to procure happiness in marriage, when unattended by those prudential considerations without which there can be no lasting comfort.

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